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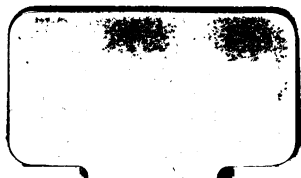
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CHEERING WORDS

for

SEEKING SOULS.

"Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure : give you the kingdom."

"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

"Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

JESUS.

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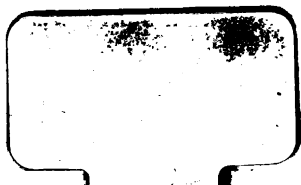
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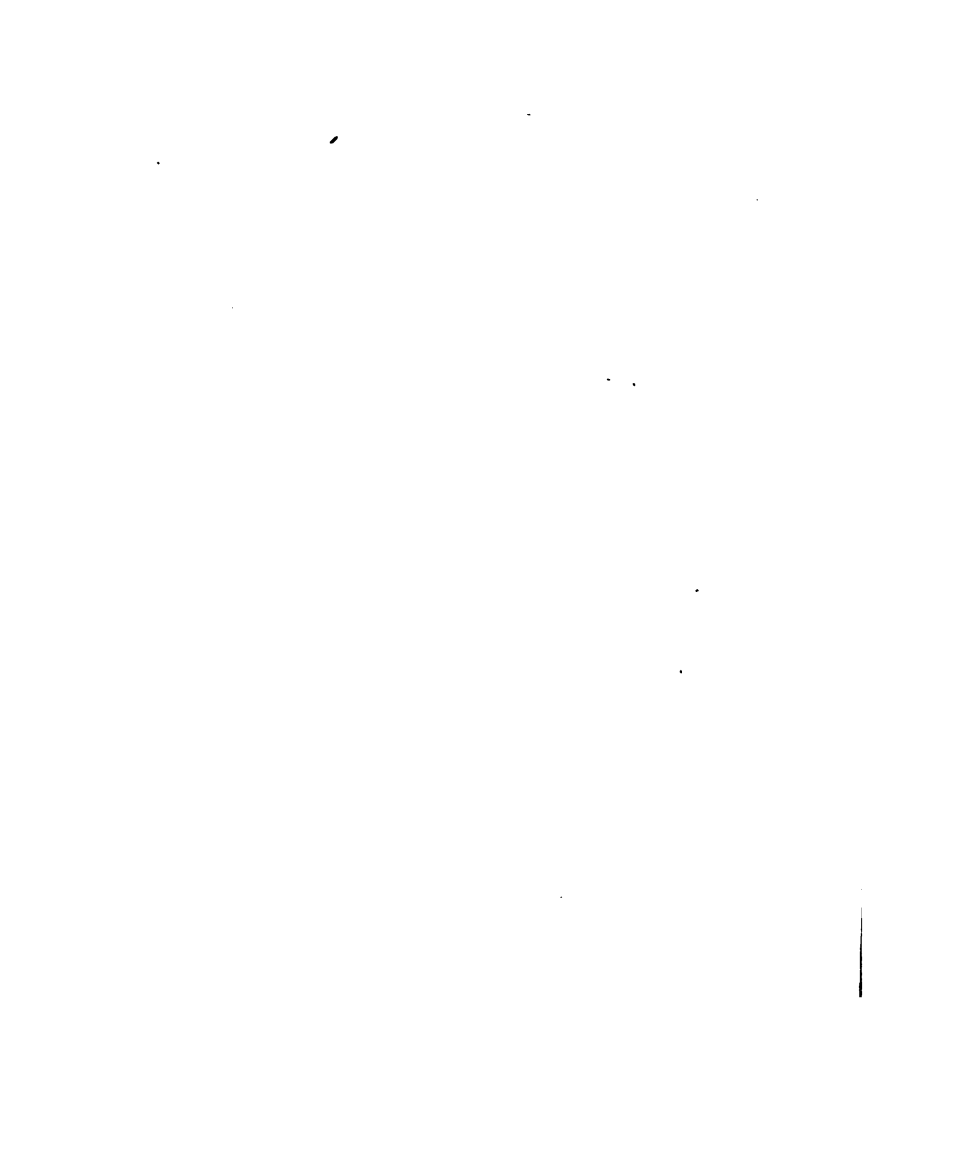


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beneficial to hundreds of the poor churches in Zion, than going down into their midst with the **CHERRING WORDS** of a full and finished salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for the whole election of grace.

Of course, we do not refer to those high-towering churches in our denomination, who have their *beloved pastors*, their *respectable deacons*, and their overflowing auditories. No; no. We mean those little spots and places, who, like ourselves—are poor, despised, and “*not reckoned among the nations.*” We have long been thoroughly convinced that our work in the ministry lays not among the aristocracy of our Calvinistic churches. A dispensation of the gospel is committed unto us; but that dispensation carries us directly into—and only into, the very centre of the afflicted in Zion.

God Almighty keep us, and our spiritual readers, from all error—from all idolatry—from all fleshly will-worship—and from every hurtful snare—and lead us safely to his high, his holy, his heavenly kingdom; then shall we for ever praise **THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE SPIRIT. Amen.**

We now return to “*Brooks's Heaven on Earth:*” and give a few words therefrom,

On the Sweet Assurance

GOD SOMETIMES GIVES HIS SAINTS.

The second special season or time, wherein the Lord is pleased to give to his children, a sweet assurance of his favor and love, and that is, when he intends to put them upon some high and hard, some difficult and dangerous service; O, then, he gives them some sweet taste of heaven before hand: now he smiles, now he kisses, now he embraces the soul, now he takes a saint by the hand, now he causes his goodness and glory to pass before the soul, now he opens his bosom to the soul, now the soul shall be of his court and council, now the clouds shall be scattered, now it shall be no longer night to the soul, now the soul shall no longer sit mourning in the valley of darkness, now Christ will carry the soul up into the mount, and

there reveal his glory to it, that it may act high and brave, noble and glorious, in the face of difficulties and discouragements. Christ did intend to put Peter, James, and John, upon hard and difficult service; and therefore brings them up into an high mountain, and there gives them a vision of his beauty and glory; there they see him transfigured, metamorphosed, or transformed, there they see his face shining as the sun, and his raiment glittering. In the mount he shews them such beams of his deity, such sparkling glory, as did even amuse them, and amaze them, transport them, and astonish them; and all this grace and glory, this goodness and sweetness Christ shews them, to hearten and encourage them, to own him and his truth, to stand by him and truth, to make him and his truth known to the world, though hatred, bonds, and contempt did attend them in so doing. Thus God dealt with Paul, before he put him upon that hard and dangerous service, that he had cut out for him; he takes him up into heaven, and sheds abroad his love into his heart, and tells him that he is a chosen vessel; he appears to him in the way, and fills him with the Holy Ghost, that is, with the gifts, graces, and comforts of the Holy Ghost. And straightway he falls upon the preaching of Christ, upon exalting of Christ, to the amazing and astonishing of all that heard him. And as he had more clear, full, and glorious manifestations of God's love and favor, than others: so he was more frequent, more abundant, and more constant in the work and service of Christ, than others. And this hath been the constant dealing of God with the Patriarchs; as with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, &c., and with the prophets; as with Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, &c., when he hath put them upon weighty services, he hath shed abroad his love into their hearts, he hath set his seal upon their spirits, and made them to know, that he hath set them as a seal upon his hand, he hath assured them of his countenance, and of his presence, and of his assistance; he hath told them though others should desert them, yet, he will stand by them, and strengthen them, and support them, and uphold them with the right hand of his righteousness; he

hath told them, that his power should be theirs to defend them, and his wisdom should be theirs to direct them, and his goodness should be theirs to supply them, and his grace should be theirs to heal them, and his mercy should be theirs to pardon them, and his joy should be theirs to strengthen them, and his promises should be theirs to cheer them, and his spirit should be theirs to lead them. And this hath made them as bold as lions, this hath made them stand fast, to the work of God, this hath made them with Nehemiah, scorn to desist or fly from the work of the Lord. Now there are considerable reasons, why God is pleased to give his children some sweet tastes of his love, some assurance of his favor, when he puts them upon some hard and difficult service.

First, That they may not faint nor falter in his service, but go through it resolutely and bravely, in the face of all difficulties and oppositions. When God put Joshua upon that hard service of leading and governing his people Israel, he assures him of his love and of his presence: "Fear not: be of good courage, I am with thee." And this makes him hold on, and hold out in the service of the Lord bravely and resolutely, in the face of all discouragements. "Choose you whom you will serve, whether your father's gods, or the gods of the Amorites; but as for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord." So, when the Lord put Paul upon such service that occasioned bonds and afflictions to abide him in every city, he gives him a taste of heaven beforehand, and lifts up the light of his countenance upon him; and this makes him resolute and bold in the work of the Lord. Now, Paul will not "consult with flesh and blood." Now, it is not reproaches, nor stripes, nor prisons, nor whips, nor perils, nor deaths, that can make him look back, having put his hand to the Lord's plough. O, the beamings forth of divine love upon his soul filled him with that courage and resolution, that with Shammah (one of David's worthies) he stands and defends the field, when others fall, and fly, and quit the field.

(To be continued).

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS:

OR,

THE PREACHER IN BED, AND THE PREACHER IN THE PULPIT.

Who has not heard of good old Daniel Rowlands—a Welsh George Whitfield? A man mighty through God in pulling down the strong holds of Satan—travelling for years, and preaching the Gospel to thousands of souls. Great as this man was, he sometimes felt his weakness, and feared his want of ability so much, that he was ready to faint by the way. Read the following extract:—

“One Saturday evening, while Rowlands was walking before his house, he appeared very distressed, and depressed in mind. When he met his servant, whom he treated as a brother in the Lord, he addressed him by his Christian name, and said, that he could not preach the following morning, because he had nothing to say to his people. ‘Oh, dear Mr. Rowlands,’ said the servant, ‘do not say so; for who else can we get?’ He still continued to say the same thing, that he could not preach; and said besides that the Lord had not given him anything to say to them. In this distressed state of mind he continued until he retired for the night.

“The following morning, when the servant went into his room he was awake but in bed; and there was a book on a chair close to his bed-side. The servant told him that it was time to rise, it being then about seven o’clock. After waiting some time, he went in again and found him still in bed. He then reminded him that the time for going to chapel was drawing nigh. But his answer was the same as the preceding evening that he could not preach, and that some one else must be sent for. But the servant used every reason he could think of to induce him to rise and dress himself; and then he went out, hoping that he had succeeded. It was now drawing towards ten o’clock, when the service at Llangeitho chapel was to begin, and the people were flocking there in great numbers from every direction. After a short interval the servant entered into his bedroom again, and found him as before in bed, and still saying that he could not preach that morning. However, the servant somehow or other prevailed on him this time to rise, and assisted him to dress, which was not usual: for he seemed to have lost all strength, and almost the use of his limbs. But after he was dressed he was still unwilling to go to chapel; and would not have gone had not the servant brought him there very much against his own will.

"When they reached the chapel that part of the service previous to the sermon was nearly gone through. The servant was under the necessity of helping him into the pulpit. 'I knew,' said the servant, 'if we once got him into the pulpit everything would be well.' And neither he nor the congregation were disappointed. When he began his sermon he appeared very feeble, the voice low, the limbs relaxed, and his whole frame trembling. By degrees he revived and gathered strength; and in less than ten minutes he was preaching with unusual vigour and uncommon power and dignity. His words were like flashes of lighting, spreading over the whole assembly, both within and without; for there were nearly as many without as within. The effect on the whole congregation was very remarkable. Hundreds of them could not express their emotions, but burst forth into loud praises before he had gone half through his sermon, but continued singing, praising, and rejoicing for hours."

Bible Names and Bible Places.

NO. I.

[We are promised, from the pen of the Author of *The Closet Companion*, a series of papers for CHEERING WORDS, illustrative of Persons and Places recorded in the Scriptures of truth. We hope they will be found edifying to our readers.] We commence with

The Name of Jesus.

"And thou shalt call his name JESUS, for he shall save his people from their sins."

OH, love divine! love unparalleled to man's rebellious race. JESUS! O, blessed name! Sinner! doth it ever engross thy thoughts? hath it ever charmed thine ear? or is it unto thee a word without meaning—a name without savour, and the sound of it an empty, cheerless, sound? Sad, indeed, then, is thy condition; and sadder still will be thine eternal doom, if thou art summoned to the awful tribunal of God, without being interested in that glorious name—the name of JESUS.

But listen for one moment, while I shall speak to thee of this name; and first, I would say unto thee that there is "salvation in none other; for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved;" for him, and him only,

"hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins." Nay, it was because he was thus exalted, that his name was given unto him by God the Father; for thus saith the messenger of God—"Thou shalt call his name JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins." What! then, art thou a sinner, and unacquainted with the name of Jesus, the merits of Jesus, and the salvation of Jesus? and canst thou lightly and carelessly say, "God is merciful; and on this ground I hope to be saved?" O, forbear this vain hope, deluded mortal! for its foundation was laid by the prince of darkness; and if God, for Jesus' sake, prevent not, that same prince of darkness, who now buoys thee up with this delusive hope, it will slide its foundation from beneath thee, and thou shalt find that there is nothing beneath that, to keep thee from dropping into hell. Dost thou not believe my words? Then, if thou wilt permit me, I will tell thee what the Word of God says; and of course thou wilt allow that to be true. Well then, turn to Thess. xi. 1, 7, 8, and thou wilt there find that "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord *Jesus Christ*—who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power."

And now turn to the last of St. Mark, and there read the words which were spoken by that kind and gracious Jesus, who poured out his soul unto death, that as many as believe in him, and come unto him, might be saved; but who said concerning his gospel, "He that believeth and is baptised, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned;" shall "be cast into hell, with all the nations that forget God." But hell! O, dreadful place! its fires are fed and kept alive by the avenging wrath of God—of God and the Lamb; that Lamb of God whom thou despisest; that Jesus whose name thou castest out as a reproach; upon whose blood thou dost trample; whose salvation thou dost cast away from thee; for to disbelieve is to despise; and to despise is to perish for ever.

But canst thou bear to think of going down to hell, where devils and damned spirits will be thy tormented and tormenting companions, and where the gnawing, undying worm of a guilty conscience will be the hottest hell within thee? What! do I hear thee say, "The thought of it is more than I can bear?" Away, then, to thy chamber, and there, before that God whose mercy can

save the vilest of the vile—before him, I say, plead for pardon and salvation through the name of Jesus. Turn from thee! no poor sinner; God will never turn from that soul who, in sincerity, and by faith and repentance, doth plead the name of Jesus. But is thy malady so great that thou fearest there is no balm in Gilead, whose virtue can cleanse thee of thy stains—no Physician who can understand thy case? Ah, poor sinner, think not so, but go and seek it at the mercy-seat, and thou shalt find that the name of Jesus, through faith in his name, shall not only give thee relief, but make thee whole; for in that name there is balm for wounded consciences, succour for tempted souls, deliverance for those whose feet are entangled in the snares of the enemy, pardon for the guilty, strength for the weak, comfort for the wretched, and peace for the mourner; for that blessed name, as the poet hath said, is

“A sovereign balm for all our wounds,
A cordial for our fears.”

May God, in infinite mercy, enable thee, poor sinner, to trust in the name of Jesus; for he who trusts thereon shall not fall short of heaven.

THREE GREAT DOORS.

AND

“CHRIST ALL IN ALL.”

THE cream of some of the custard cups in ancient Christendom, is selected for *Cheering Words*. The following precious morsel is from the pen of the venerable Christ-exalting, salvation-expounding Bridge. He says:

“There are three great doors that must ordinarily be opened, before converting grace can get into the soul of man. The door of a powerful ministry; a large and an effectual door is opened. The door of the ear—‘He openeth the ear and sealeth instruction.’ The door of the understanding and of the heart; Lydia’s heart was opened. Now if you look into the Scripture, you will find that Jesus Christ hath the opening of all these doors. ‘He hath the key of David; he openeth and no man shuts, and shutteth and no man openeth.’ Rev. iii. 7. In the 1st of the Revelation, and the 18th verse, he says, that he ‘hath the keys of hell and of death.’ No man goes into the grave, but he opens a door to let him in; and no man goes to hell, but Jesus Christ he locks him up there; he locks him up there unto all eternity. If he did not lock him in he would

not be there unto all eternity. So that whatsoever grace or holiness there is in any man's heart, he opens the door, he lets it in, it is by his ordering and his sending thither.

"And, beloved, if Jesus Christ were not the great Lord-Keeper of his Father's wardrobe, why should those names and titles be given to him, which you find so frequently in Scripture? Cast your eyes where you will, you shall hardly look upon anything, but Jesus Christ hath taken the name of that upon himself. If you cast your eyes up to heaven in the day, and behold the sun, he is called 'the Sun of Righteousness.' If you cast your eyes in the night upon the stars, or in the morning upon the morning star, he is called 'the bright Morning Star.' If you behold your own body, he is called the Head, and the church the body. If you look upon your own clothes, he is called your raiment: 'Put ye on the Lord Jesus.' If ye behold your meat, he is called bread, 'the Bread of Life.' If you look upon your houses, he is called a door. If you look abroad into the fields, and behold the cattle of the fields, he is called the Good Shepherd; he is called the Lamb; he is called the fatted Calf. If you look upon the waters, he is called a fountain; the blood of Christ a fountain. If you look upon the stones, he is called 'a Corner Stone.' If you look upon the trees, he is called 'a Tree of Life.' What is the reason of this? Surely, not only to way-lay our thoughts, that wheresoever you look, still you should think of Christ; but to shew, that in a spiritual way and sense, he is all this unto the soul. And you may observe, that these titles and names, they are not barely and nakedly given to him; but still with some speciality, some mark or other. He is not barely called the Shepherd, but the Good Shepherd. He is not only called a Lamb, but the 'Lamb slain from the beginning of the world.' He is not barely called the Light, but 'the true Light,' the Light of the world. He is not barely called bread, but 'the Bread of Life.' Now you know why Adam at the first gave names unto the creatures; according to their names was their natures, was their conditions; and Adam, our first father Adam, was not mistaken when he gave the names. And do you think Christ, the second Adam, when he gives these names unto himself, that he is mistaken? Certainly he is not mistaken: he is all this. And therefore, as the apostle speaks, you read it, 'Christ is all in all.' But better, he is all things in all persons, or all things in all things: he is all things. Whatsoever good there is found in any man, it is from Jesus Christ. Surely may one say, 'The Lord is our Strength;' surely may we all say, 'The Lord is our Strength, the Lord Jesus is our Righteousness.' Whatsoever grace or holiness the saints have, they have it from Jesus Christ."

The Mercies and the Miseries of a Minister's Life.

It is not every body would write as Edward Blackstock did in the following lines; because all men are not called to pass through such changing scenes. Nevertheless, to the deeply exercised servants of God now in the field, Edward's reflections on the past may tend to encourage them still to hope in the God of our salvation. Writing to a friend Edward says—

"What a life has mine been since I saw you last!—At Wolverhampton,—Lakenheath,—Wolverhampton a second time,—Leicester,—and at this place,—a place which of all others, I could scarcely have *dreamt of*.

"Did you ever see the picture of the barber fighting with the chimney sweeper, until you could hardly tell the one from the other? I have had the *soot* bag beat about me until I present a wonderfully piebald appearance! so much so, that many *shun* me, as if I had the plague. 'Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun (of persecution) hath looked upon me; my mother's children were angry with me; they made me keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.'

"For many months after I first came here, I was received so *fully* as I hardly ever had been before; but when cruel prejudices were sown against me, and took root, we had a division. . . . Numbers have fallen away since, so that we have scarcely half the congregation we used to have. They put me under the parson's law, which is 'Let us starve him out.' And I have often feared, and do often fear, they will succeed; but hitherto has the *LORD helped*.

"When I look back upon my past life, I say, 'O, what a dangerous pathway!' He has led the blind by a way I know not. I look for little else below but tribulation during the rest of my journey, and begin to hope for my *good things beyond* the black river of death.

"I would that I had been a more powerful *pleader* before the throne, and a more *valiant* soldier in the field of action. But I often feel that I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people.

"I often think of my native place, relatives, and some of the scenes of early life. I often think of my *DEAR MOTHER*, and also of my father.

"My mother's kindness and affection are indelibly impressed upon my memory. *That* was our first great loss: the event of her death was succeeded, in my experience, by a long train of afflicting

events. Indeed, I have often wondered at our *lot*: as a family, it has appeared to me unusual. But I forbear to go further.

"What had become of me, if God had not *called* me by his *grace*? I remember well the spot where the arrows of God first entered my conscience, where the Lord first *quickened* me, where he first taught my soul to *pray* to him,—where he first raised me to *hope*; and when again sunk in desperate fears and bondage, he gloriously delivered my soul, manifested his powerful *love* to me, *pardoned* my sins, and brought me into a holy and blessed *liberty*! How I sung, 'The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage.'

"From this time, I dwelt for more than six months under almost the *constant shine* of the great Sun of Righteousness! What I enjoyed of delight, love, and communion with God, was only known to Him, and my own soul!

"These were by far the happiest months in my life, nor do I now ever expect to enjoy their equal, until I reach the fair haven of infinite and everlasting delights, rest, and peace. Thus saith the Lord: 'I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown.'

"I *lived upon* my Saviour's *smiles*, and leaned upon his breast; he drew me by the bands of his loving-kindness. I often walked through the crowded streets of Manchester, in *close communion* with God, overlooked, forgotten, unnoticed, or despised by all around me, when I would not have exchanged places with *any* person upon earth.

"I lived upon kings and emperors, and found that a saint in rags was better off than a sinner in robes. Those were golden days, halcyon hours, sacred seasons to my soul! Yes, certainly those days were the *best* I ever had, when I drank largely of the pure blood of the grape. But now, the motto is, '*Fight* the good fight of *faith*'; lay hold on eternal life.'

"My life has been a piece of chequered scenery. 'Many are the afflictions of the righteous;' but the best of it is, 'The Lord *delivereth* him out of them *all*.' Of late much of my suffering has been from those whom I called '*DEAR BROTHERN*,' and who called me '*DEAR BROTHER*.' The enemy, that old whisperer, has *separated* chief friends.

"What these *think* of me, I know not, but they treat me as if I were one of their *worst foes*. All that prejudice, ill will, bitterness, and untiring opposition could do, has been done, and is being done against me. They have cast out my name as *EVIL*, and have so far prevailed against me, as to fix in the minds of hundreds an inveterate prejudice, so that I think myself treated worse than a dog.

"All this, too, is for nothing more than breaking bread to a CHRISTIAN community! These things have been a *trial* to my *faith* and *patience*. They are likely to remain so.

"But still, my merciful Father has *not* forsaken me. We were a week or two ago in a strait at Gower-street, but last week I preached two sermons, when our collection that day amounted to £51, 6s. It was nothing less than the *kind* hand of God that sent us this sum. So that hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 'Behold I make away in the wilderness, shall ye not know it?'

"No one would have made me believe that God's ministers could have behaved as they have done to an innocent man, if I had not felt it; I mean, *innocent* towards themselves, for before God I am the chief of sinners. However, 'My Father's hand prepares the cup, and what *HE wills* his best.' I have suffered violent and long-continued persecution from the church of God, and therefore I cannot wonder that popery is now being brought in at a great rate? Alas! alas! I fear, if I should live, to see ere long the host elevated in the streets, and that great outward persecution may be expected.

"The church of God will (as I believe), go through *first* a baptism of fierce persecutions, and perhaps after that a baptism of the Spirit of God, which may bring real Christians (who survive the troubles of the church) into a better temper. . . ."

Cheering Words in the First Promise.

No word can be so cheering as that which brings to the soul of a sensible sinner an assurance of salvation. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," must have fallen like a thunderbolt on the ears of the first man in Eden's fair garden; and this, followed up immediately by expulsion from Paradise, must have indeed been a sorrowful experience. Adam and his wife turned out; the cherubim and flaming sword behind them; a wide, unknown world of briars and thorns before them; a guilty conscience within them; a tempting devil to waylay them; sinfulness, solitude and sorrow, helplessness and hopelessness their state, and dreadful forebodings of evil to come, their exercise. O, sin! sin! sin! that promised exaltation, but brought degradation; that promised happiness, but brought misery. Beloved Eve! partner of my sorrow! what shall we do? We shall die, and be as water spilled on the ground, that cannot be gathered up again!

Thus lamenting their sad state, they travel on; when lo! a messenger, from heaven sent, reminds them of a declaration in Eden made, which, though communicated in a silent whisper in the ear,

reaches the heart, and makes a deep impression there. "IT SHALL BRUISE THY HEAD." But what strange sound is that ringing in mine ears, with wondrous melody, producing feelings unknown before? What strange, yet agreeable sensations, accompany the sound! My heart-strings seem to vibrate with spontaneous joy, when again it comes—"IT SHALL BRUISE THY HEAD." These words I cannot comprehend; but still in them there is to me an untold sweetness; something cheering—something superhuman—something, my dearest Eve, that excites my very soul, and forebodes us good. "It shall bruise thy head." It is covenant language, the partial unfolding of the covenant of mercy; an opening up of the eternal mind of God in his purposes of grace. It is the budding forth of goodness which shall increase to the full-blown flower; the little cloud not bigger than a man's hand, that portends an abundance of rain; the first revelation to guilty man of God's determination to save with an everlasting salvation. It is a promise put forth for the hand of faith to grasp; a platform for hope to rest on; a circle for love to revolve in; a flame from heaven's high altar, to kindle the affection of the sinner's soul; and music for joy to dance to, at the remembrance of the goodness of Him who hath remembered us in our low estate; "for his mercy endureth for ever." It is a hand put down from heaven to raise the poor from the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill; to set him among princes—even the princes of his people. It is a heavenly finger, pointing, with celestial significance, to Jesus, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world;" and thereby includes, The Person of Christ—"It." The work of Christ—"Shall bruise thy head."

"I will put enmity," saith God, "Between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise;"—that is, the seed of the woman shall bruise; which is none other than Christ Jesus the Lord. In Luke iii. the genealogy of Christ, after the flesh, is traced to Adam. This pronoun "it," refers, therefore, without doubt, to HIM unto whom gave all the prophets witness; the Person of Christ; the incarnate mystery: the Child born; the Son given; the Saviour, whose power and wisdom, glory, grace and goodness, whose mercy, love and faithfulness, are co-existent and co-extensive with those of the Father and the Holy Spirit.

The work of Christ—"Shall bruise thy head." That is, shall overturn all the plans of the enemy for his people's good. The devil planned, and effected their ruin. Jesus shall ruin him, and more than re-establish them. Satan deprived them of their natural holiness, but Christ shall bring them a supernatural, unloseable holiness. Satan has taken them captive at his will, but Christ shall bruise

satan under his feet, and redeem his people from every captivity—"having obtained eternal redemption for us." A reception of this truth, understandingly and in the love of it, will, in the experience, be found to embody cheering words. It cheered the heart of Adam, and Abel, and Enoch, and Moses, and Isaiah, and David, and millions more. The patriarchs dwelt upon it; the prophets declared it; the apostles continued to sound out the sentiment far and wide, and we, poor Gentile sinners, on whom the ends of the earth are come, can say they are cheering words. It is a joyful sound! Christ incarnate! satan bruised! sin destroyed! God honoured! sinners saved!

In the garden of Eden it was said, "It shall bruise thy head;" and forty centuries after was the matter accomplished. "Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel; which, being interpreted, is, God with us." His conflict with satan was severe, but he conquered the enemy and all his hosts; and from the cross, in the hearing of angels, men and devils, exclaimed, "It is finished!" which are cheering words indeed.

That, therefore, which was the subject matter of the gospel in the beginning, that is, the Person and work of Christ, was the subject matter of it in the fulness of time, and will be so at the consummation of all things. Paul was determined to know nothing (ministerially) among men, but Christ and him crucified.

The Lord enable all the ambassadors of the cross to follow his example. So prays,
I. C. J.

Rochester, November 20th, 1853.

O, my God—the God of my salvation—how much of thy goodness and mercy have I to record! In tracing back the few days of my poor frail life through which thou hast hitherto brought me, what dangers do I see, that thou hast preserved me from falling into! what heart-rending sorrows thou hast supported me through! what temptations thou hast kept me in, and from! what provocations thou hast helped me oftentimes blamelessly to endure! O, my God, thou only hast witnessed, thou alone knowest; unto thee be all the praise given! for it is of thy mercy alone that my poor soul has not been consumed, even in the gulph of sin, or in the snare of temptation.—*The Silent Preacher.*

G., J. & R. BANKS, Printers, Bermondsey New Road.

Cheering Words for Seeking Souls.

Vol. IV.]

FEBRUARY, 1854.

[No. 36.]

A WONDER-WORKING GOD!

THE times that have recently passed over us—as a nation and a people — have been trying indeed. Snow storms, sea storms, great fires—calamities and dreadful deaths on rails, and roads, and rivers: as though satan was permitted to break out to dash the people to atoms.

“With the New Year,” says a kind and loving brother, “we are experiencing a great deal of severity in the weather, and consequently in circumstances: for the one follows the other. But the Lord liveth and watcheth; and in his own time will appear for all who put their trust in him; and this I want to do at all times; for he is a kind and worthy Friend—faithful to his promise, and careful for the necessities of every branch of his living, though oftentimes poor and afflicted family. I spent an hour with Samuel Foster yesterday, with two or three more: he is gradually sinking, and I think must, ere long, pass over the Jordan, never to return; but his feet are upon the Rock, and he is waiting with an anxious patience for the summons of his Master. I believe the Lord has been very gracious to him, both in providence and grace. His mind has been greatly stayed upon his God; and in temporals, as one stream has dried up, the Lord has opened another; and when we consider this poor fellow has not earned a penny for nearly four years, and that all his wife and family’s wants have been supplied, it is marvellous in our eyes: and we may well say, ‘What hath God wrought?’”

From this simple, but truly spiritual effusion of a mind
Price One Half-penny, or 10 copies for 4d.

well set in the gospel mould, we now proceed to give (continued from page 8, in our last number), a few more words from BROOKS,

On the Sweet Assurance

GOD SOMETIMES GIVES HIS SAINTS.

Secondly, God gives his people some tastes of his love, some sense of his favour, when he puts them upon hard and difficult services, because else he should not only act below himself, as he is a wise God, a faithful God, a powerful God, a merciful God, a righteous God, &c., but also act below his poor weak creatures; for what husband will put his wife, what father will put his child, what master will put his servant, what captain will put his soldier, what prince will put his ambassadors upon hard and difficult services, but they will smile upon them, and speak kindly to them, and make large promises to honour their persons, and kindly to accept, and nobly to reward their services? Surely none. And will God, who will not give his glory to those that have the most glorious beings, suffer his glory to be clouded and eclipsed by the prudent actings of weak worms? Surely no.

Thirdly, God lifts up the light of his countenance upon his people, when he puts them upon hard and difficult services, that they may never repent of enlisting themselves in his service. Ah, did not the Lord warm the hearts of his people, with the glorious beams of his love, when he puts them upon hard work, they would be ready, when they meet with oppositions and hazards, to throw up all, and to sit down lamenting and repenting that ever they were engaged in his service: they would be as peevish and froward as Jonah, and with him venture a drowning, to shift off God's service. Ah, but now the Lord by letting his goodness drop upon their hearts, and by putting an earnest-penny into their hands, he causes them to go cheerfully on in his work, without sighing or repenting. The kisses and embraces of God do put such life, such spirit, such mettle into their souls, as makes them bid defiance to

the greatest dangers, and as crowns them conquerors of the greatest difficulties. Ah, says a soul, that hath walked some turns in Paradise, what is dross to gold? what is darkness to light? what is hell to heaven? No more is all difficulties and oppositions to me, who have found the sweetness of divine grace, and have had the happiness to lie in the bosom of God. Dioclesian, the worst and last persecutor in all the ten persecutions, observed, that the more he sought to blot out the name of Christ, the more it became legible; and to block up the way of Christ, the more it became passable; and whatever of Christ he thought to root out, it rooted the deeper, and rose the higher in the hearts and lives of the saints, among whom he had scattered the beams of his love, and the rich peals of his grace. Such souls as have once been in the arms of God, in the midst of all oppositions, they are as men made all of fire, walking in stubble; they consume and overcome all oppositions; all difficulties are but as whetstones to their fortitude. The moon will run her course, though the dogs bark at it; so will all those choice souls that have found warmth under Christ's wings, run their Christian race in spite of all difficulties and dangers. The horse neighs at the trumpet; the Leviathan laughs at the spear; so does a saint, under the power of assurance, laugh at all hazards and dangers that he meets with in the Lord's service. The sense of God's love and goodness makes him to triumph over the greatest difficulties.

Fourthly and lastly, God gives his people some tastes of his love, when he puts them upon hard and difficult services, that the mouths of the wicked may be stopped; should God lay heavy burdens upon his people's shoulders, and not put under his finger to give them some ease; should God double their tale of brick, and yet deny them straw; should God engage them against a potent enemy, and them desert them; should God send them upon some weighty embassy, and not give proportionable encouragements to them, what would the world say? Would they not say that he is a hard

Master, and that his ways are not equal? Would they not say, Verily they are liars that say he is glorious in power, and wonderful in counsel, and infinite in mercy, and admirable in goodness, and rich in grace, and unsearchable in his understanding? For surely, were he, he could not, he would not put his children upon such hard and dangerous services; but he would own them, and stand by them; he would assist them, and smile upon them; he would be as careful to bring them bravely off, as he hath been ready to bring them freely on. O, he could not see them in garments rolled in blood! but his bowels would yearn towards them, and he would arise, and have compassion on them.

(To be continued).

Bible Names and Bible Places.

No. II.

UEL—or, as the signification of his name is,—“*Desiring God*,” was one of the disobedient sons of the Hebrew priests, who had incurred the anger of heaven by taking (with many others) a strange wife unto him—that is, a wife from amongst those nations concerning whom God had said, “Thou shalt not make marriages with them: thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son. For they will turn away his heart from following me.” And here I would notice the wondrous condescension of God; who not only told his Israel what he should do, and what he should not do, but told him also what the fatal consequence of his disobedience would be—namely, “They will turn away thy son from following me.” But, notwithstanding this, many had committed this trespass, and Uel was one of them; and the Lord was angry with Israel, for their sakes. But, said this man, with the rest of his brethren, “we have sinned and done wickedly: yet now there is hope in Israel concerning this thing.” Yes, there is hope; for we repent of our folly and our sin: I will do according to the word of the Lord; for the strange wife shall be put away—yes, more!—even the children which

she hath borne me shall be put away from me. What, though it cost me never so dear! what! though it rend, as it were, the caul from mine heart! yet it shall be done; and not a vestige of that which offends my God shall remain with me; for I desire the Lord above all these. True, they have endeared themselves to my natural affections; but they are not my God, and I desire his approving smile. I value his divine favour; I long to be again found in obedience to his word; I sigh for his pardoning love; and that I may walk before him in uprightness and fear, more than for this strange wife, and the children which she hath borne me. And now I would ask thee, dear reader, if thou too hast no strange wife with thee—no idol unto which thou hast joined thyself? Unfold the leaves of thine heart, and see if there be no accursed thing hidden up there, which is offensive to thy God. But thou mayest say, The idols I have with me are so many, and the sins which do every day beset me are so numerous, that I am at a loss where or how to begin the killing work of separation, or against which of them to deal the first blow. And thou mayest well be at a loss if there was no throne of grace to go to; but there is a throne of grace; and that throne of grace is always open to repentant sinners; while Him who sits thereon is abundant in goodness and truth; a God that forgiveth iniquity, transgression and sin; a God that passeth by the transgression of his heritage, because he delighteth in mercy; and his language to every returning prodigal is, "If ye return unto me, then I will return unto you; and your wickedness shall not be remembered in the day that ye return;" for, "though your sins be red like crimson, they shall be wool."

O grace! grace! O glorious God of grace! to deal thus with his backsliding children! and this, poor sinner, is the God who invites thee to return unto him; who deigns to say unto thee, "Put away thine idols from before thine eyes;" and whose throne of grace is always open to thee, that thou mayest go there and begin thy lawful work. Haste, then, poor sinner! haste away thither! for thou wilt never be able to accomplish thy task unless thou begin it at the feet of thy God. Haste, thither, then; and I will guarantee that thou shalt never go and find the throne of grace without finding the God of grace sitting thereon: no; he never leaves his place, but sits there continually for the coming of poor sinners. O, think of this! treasure up this blessed truth, that God

is every moment upon the throne of grace; yes, he is there now, at this very moment, while thou art reading. God is sitting, waiting to be gracious. But, sayest thou, against which am I to deal the first blow? for mine heart is full of sin; it is one mass of all that is vile. Well, turn to the Word of God: the way is there marked out for thee: for, saith the apostle, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us." And in another place, it is said, "Mortify the deeds of the body, with its affections and lusts." But the sin which above all others doth so easily beset thee, this is the accursed thing which, with many cries and prayers unto God, thou must more especially fight against; this is the captain-sin within thee; the formidable Goliath which defies the work of God within thee. Let thy first and strongest, nay, thy constant attack be made against this monster of thy soul. Summon up all thy courage, all thy self-denial, to fight, and give thy God no rest until "thy salvation go forth as a lamp that burneth." But, sayest thou, it is so strong, so closely interwoven within mine heart, and of such long standing. Yet, fear not! faint not! but let me encourage thee by telling thee, that an accursed thing did vex my soul for years; and often did it entangle my feet, and lead, or drag me captive, and then stand like an iron wall between me and my God: but I have triumphed—I have overcome, in the strength of my God; I have gotten the victory; for it is not only crucified, but slain; and I believe it will vex my soul no more for ever. My feet stand upon its tomb, and numberless are the times which mine heart, teeming with gratitude to the God of my salvation, has exultingly cried out, "O, my soul, thou hast trodden down strength."

Reader, may these few simple thoughts, by the divine blessing, lead thee to begin thine attack at once; begin it at the feet of thy merciful Creator; begin it against the worst of thy sins; and be assured, that the same God which hath caused me to triumph, will also enable thee to shout, "But thanks be to God, who hath given me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

H. M. ALLINGHAM.

"The Christian's trade is heavenly. The merchandise he trades for, grows in, or is the produce of a heavenly country; 'Our conversation is in heaven.' (Phil. iii. 20). Every man should mind his own business; his conversation should be suitable to his calling. A tradesman out of his shop, is a fish out of water—and so is the Christian when taken up with worldly things. Satan tries to rob him of his best, his choicest treasure."
—MAJOR JOHN ROWLANDSON.

THE HAPPY DEATH OF ONE OF WELLINGTON'S OLD SOLDIERS.

How profoundly deep are the sovereign bestowments of saving grace, and the preserving power among the sons of men ! The following brief detail of the life and death, of an old soldier is of so much interest that we feel a pleasure in depositing it among our "CHEERING WORDS." It refers to a man called "SERGEANT WILLIAMS, OF ROSS, IN HEREFORDSHIRE."

"George Williams, for many years colour-serjeant in the 39th regiment of Infantry, was born at Hereford, in the year 1777. At an early period of life he entered the Herefordshire militia, and afterwards joined the above-mentioned regiment of the Line, and commenced a long course of foreign service. He was in many of the great battles which were fought by the Duke of Wellington, and the generals connected with him, in Spain, Portugal, and the south of France.

"He was accustomed oftentimes to refer to them, but never with feelings of elation or complacency. He evidently felt, as the late Lord Hill is said to have done when brought to the bed of death; who exclaimed, "War, horrid war." Emotions of horror and deep regret were depicted on his countenance, while he spoke of those heart-rending scenes; but these were blended with fervent gratitude that amidst slaughtered thousands, and many who fell very near his own person, he should have been preserved, never having received a single wound. He was at the awful conflict at Albuera, where, of 6,000 British soldiers engaged, only 1,500 were left unwounded on the field; and after a hard-fought battle, the French, in superior numbers, were driven from the field. 'There,' he would sometimes say, 'I passed through slaughtered heaps of men and of horses.' He appeared to consider that cases of individual suffering, when prominently brought forward, were more affecting to the mind than when masses were presented. At least, this was the case with himself. Nothing that he ever witnessed in the battle-field ever affected him more than the spectacle of a French soldier with his bowels partially protruding from his body, but still alive, entreating for water, under the influence of agonizing thirst. The British army was in pursuit of the enemy when he was overtaken, and water was given to him; but when Williams and his companions returned to the spot, he had breathed his last.

"Williams having returned to England in an impaired state of health, and being sent to the military hospital at Chatham, it was there the Lord began to reveal in his soul the greatness of sin, and the superabounding greatness of salvation. We can only give the closing scene of his earthly existence :

"It was at once both gratifying and instructive to visit him when stretched on the couch from which he was destined never more to rise. He was almost constantly in prayer, and highly prized the prayers of others. He was very spiritually-minded, and wanted not to hear of anything but the things of God. His love to the Saviour, on whom he built his everlasting hopes, was powerful. When disease had in some degree paralysed his powers, and he was apparently in a state of stupor, he never failed to be roused when

the name of Jesus was whispered in his hearing. Often did he repeat hymns to His praise with great feeling. The emphasis with which on one occasion he lifted up his eyes towards heaven, and exclaimed,

‘ Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more !’

will never be forgotten by those who heard him ; evidently the music of the Saviour’s name was refreshing to him even in death itself. He sometimes had his seasons of conflict and depression ; the powers of darkness pressed him sore. But even then he said he would not resign his hope of an interest in the Saviour for a thousand worlds. He once said, ‘ I expect a great struggle before I enter heaven,’ but intimated, at the same time, that he would rather ‘ depart to be with Christ,’ than be raised again to his former health and vigour. He more than once endeavoured to console his mourning wife and near connexions in the prospect of his dissolution. ‘ Mourn not for me,’ he said, ‘ but endeavour to follow me to glory.’

“ When in the very article of death, actually contending with the king of terrors, and speaking was all but impossible, it was evident, from his look and gestures that he was holding communion with God ; and, when it was supposed that articulation had entirely ceased, being asked by his wife if he was happy in his mind, and expecting a world of perfect happiness—she having requested him, if this was the case, to give some sign or outward manifestation of it—he instantly made an effort beyond all expectation, lifting up both his hands, and exclaiming with all the energy that his dying agonies would admit, ‘ Victory ! Victory !’ They were almost the last words that proceeded from his lips, evincing that, in death as well as in life, he was ‘ a good soldier of Jesus Christ.’

“ ‘ His God sustained him in the final hour ;
His final hour brought glory to his God.’ ”

THE PRODIGAL COMING TO HIS SENSES.

STOP, reader, stop and read these few words ; and if the wheels of thy vast immortal mind are not altogether frozen up in the cold arms of death, then *think* and *examine* into the state of thy soul as before a heart-searching God ! The greatest of all changes is that change which Almighty Grace works in a sinner’s heart when that sinner is to be brought to the feet of mercy.

Man ! are not you a Prodigal ? If you are—if you have left your Father’s house—have you been led to repent and to desire to return ? Whether you have or not, let me beseech you to read the following words. On the Prodigal Son, Dr. Cumming says :

“ ‘ *When he came to himself.*’ He was in a state, practically and substantially, of lunacy, of mania, of moral derangement. And what is the character of man still ? The man who is the most sensible, the most clever, the most sagacious in the things of time, shews he is a fool and a maniac in the things of eternity. If you

see a man insensible to the clearest evidence—evidence that satisfies every one around him, you are driven to suppose that his mind is not right. Or if you see a man who is anxious about the minutest trifle, but indifferent to the most momentous realities—if you saw a mother amid the blazing rafters of her house trying to save the cradle, and careless of the safety of the babe, you would conclude that that mother was a maniac: or if you saw a person standing on the brink of a volcano, or amid the vibrations of an earthquake, careful only to pick up pebbles, and careless of personal safety—or standing on the deck of a ship that was sinking inch by inch into the gulf, counting and calculating how many were likely to be lost, and how many would probably be saved,—would you not pronounce such persons to be madmen, or at least to be destitute of all that constitutes the characteristic sagacity of their race? Or if you see a person mis-estimating every thing around him, thinking that a shieling is a palace, that rags are royal purple, would you not conclude that he is a maniac? And if we see men calling dross riches, folly wisdom, time eternity; careful for the body, as if that was to live for ever; careless for the soul, as if that was to die to-morrow; calling the law hardship; the cross folly; the Gospel unworthy of our best, our deepest, our most solemn consideration—we have all the insanity of the maniac, but there is not his irresponsibility too,—the maniac is not responsible for what he does; the ruins in which he lies are not of his own doing; but the sin that weighs the unbeliever down to destruction, is a load he is deliberately and wilfully piling up. I have thus attempted to depict man in his apostacy. Reader, is this your state at this moment—apostacy from God? Who is it that occupies the largest nook in thy heart? What is the topic that gathers around it your intensest sympathies, thoughts, affections, fears? What is it that absorbs you the most? We live at a crisis big with terrible results; not even the most sagacious statesman knowing what to-morrow may bring forth; kings tumbling from their thrones, and popes tumbling after them; the whole world agitated and convulsed, and God sparing this isle from the storm, reserving it, like a beautiful gem in the bosom of the deep that girdles it. Why does he spare it thus? I believe this respite is like the peace that was given to the Christians at the downfall of Jerusalem, that they might escape from its ruins, and find a refuge in the neighbouring city of Pella. That peace is our's at this moment; and I believe that they who have not their peace made with God will meet judgment without mercy when the storm comes."

THE VICAR OF WILLOWFIELD AND HIS PARISHIONERS.

THE spiritual ignorance of some of our clergy—and the sweet and simple light which the pure gospel gives is powerfully illustrated in the following dialogue, which is furnished by the author of that striking volume, published by W. and J. G. Cash, entitled “Struggles for Life.” Speaking of the *charitable zeal* (?) of the clergyman in buying over the people to attend the church, by bestowing on them gifts, our author says :

“There was only one thing with which I could reasonably quarrel, namely, the condition upon which a repetition of these gifts was suspended. This, however, was only the thin edge of the wedge. The zealous clergyman came again and again,—and when his efforts failed to accomplish all that was intended, the inhabitants were surprised, one fine day, by the advent of the curate of Willowfield, in *propria persona*. Never before had he visited this distant corner of his extensive parish. Indeed, the poor people did not know who or what he was. But this ignorance was speedily removed. He went from house to house, as a successor of the apostles should; but whether he carried the apostolic spirit, let the following scene between him and Mrs. Brown, a labourer’s wife, and a member of my church, testify :—

“Curate—‘Good morning, Mrs. Brown. I hope you are quite well, and your husband, and the children.’

“Mrs. Brown—‘Thank you Sir, we are all pretty well at present, through mercy. Will you please be seated? But you have the advantage of me, Sir.’

“C.—‘I am the curate of Willowfield—the curate of this parish, and I have come to visit my parishioners.’

“B.—‘Indeed Sir. Thank you. I’m pleased to see you. I’m sorry my husband’s not in.’

“C.—‘Oh! no matter. Do you attend church? I don’t remember seeing you at church.’

“B.—‘No, Sir; the parish church is too far off for us poor folks that have families to see after.’

“C.—‘That makes no difference, Mrs. Brown. You see, I don’t think it too far to come here to visit you; and you ought to go, once a day at least, on Sundays, to your parish church. What will become of you if you don’t?’

“B.—‘Sir, I never had the pleasure of seeing you before, and—and I hope you will excuse me, Sir—but we have the Gospel faithfully preached in the vill—’

"C.—'The Gospel? what do you mean by that Mrs. Brown? No one knows anything about the gospel but your clergyman, nor has any one a legal right to pretend to—'

"B.—'Sir, I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but our minister—'

"C.—'Your minister? I am your minister.'

"B.—'Perhaps you are Sir, but I never saw you before.'

"C.—'Your own fault, ma'am.'

"B.—'Be it so, Sir; but our minister preaches the Gospel, and we are very thankful for his—'

"C.—'He has no right, ma'am; knows nothing about it; was never ordained; is leading you all to hell, and—'

"B.—'Sir, you are a clergyman, you say; and a gentleman, I suppose; but you are bearing false witness against your neighbour!'

"C.—'Tush! foolish woman! Eh! allow me to ask, is that child yours?'

"B.—'Yes, Sir.'

"C.—'Baptised?'

"B.—'Yes, Sir.'

"C.—'By whom?'

"B.—'My pastor, Sir, of course.'

"C.—'You mean that layman schismatic, who has set up for a teacher in the village?'

"B.—'Sir,' said the poor woman, deeply agitated, 'my religion teaches me to be courteous; but you will greatly oblige me by not speaking in that way of my beloved pastor. He would not speak so of you. I know that!'

"C.—'Well, well,' said the curate, changing his tactics, 'I wish you to bring this child to church to be baptised, and I will overlook the past.'

"B.—'The child is baptised, Sir, I have told you.'

"C.—'It really is not, Mrs. Brown; no more than if you had wickedly attempted to do it yourself! If the child die, it will be lost for ever!'

"In an agony of maternal love, the grieved mother snatched her child, and pressed it to her bosom, exclaiming, with tear-filled eyes, 'Blessed Saviour! forbid! Thou wilt not cast out this little one, that has been prayerfully dedicated to thee.'

"This was too much, even for the curate. When the weeping mother looked around, he was gone."

(To be continued).

THE FEARS AND THE FAITH OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

Two hundred years ago, William Bridge—a faithful, a noble, a useful servant of Jesus Christ—was preaching on the four horns and the four carpenters in the first Chapter of Zechariah's prophecy. The prospects of England at that time were dark; the preacher solemnly reviewed the forces of the church's adversaries; and then laboured to call up the attention of his audience to the church's High Tower of Defence. He said:—

“Austin observeth that the church from Christ to Christ, from Christ's death to Christ's coming again, should meet with three sorts of persecutions; one by the sword, as in the primitive times; another by heresies, as in the Arian times; the other both by sword and heresies, as in these latter antichristian times. Luther says well, Cain shall be killing his brother Abel to the end of the world, but he is most bloody in his old days. It is observed to my hand, that the four great monarchies, who have been the constant enemies of the church, are compared by Daniel unto four beasts, a ‘leopard, a bear, a lion,’ &c., but the antichristian beast that should arise in the latter times is made up of all these; his feet being the feet of a bear, his mouth the mouth of a lion, himself like a leopard, and the dragon giving his power unto him, Rev. xiii. 2. As if the cruelties of all the monarchies were concentrated and met in him. Of all enemies, you shall observe those are most deadly and cruel that are apostates, that have been once professors, and then prove apostates; therefore the devil, the Jew, and anti-Christ are greatest enemies to the saints, because they are all apostates. Now the enemies that are risen up in our days are apostatizing enemies, and therefore, if they prevail, which God in mercy forbid, are like to prove the sorest enemies that ever the English sun did see; yea, worse than the enemies of those Marian days; for in queen Mary's time we read that here and there two, three, four, or ten were brought forth to the stake, but should these enemies now prevail, nor two, or three, or four, or ten, but three thousands, and four thousands, and ten thousands would be led out together to be all massacred. In queen Mary's time though the parent died, the child did inherit his land; but now at once our lands, our liberties, our children, our religion and we are all like to die together. In queen Mary's days Germany was open, and a place of refuge to God's people,

many did fly thither, and were safe in the time of that storm ; but now if these enemies prevail, whither should God's servants fly ? Not to Frankfort, not to the Palatinate, not to Bohemia, not to Ireland, not to Scotland, I had almost said not to our graves, for they will hardly give us grave room in our own country. Oh, the black and dismal day that is like to come upon us, if these horns that are now pushing at us should prevail against us. Well, but remember God's method, your own sins and God's method ; his method is, first the horns, and then the carpenters ; though the horns may push, and gore, and scatter for a time, yet the carpenters shall fray them away, and cast out these gentiles. And so I come to the second vision of the four carpenters, and the second doctrine, namely,

"Secondly, Though God suffer the enemies of his church and people to be exceeding strong, cruel, and very many, yet he will raise up proportionable strength against them, apt and fitted instruments to suppress them, who shall fray them away and deal by them as they have dealt by others. This is in the commission of those who are deputed to destroy Babylon, Rev. xviii. 6. 'Reward her even as she hath rewarded you.' And to this purpose, I say, God will raise up a suitable and proportionable strength, four carpenters for the four horns.

"Our text speaks but of four horns, and here are ten ; yet if you look into Rev. v. you shall find an answerable strength in Christ, who is described to be a Lamb having seven horns, seven rather than ten being the number of perfection in Scripture. But if you think that seven is not enough to equalise the ten, you find also in Habak. iii. 4, that the Lord our God is said to have horns in his hand, because all the works of his hand are done in strength and power. So that whatever your enemies are, there is strength enough in Jesus Christ to subdue their strength."

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE AND GRACE:

OR

BESSIE'S ANTICIPATION OF A BETTER AND A BRIGHTER WORLD.

AMID the almost universal wreck of mind which sin has made among the fallen sons of man, there is here and there a child to be found who, although it be born in sin and shapen in iniquity—seems to stand for a very little while on the earth, as a visible witness of two

great facts—First, that *God did make man upright*; and Secondly, that in heaven, the RANSOMED BRIDE OF CHRIST shall be found in purity, in perfection, in peace: uttering the praises, and enjoying the presence of a covenant God for ever and ever.

These few thoughts have been suggested on reading in "THE MORNING OF LIFE," the following portraiture of one of Heaven's happy saints.

"Early in the month of April, the two friends were standing on a hill, admiring the gay prospect. The cold, chilling winds of March were gone; the air was mild and balmy, and all nature seemed to rejoice in the change. The birds were hymning their songs of praise, whilst they fluttered in the bright sunshine; and the flowers were struggling to rear their heads above the green grass. Bessie's ideal turn of mind led her to be a great admirer of Nature, and frequently to expatiate on its loveliness, as a visible manifestation of that God her soul loved. She gathered a daisy at her feet, and remarked on the many beauties that little despised flower possessed. But her soul did not seem in harmony with the scene around; and as she turned the little flower in her hand, and admired the delicate pink which fringed its silver petals, her thoughts seemed far away. I asked her if she had noticed that some daisies were altogether white, without any tinge of pink? She said, 'I do not remember seeing a daisy altogether white; but if you will gather me one, I will say something upon it.'

"Thinking she would make some allusion to her wedding-day, which was fast approaching, I soon brought her a snow-white daisy.

"Now, Bessie, let me hear what you have to say.' She fixed her dark, expressive eyes upon me, and said,

"White will be my winding sheet;
White will be my funeral shroud."

I know not how it is, but I do not feel as if I shall be long on earth. My home is in Heaven. By far the greater number of those I loved the most dearly are there. My ties on earth are all loosed, excepting *one* precious object of affection, and my dear brother R——, whom I love and esteem so dearly; but they will soon join me, and we shall be parted no more.

"At the time, I tried to think it was only the passing cloud of a highly susceptible imagination; for, with the exception of frequent headaches, she appeared as well as most persons. But when in the morning of the day we parted, she said—her eyes bedimmed with tears—

"We shall no more meet together on earth—I shall never behold

this place again!" My heart sank within me. An impression of sorrowful foreboding took possession of my soul, which I vainly tried to throw off. I felt that her words were prophetic, and would soon be realized.

"One evening, shortly before I was separated from this beloved companion, we were sitting alone together, lamenting the necessity of being parted, when she said—

"It will be but for a little while,

"Sweet friend! on yon celestial happy shore,
Soon we shall meet to part no more."

"She was looking up as she spoke. A heavenly brightness illuminated her countenance; and she appeared to be feasting her eyes on that 'celestial shore,' as if she already by anticipation saw its glories. After a few minutes' silence, she asked for a piece of paper, on which she wrote the above lines; then, giving it to me, said,—

"Keep this: It is a parting token. A little while hence you will need it. *Remember this evening.*"

"Within a year from that hour, she was safely landed on that 'happy shore';—all her trials and sorrows left behind;—she was tasting eternal happiness.

"On the 26th of April, 1841, Bessie became the beloved wife of Mr. A. W—. No fond father or mother gave her away; but God, who makes orphans His especial charge, and promises to be a 'Father to the fatherless,' raised up for her Christian friends, who tried to act the part of parents, and who felt honoured in being allowed to minister, even in a feeble measure, to one of His dear children.

"But even this cup of earthly happiness was mingled with bitterness. A few weeks after her marriage, a severe illness brought her very low, and for a short time her life was in danger; but God, in mercy to others, prolonged her days for a brief space.

"Not having met that dearly-loved friend after her marriage, in consequence of her having gone to live in a distant part of England, I can give no detailed particulars of that period; but as we kept up a constant intercourse by letters, I will make two extracts from them.

"The presentiment, to which allusion has been made, increased after her marriage. In the month of August, she wrote to her friend, saying,

"Perhaps our next meeting-place may be the house of many mansions, where all the children of our Heavenly Father shall spend an eternity together! I feel as if my earthly journey were almost ended. My doctor says I have not one alarming symptom; but I fancy such a fire (as it seems unquenchable) will shortly burn up the sap of *animal* life. It cannot touch that everlasting life, which is hid with

Christ in God Oh, no! His sheep shall never perish..... My sleep is disturbed, and unrefreshing; but my midnight hours, though wearisome to the body, are often seasons of rejoicings to my soul, which is then, as it were, alone with the Lord, enjoying uninterrupted communion with Him..... Oh! what a prayer is that in behalf of His disciples—"Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

"Another extract from a letter to the same will be added—

"Jan. 1, 1842.—Your Bessie wishes you a happy new year. May you, as its course rolls onward, rapidly advance in the narrow way of wisdom, which alone is truly pleasant. There, and there only, peace is to be found. Lean not to thine own understanding, but pray for the Spirit's guidance. He may lead you by a thorny path, very painful to the flesh, but not so to the soul, which is driven, by those very trials, to the bosom of its unseen, but ever-present Friend. I speak from experience. I have proved His power to sustain and comfort me in various circumstances. When in danger of death for the truth's sake, I endured as seeing Him who is invisible. By faith I heard His voice, saying, "Fear not." And when, from another cause, I seemed to be near the dark valley, what made the grave appear as little to be dreaded as my bed? Was it not the hope of a glorious resurrection? When first I saw you I was almost broken-hearted: the world had become a dreary wilderness, in which I expected not to find an oasis. Yet, you say, I looked cheerful. Who had wiped away my tears? Not an earthly hand. And now that the scene has changed, what keeps my affections fixed on things above? My chief treasure is in heaven: Jesus my risen Lord and Saviour, is the great attraction; I long for His appearing, when he will take me, and all His redeemed people, to be with Him, in the Father's house. But while below, I shall thankfully enjoy the blessings He has given me, — my beloved husband, &c....."

"A few weeks before her death she wrote to Mrs. M——: 'I long to "depart, and be with Christ, which is far better." It is only when I think of others, that I wish my life here below to be prolonged. As far as I myself am concerned, my heart would say, "Let me depart."'

"On the 12th of March, 1842, she became the mother of a little girl, but soon followed fever and delirium. In a brief interval of consciousness, she exclaimed, with a countenance quite illumined, 'Joy cometh! Joy cometh! Oh, yes.' But that heavenly joy was as the bright rose that beams in beauty from amidst the sharp thorns of rending earthly sorrow.

"Deep and severe were the bodily sufferings of that mortal illness which immediately ensued."

To be continued.

Cheering Words for Seeking Souls.

Vol. IV.]

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[No. 37.]

Ministerial Biography.

CHEERING WORDS OVER THE GRAVE OF AN AGED SERVANT OF GOD.

WILLIAM JAY, of Bath, is gone to his rest, after sixty-three years spent in preaching and writing. He was both a popular preacher, and an acceptable writer, in those parts of the professing community called "the Congregational" and "Independent" Churches. We should think from the *very beautiful* sermons preached on the occasion of his death, and from the very high esteem in which he was held in the city of Bath, and in other parts of this kingdom, that he must have been a really useful man—certainly not an every-day man. There were three things about his history not to be found in every man's life:—1st, he began preaching the Gospel when not more than sixteen years of age. 2nd, he continued on as pastor *in one place*, the fine city of Bath, for sixty-three years. 3rd, he so wrote and preached, as to please a very large and somewhat wealthy congregation; and we hope and believe, too, his labours were owned of God to many souls now in glory, and some who are yet travelling there.

William Jay was not what some would call a *deep experimental* preacher; nor was he very pointed or powerful in his earnest contentions for the doctrines of *free, distinguishing, superabounding grace*: but as regards THE PERSON OF CHRIST; the glories of heaven; the holy Majesty of God; the horrors of sin; the nothingness of the creature; and the absolute necessity of the quickening and revealing powers of the

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eternal Spirit; in these parts of his work he was clear, and sometimes comprehensive and effective. We are carefully looking over some of the sermons which have been preached since his death. James Sherman's and John Angel James's are both of them interesting. They are shilling and six-penny sermons; higher prices than the generality of people choose to pay for sermons now a-days.

We shall furnish our readers with a brief summary of the closing scenes of this good man's ministerial career; because there are many things of a very cheering and holy tendency therewith connected. The Bible says, "*Unto the pure, all things are pure.*" A mind sanctified by grace divine, discerneth all spiritual things—whether they be *dreadfully deep, gloriously high*, or, in the more *intermediate stages* of a holy life. Some of the ministers of Christ are peculiar for the deepness of their acquaintance with God's holy law, Christ's glorious Gospel, and the Spirit's work on the hearts of redeemed sinners. Others of the Lord's servants have been, and are singularly distinguished for their Tabor-like ascensions into the very bosom of the Father—dwelling (like Charnock, Toplady, Goodwin, Robert Hawker, and many beside)—in the attributes of Deity, gazing upon the fulness of an adorable Mediator, and feasting richly upon the *promises* of the new and everlasting covenant of Grace. While not a few—equally, we hope, the servants of God, and the heirs of glory—have neither descended nor ascended, but in the more plain and practical parts of the Gospel plan, have lifted up their voice in what to some would appear an abstract, an indistinct, and a rather abbreviated ministry.

We leave our readers to apply these remarks, while we return to the task—the grateful labour of making even the grave to send forth "Cheering Words" to all, who through faith and patience, are now wending their way to that "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

On Thursday evening, January the 5th John Angel James, of Carr's Lane, Birmingham, delivered an address in "*The*

Vineyard's Chapel, Bath," and which has been published in London, by Hamilton; in Bath by Charles Clark; and in Birmingham by Hudson and Matthison; entitled "*the Consolation and Duty of Churches under the loss of Eminent Ministers.*" This is a pamphlet of deep interest. The words of the text were 2 Kings ii. 14, "*Where is the Lord God of Elijah?*" The history and typical character of Elijah are worked out, and applied, in an instructing manner. If we extract herefrom two short paragraphs, referring briefly to

**THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES, & THE MINISTERIAL LOSSES
THE CHURCH HAS RECENTLY SUSTAINED,**

it is all we must in this number venture to do.

The present aspect of affairs are slightly touched in words like the following :

" Amidst the signs of the times which gladden our hearts and exalt our hopes, are there no portents on our sky which tend to depress us, and to alarm our fears? Under our bright sky are there no tremblings of the earth beneath our feet, which indicate an approaching earthquake? I refer not now to the political aspect of the times—the hostile attitude of the nations, and the fearful presages of war. I do not take into account the warnings of the men who, from the watch towers of observation, are giving notes of alarm; nor the vaticinations of those who are busy in decyphering prophetic symbols and calculating prophetic times. My reference is to moral and spiritual phenomena. Can any man be ignorant of the revived power, the bold attitude, the constant aggressions, the successive victories, of Protestantism's old foe—"the man of sin, the son of perdition?" On the other hand, can any observer of the current of opinion be unacquainted with the alarming prevalence of infidelity in all its forms, and of heresy in all its grades? Is there not a scepticism infecting our very orthodoxy—a speculative and philosophical spirit insinuating itself into many of our young ministers, which looks as if, not only the battle of the Reformation were to be fought over again, but all the great verities of religious truth which we had considered to be settled, were to be tested and tried by a subjective process? At such a time we must regard, as a calamity to the church, the departure of men, whose names, if they do not exercise authority, and stop the progress of inquiry, (which no human names ought to do), yet suggest caution, and tend to restrain the restlessness of speculation, and to resist the violence of innovation."

The losses the professing Church has sustained, are also hinted at :

"From us our Elijahs have of late been departing. In addition to the loss we this day deplore, how many eminent men, in various sections of the church, have within the last few years, left our world! Look to the vacant place of the mighty Chalmers, and of the grave, holy, and venerable Gordon, in the Free Church of Scotland. Think of Bickersteth, in the Church of England—that type of holy love and Christian gentleness; and of Tottenham, of your own city—that man of God so greatly and so justly beloved. I may mention the honoured name of Cox among the Baptists; and that heavy loss of ours, the departure of Pye Smith, who united in himself so much of profound scholarship with sound orthodoxy. And then, that more recent deprivation, which, in the death of Wardlaw, has deprived us of one of the brightest ornaments of nonconformity—of the most distinguished sons of sacred literature—of the most able and uncompromising, and, at the same time, the most dispassionate of controversialists. And even to these must now be added the name of Collyer, who was fifty-three years pastor of the church at Peckham, one of the most popular preachers of his day, the author of several valuable works, and of whom the father of our beloved Sovereign was a personal friend, and the monarch herself a playmate of his daughter."

After William Jay had preached in Bath fifty years, he delivered what was called his "*Jubilee Sermon*." We take an historical morsel therefrom. He said—

"Though it is now just half a century since my connexion with this church, yet I laboured here occasionally, and sometimes for several Sabbaths together, during more than a year previously to my ordination. Neither was this the commencement of my ministry; I began preaching before I was sixteen, and had preached nearly one thousand sermons before I was of age. Now I do not boast of this; yea, I should rather reflect upon it, had it been the result of my own forwardness. But I was under a tutor whose authority I was bound not to dispute, but to obey. Our academy was at Marlborough; and the state of the villages all around was truly deplorable.

"In some of those villages I have preached down many a live-long Sabbath, in the homely cottage, on the green before the door, or in some open place in the road, or in a field hard by. How often have I wished to revisit all these hamlets! But, alas! how few should I now find alive, and who would be able to remember—what he was always then called, 'the boy preacher!'

"Upon leaving the academy I felt myself too young to undertake the pastoral office. I therefore chose an obscure village, where I had preached frequently while a student, to enjoy retreat and to pursue my improvement. Income I looked not after, provided my personal wants were supplied. My fixed salary, therefore, was thirty-five pounds a year, and my board in a private family. But I was frequently drawn forth to supply the neighbouring churches; and being ill-supplied with books, the design of my retirement was very imperfectly answered.

"I then met with Lady Maxwell, who engaged me to officiate in her chapel at the Hotwells. There I was for nearly a year, not without proofs of acceptance and usefulness, as the place filled and crowded. I was, therefore, pressed by her ladyship to take the oversight of the congregation. At the same time, having preached in Bath before and during the illness of my predecessor here—(who with his dying breath recommended me to succeed him)—I received an invitation also to settle in Argyle chapel. For a time I was perplexed; but, while deliberating on these two proposals, some circumstances arose which immediately determined my movement towards this city. The step was to me an event of unspeakable importance, but it was immediately followed by a conviction that I was where I ought to be: and this conviction never for a moment wavered. Disregarding, therefore, all subsequent offers to change my situation, I resolved to continue in a connexion which has proved a peculiarly happy one; but which has, as you here see, (referring to his grey hairs), witnessed the lapse of the larger and better part of my life. It is worthy of remark, that the first text I ever preached from, among those who were to become my 'hope,' and 'joy,' and 'crown of rejoicing,' was, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

"Some time after the acceptance of the call, I was ordained—fifty years ago, yesterday. The charge was addressed to me by my honoured friend and tutor, Mr. Winter; and the sermon to the people was preached by the Rev. John Adams, of Salisbury. I was a young pastor—but the people despised not my youth; and, under various deficiencies and inexperience, they patiently waited for more maturity from ripening seasons.

"Without entering into the minuteness of any human system of divinity, (which I would not do for any people under heaven), I engaged to preach Mr. Hervey's three R's, as they have been called—ruin, redemption, regeneration; ruin by Adam, redemption by Christ, and regeneration by the Spirit. From these principles—and these *are* principles—I have never seen cause yet to swerve. And though, in this long course of things, there have been many 'Lo,

here's,' and 'Lo, there's,' I have been too much bent on the good old way to be attracted by them. If in any minor things I have ever differed from my brethren, and have had faith, I have had it to myself before God; or I have said, 'Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind.'"

Mr. Sherman's Funeral Sermon for Mr. Jay; and other interesting notices connected with the life and death of this venerable man, will be given in our next.

THE COVENANT THAT IS ORDERED IN ALL THINGS AND SURE.

JOHN OWEN, once preaching from the last words of David, as recorded in 2 Sam. xxiii. 5, "*Although my house be not so with God,*" &c., expatiated largely upon the three distinct properties of the Covenant of grace—first, *it is an "everlasting covenant"*: secondly, *it is "ordered in all things"*: thirdly, *"it is sure."*

The preacher's words on the second feature of the covenant, are weighty and powerful. Do, dear friend, read them with care.

"Now is there not here great ground for retreat unto this covenant in all our straits, that hath its rise in everlasting love, its end in everlasting rest, and the matter whereof are everlasting things?"

"The second property of this covenant is,—that it is "ordered in all things." What is order? Order is the disposition of things into such a way, such a relation one to another, and such a dependance one upon another as they may all be suited to attain their proper end. This is order. Now saith he, "This covenant is ordered." The truth is, order is the beauty of all things—the glory of all things; and it is but a little, I acknowledge, that I am able to look into of the order of this covenant, which renders it exceeding beautiful and glorious; and much less that I shall now speak to you.

"I would refer the order of the covenant to these three heads:—to its infinitely wise projection; to its solemn confirmation; and to its powerful execution. These three things give this covenant its order. Its infinitely wise projection, in the love and eternal wisdom of the Father; its solemn confirmation, in the blood and sacrifice of the Son; and its powerful execution, in the efficacy of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of grace. These are the heads of the glorious order of this covenant, that give it its life, beauty, and glory.

"1. Its projection was in the wisdom and love of the Father. Whatsoever is spoken concerning the love, grace, and wisdom of the

Father before the world was, was laid out in the projection of this covenant. Take it as it wraps Christ in it, as it brings forth the forgiveness of sin, as it is the centre of grace; and it compriseth the whole effect of divine wisdom, as far as the infinitely holy God ever manifested, or ever will manifest to eternity.

"2. It had a solemn confirmation in the blood of the Son; hence the blood of Christ is called 'The blood of the covenant.' The covenant was solemnly confirmed in the blood of Christ. It is the design of the apostle, in the 10th chapter of the Hebrews, to prove the solemn confirmation of the new covenant in the blood of the Son of God. That makes it irrevocable and unchangeable.

"8. But when all this is done, how shall this covenant be executed? Why, that is the work of the Holy Spirit. He hath undertaken two things: 1, To assure our souls of all things on the part of God, to reveal the terms of the covenant, and make known unto us the end of God in it. And 2, To undertake on our part to give us hearts that we shall love him and fear him; to write the terms of the covenant on our part in our souls, so that it shall have an infallible execution. If any thing had been wanting in this order, we could never have had benefit by this covenant.

"There is an addition of order, in reference to the matter of it, here expressed. As it is 'ordered,' so it is 'ordered in all things':—it is ordered in all the things 'of grace on the part of God;' it is ordered in all the things 'of sin on our part,' 1st. It is ordered in all the things 'of grace on the part of God,'—that all grace whatsoever, that is needful for the covenanters shall be given out unto them. If there were any needful grace that we should come short of, in reference unto the end of this covenant, it would not be 'ordered in all things.' If the covenant had been ordered but in some grace, in quickening grace, and not in persevering grace, we had never come to the end of the covenant: if in pardoning grace, and not renewing grace, we had never come to the end of the covenant, for 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' But whatsoever grace is needful to bring us to the enjoyment of God, it is ordered in all grace. The first covenant with Adam was ordered in grace, but not in all grace; it was ordered in righteousness, holiness, and innocency, but not ordered in the grace of perseverance: and failing in that grace, the whole covenant failed. But this covenant is 'ordered in all things,' with reference to believers. 2nd. It is ordered in reference unto sin. There was a great deal of glory and beauty in the first covenant; but there was no order taken about sin: so that if any sin came in, the first covenant was gone and broken, and of no use any more. But this covenant hath taken order about sin; that there shall no sin

befall believers but what the grace of the covenant will extend pardon unto. If a believer should fall into any one sin that would deprive him of the benefit of this covenant, it would not be 'ordered in all things.' There are sins that, if a believer should fall into, would break the covenant; but the covenant prevents such falls.

"This is another motive to rely upon this covenant which is 'ordered in all things.' What could God's providence do more for his creatures?"

MINISTERIAL TRIALS AND EXERCISES.

Is there one class of men under heaven that pass through more deep tribulation than do the *poor servants of Jesus Christ*?—We trow not. Yet, know ye not that these trials are often, the ordained and sanctified means of sharpening their ministry, strengthening their faith, and rendering them ten-fold more useful to the people of their charge? The following are not cheering words, but they describe a state of things, which make way for cheering words to come in:

"Since I saw you last, I have had no invitation from any place or people, and have no engagement whatever. I know now of nothing, and consequently can say nothing. Every door is shut—every avenue is closed. So that I can only say with Heman, 'I am shut up, and I cannot come forth.'

"A season of great and deep adversity like this is not the time either to *make* or to *find friends*. Who looks for summer in the depth of winter? It is a dispensation, and I am called to bear it.

"Abraham went out without a friend, not knowing whither he went. Jacob was *friendless* when he journeyed to Padan-aram; Joseph, when he was in prison; Job, on the dunghill; Moses, when the people talked of stoning him; David when hunted by Saul; Elijah, when by the brook Cherith; Jeremiah when in his low dungeon; Christ, when before the bar of Pilate; and Paul, when in Asia—to which I might add, John, when in the Isle of Patmos.

"In this path walked many a noble martyr; and though the way is *rough*, it is not *new*. Promotion comes neither from the east, nor from the west; it is God who sets up one, and pulls down another. Vain is the help of man! I believe I must find God, before I shall find help. Strange things are sometimes known and proved before deliverance.

"I am encamped over against Pihahiroth, between Migdol and the Red Sea. I have the *sword* behind, and the sea of troubles before. I need *great* faith, and seem to have none. Hope is low, and fears

run high. I am poor company, especially for the *unscathed* and the *prosperous*!

"I feel like a wreck amongst the breakers: it is of no use to trouble, or to burden friends in such a season."

"I feel inclined to impose upon myself *mute silence*, until the Lord appears. 'He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him.' Lam. iii. 28.

"Good people cannot understand a case like *this*; they will only reproach, or *suspect*. 'What do thine eyes *wink* at?' said they to Job!

"Lord help me to look to thee! My help must come, if ever it does come, from the Lord alone.

"May the Lord be our guide and counsellor, and direct us to that which shall be most pleasing in his sight! May he show us his way and guide us in judgment!

EDWARD BLACKSTOCK.

THE

CURATE OF WILLOWFIELD, AND THE WIDOW PRIESTLY.

WE introduced this poor blind man to the notice of our readers last month. The Author of "*Struggles for Life*," has given a very striking portrait of him. He is going round the parish to inquire why the people do not come to church. A very praiseworthy office, *if the good of their souls, and the glory of God*, be the mainspring of his movements: but from what we recorded of him last month, and from what we have now to relate, we fear his own state of soul is bad—consequently, though his office be a good one, yet, his heart being unchanged, no spiritual benefit can he confer upon his people. While it is painful to learn that such dark bigotry existeth in our land, still, it is cheering to find almost in every dark corner enlightened minds are struggling with the darkness; of which the following is a faithful illustration. Speaking of the curate, our Author says:

"He visited immediately afterwards a middle-aged lady, of the name of Priestly, in whom he found rather more than he expected. Mrs. Priestly was a widow, living on a small annuity, and, as she was the daughter of parents rather above the middle class of society, she was well educated. Moreover, she was fond of reading, took in some of the monthly periodicals, and felt particularly interested in all the ecclesiastical intelligence of the day. In early life she had been an adherent of the Episcopal Church, which she had left from

conscientious motives; and she had a brother, a clergyman, still living, in a distant part of the country. This brief notice of Mrs. Priestly will account for the substance of her remarks to 'our curate.' I should add, that she was considered somewhat eccentric by her neighbours.

"'I am visiting my parishioners, ma'am,' said the clergyman, in his blandest tone, 'and I shall be happy to have a little conversation with you, if you please.'

"'With much pleasure, Sir,' said Mrs. Priestly; 'a pastoral visit from the clergyman of this parish is *such* a treat!'

"*Curate.*—'Ahem! Why, ma'am, we have such a pressure of official engagements, and our parish is so extensive, that we cannot see all our flock so often as would be desirable.'

"*Priestly.*—'True, Sir; the parish is very large, including a large town, and five or six villages, for which the State has provided one *Church*. What do you think would become of us all, but for the Dissenters?'

"*C.*—'The evil will be remedied soon. It is in contemplation to build one or two Churches. You know the population has increased greatly since the parish Church was erected.'

"*P.*—'It is scarcely necessary, Sir; for there are five or six Chapels in the parish, some of them large and well filled; and you owe it to the exertions of good men who preach the gospel so faithfully in them, that your parishioners are not all heathen. May I presume to ask to what we owe the honour of this visit to day? I have been in this place some fifteen years, but this is the first time, I believe, that we have had such a visit.'

"*C.*—'I regret it much, ma'am; but these days require increased activity, and we must try to check growing evils.'

"*P.*—'So far as we are concerned in Willowfield, it is no matter, Sir. We have a faithful and successful pastor—'

"*C.*—'You mean the clergyman of Rowly, of course? Your parish Church being so distant.'

"*P.*—'Did you really *think* I meant him, Sir?'

"*C.*—(Colouring slightly).—'I—I know of no other; that is to say, I recognise no other in this neighbourhood, and even he is not in your parish, but his Church is near.'

"*P.*—'But the pastor I allude to is *in* our parish; and, though you do not recognise him, he is recognised both by God and men; but I rejoice that you are alive to the evils of the times, and intend to check them. I wish you great success; more labourers are wanted all the world over.'

"*C.*—'Schism is a fearful sin, Mrs. Priestly; and I am very sorry to find a lady of your intelligence encouraging and aiding

schismatics; and I must faithfully warn you of your sin and danger, and entreat you to return to the church of your fathers. You would then duly attend to its sacraments, and hear the apostolic ministry, which alone can lead you safely through life and to heaven.'

"P.—'I am obliged, Sir, for your compliment and advice, but I beg to assure you that there is no schism among us. We are perfectly united. We have also an apostolic ministry—as of course you mean, by that, the preaching of apostolic doctrine—the sacraments are duly administered, and we are looking for everlasting life through the merits of the great High Priest and Saviour—Jesus Christ.'

"C.—'Good morning, madam.'

"P.—'Before you go, Sir, will you have the kindness to step into the next cottage, and pray with a poor man? He is very ill, and would be thankful for a visit.'

"C.—'What is the matter with him?'

"P.—'He has had some of his ribs broken by a fall from a building.'

"'Ah! indeed,' said the curate, pulling a book out of his pocket, and turning over the leaves. 'No, I must decline at present. I find there is no prayer here for a case of that kind; no prayer for broken ribs. Think of what I have said to you, Mrs. Priestly. Good morning.'

"P.—'I will, Sir, *often*. Good morning, Sir.'

Bible Names and Bible Places.

No. III.

ASHUR was the second son of Shem—grandson of Noah—and the founder of that great city—Nineveh. And as we have been deputed by the Editor of CHERRING WORDS to the sweet and pleasurable task of writing on "Bible Names and Bible Places," we will again endeavour, as the Lord the Spirit shall enable us, to write a little on the several significations of this name of Ashur, and which must be acknowledged to be sweet and precious to every child of God.

And first, then, it signifies *blessed*; second, *happy*; third, *traveling*; fourth, *beholding*. And surely every Christian, though ever so weak and feeble, may claim the name of Ashur; for who is blessed if the Christian is not blessed? who is happy if the Christian be not happy? Happy! yes, happy indeed! Ah, Christian! who can have cause to be happy if thou hast not? who is blessed if thou art not blessed? "Having the promise of the life which now is, and that which is to come; and being blessed with all spiritual blessings in

Christ Jesus." And not only so, thy life here on earth is made up of blessings and mercies; for he (daily) crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies, while the life thou hast in reversion is one long eternity of inconceivable blessings and inconceivable glories. Blessings which seraphims have never realised, and glories which created angels will never attain unto; for while seraphims fly on joyful wing to do his bidding, thou, O Christian, shalt sit with him upon his glorious throne, and sit folded in closer embrace than seraph ever felt, than seraph ever knew. And while created angels bow down to adore him as their Creator and their God, thou shalt be united to him—one with him, and have the unequal honour of sitting as queen at his right hand, clothed in raiment of wrought gold, even the righteousness of thy Lord. Yes, Christian, thou wilt be an heir of God, joint heir of Christ Jesus; and canst thou be otherwise than happy? thou who hast the blood of Jesus to cleanse thee, the righteousness of Jesus to cover thee, the merits of Jesus to plead for thee, the obedience of Jesus to justify thee, the arm of Jesus to uphold and defend thee, and the heart of Jesus to love thee? Canst thou, I ask, be unhappy? canst thou be aught but blessed? No; for thou art most blessed—blessed for evermore. The God of Israel hath blessed thee, and Balaam may not reverse it; Jesus hath borne away thy curse, and now, though Shimei curse, yet still thou art blessed; yea, and thou shalt be blessed. Oh, happy creature! blessed before time, blessed in time, and blessed to all eternity.

And not only art thou blessed, not only art thou happy, but thou art also *travelling*; travelling on to a greater degree of blessedness than thou hast ever yet experienced; a more exalted state of happiness than thou hast ever yet enjoyed; and oh, delightful thought! thou art travelling away from all sin, all sorrow, all temptation, and all tribulation; and travelling, too, out of the reach of an alluring world and a tempting devil. Ah, Christian, it is but a little while, and that easily besetting sin will vex thee no more; that dreadful temptation will never again distress thee; those hellish suggestions and fiery darts from the enemy will no more wound thee; and that evil and corrupt heart will no more mar the perfection of thy joy. Oh, happy traveller from darkness to light! from sin unto grace upon grace, and to glory upon glory! And oh, blessed pilgrim from sorrow to joy! from poverty and shame to riches and honour! from the sackcloth, the burthen and the cross, to the coronation robe, the sceptre and the crown! Yea, more; from a few days warfare, to an eternal victory and triumph; and from the gunshot of satan, to an everlasting resting place upon the bare bosom of thy God!

But art thou *blessed*? art thou *happy*? art thou *travelling*, or a traveller? So art thou *beholding*, or a beholder; for already hath

thine eyes seen that which kings and prophets have desired to see, but have not seen, and that which Esau sought for but never found, though he sought it carefully with tears; for thine eyes have been opened to look into the law of God, and to see wondrous things there, and thine understanding hath been enlightened by God the Spirit, so that thou hast discovered thyself to be a breaker of that holy law; and blessed art thou; for that repentance hath been given thee, the salvation of God hath been seen by thee, and thou hast fled from the curses of its thunderings and its devouring flames to the bloody sacrifice on Calvary's cursed tree. Yes, Christian, thou hast fled for refuge; nay, let me ask thee, hast thou not fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before thee in the gospel? and is it not unto thee an anchor of the soul both sure and stedfast? And oh, Christian, are there not moments—blessed moments—when it pierces through the veil, and takes fast hold of that which is within, and which is the heart of the eternal God? and dost thou not feel at such moments that storms and tempests may not altogether unmoor thee, and that adverse winds will never be able to make thee a final wreck? But this is not all; thou shalt still go on to behold more and more, passing on, as in grace, so in knowledge, from one degree to another, until at last thou be ushered into the beatific vision of the unveiled Jehovah. Oh, happy Christian! happy in thy Saviour's love, even when sorrows and afflictions encompass thee, and when adversities and crosses lay heavy upon thee; and oh, blessed pilgrim! blessed in the highest sense! blessed when all things seem to go against thee; blessed when clouds and darkness are round about him; blessed when he holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth his thick cloud upon it. Blessed in affliction and in health, blessed in trial and temptation, blessed in triumph and in peace, blessed in life, blessed in death, and destined to be blessed in and with thy God as long as eternity shall endure. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

H. M. ALLINGHAM.

QUINLAND AND HIS WIFE.

AN Irishman named Quinland, with his wife and family, settled in Granville, Nova Scotia; he and his wife were rigid Papists, but as there was no Roman Catholic society there, when Sabbath came he attended the Baptist meeting, and heard Elder D. Harris preach from the text, "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." The truth was brought home with Divine power, and though he struggled hard to cling to his old system, his props one by one gave way, and he sank down under deep conviction—after which he was brought into the liberty of the

Gospel, and began praying in his family. His wife was so highly offended, that she told him she would not live with a heretic, and intimated her intention of putting affairs of his family in as comfortable a state as possible, and then returning to Ireland. Ultimately she offered to live with him if he would not pray in the the family. He, with a confidence that God would open her eyes, promised that he would not, except with her consent. He continued for some time to retire to the fields or woods to pour out his soul to God—till at last the Hearer of prayer touched her heart, and she one day cried out, "O Quinland, pray for me," The spell was broken; he returned to his house to pray. She, too, found peace and pardon through the Redeemer. United in the faith of the Gospel, they were united in their obedience, and were received into the Baptist church in that place, where they adorn their profession by a godly walk and conversation.

EVE AND THE SERPENT.

A DIALOGUE.

"And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die."—Gen. iii. 2, 3.

Serpent.—Not eat? Not taste? Not touch? Not cast an eye

Upon the fruit of this fair tree?—And why?

Why eat'st thou not what heaven ordain'd for food?

Or, canst thou think that bad which heaven call'd good?

Why was it made if not to be enjoy'd?

Neglect of favors make a favor void;

Blessings unus'd pervert into a waste.

As well as surfeits; *woman, do but taste;*

See how the laden boughs make silent suit

To be enjoy'd; look how their bending fruit

Meet thee half way; observe but how they crouch

To kiss thy hand; coy, woman, DO BUT TOUCH.

Mark what a pure vermilion blush has dy'd

Their swelling cheeks; and how, for shame, they hide

Their palsy head, to see themselves stand by

Neglected. *Woman, do but cast an eye!*

What bounteous heaven ordain'd for use, refuse not;

Come, pull and eat; ye abuse the thing ye use not.

Eve.—Wise of beasts, our great Creator did

Reserve this tree, and this alone forbid.

The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are
 As pleasing to the taste ; to the eye as fair ;
 But touching this, His strict commands are such—
" 'Tis death to taste ; no less than death to touch !"

Serpent.—Fish—death's a fable ; did not heaven inspire
 Your equal elements with living fire
 Blown from the spring of life ? Is not that breath
 Immortal ? Come, ye are as free from death
 As he that made you. Can the flames expire
 Which he has kindled ? Can ye quench his fire ?
 Did not the great Creator's voice proclaim
 What e'er He made, (from that blue spangl'd frame
 To the poor leaf that trembles,) very good ?
 Blest he not both the feeder and the food ?
 Tell, tell, me then, what danger can accrue
 From such blest food to such half-gods as you ?
 Crush needless fears, and let no fond conceit
 Abuse your freedom—*Woman, take and eat.*

Eve.—'Tis true, we are immortal ; *death is yet*
Unborn ; and, till rebellion make it debt,
 Undue. I know the fruit is good until
 Presumptuous disobedience make it ill.
 The lips that open to this fruit's a *portal*
To let death in, and make immortal mortal !

Serpent.—You cannot die : come, woman, *taste and fear not.*

Eve.—Shall Eve transgress ? I dare not. I—dare not.

Serpent.—Afraid ?—Why draw'st thou back thy tim'rous arm ?
 Harm only falls on such as fear a harm.
 Heaven knows and fears the virtue of this tree—
 'T will make you perfect gods as well as He.
 Stretch forth thy hand and let thy fondness never
 Fear death. *Do pull, and eat, and live for ever.*

Eve.—'Tis but an apple ; and it is as good
 To do, as to desire. Fruit's made for food ;
I'll pull, and taste, and TEMPT MY ADAM TOO,
 To know the secrets of this dainty.

Serpent.

DO.

Thus, all the ills that man sustains on earth,
 From this bad tree first drew their fatal birth.

—*Quarrel.*

SLEEPING IN JESUS;

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LYDIA WILSHERE WHO SWEETLY FELL
ASLEEP IN JESUS, JAN. 15, 1854.

Her soul is gone above, Where Jesus dwells supreme; Beyond this world of grief and sin, With saints and angels now shut in.	For ever in his love, And singing sweet of him, Through everlasting days:
Her head has now a crown, A golden palm she sways; For she has now the victory won, Through Jesus Christ, God's own dear Son.	She sings the victor's song Through everlasting days:
Farewell! my dear, farewell, Thou art safe landed there; Life's dangerous voyage now is past, And thou hast safe reach'd home at last.	With Jesus now to dwell, And all his glories share.
A gospel hope was thine While here below thou stay'd; Christ is thy song, and Christ thy theme, And thou wilt ever sing of him.	And now with joys sublime Thy raptur'd soul is stay'd.
Thy hope was on the cross, Where Jesus bled and died; The "Man of Nazareth," 'twas he Who bore thy sins and set thee free.	The world to thee was dross; Thou lov'd the crucified.
In heaven thy soul is now, In Jesu's fond embrace; And there, with those who're gone before, Thou art landed safe on Canaan's shore.	A crown adorns thy brow, Through rich and sovereign grace;
Thy joys will never end; Thy bliss will never cease; Age after age will pass away, But thou shalt spend an endless day.	A long eternity to spend In everlasting peace;
Millions of years will roll, And ages pass along; For ever thou wilt sing above Of matchless grace and dying love.	But bliss will fill thy soul, And Christ will be thy song:
Farewell, my dear, adieu; I soon shall see your face, There shall we see the Lamb of God, Who bought us with his precious blood.	And Jesus we shall view, And sing of sovereign grace;

Peckham, Feb. 9, 1854. GEO. WILSHERE.

Cheering Words for Seeking Souls.

Vol. IV.]

APRIL, 1854.

[No. 37.]

ASSURANCE OF GOD'S LOVE:

A JEWEL WORTH WAITING FOR.

WE are now to furnish another portion of Brooks's "HEAVEN ON EARTH." It is encouraging to find that our reprint of this golden treatise on the Godly exercises of the true followers of the Lamb, has been found to be so useful as far as our little work has gone. Are our friends aware that we are here giving to them in the cheapest form in which any production from the press can be rendered, one of the richest spiritual essays that ever mortal man produced? It is a fact that "*Brooks's Heaven on Earth*" has been for centuries a most blessed cordial for sin-sick souls; an holy expositor for doubting souls; an earnest encourager to seeking and waiting souls; and a confirming testimony to all who have "believed with the heart unto righteousness" in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is also a fact that at this time "*Brooks's Heaven on Earth*" is not to be purchased, except under peculiar circumstances. We entreat those of our friends who can condescend to the use of means so humble as our own, to aid us in extending the circulation of CHEERING WORDS. The following is a continuation of Brooks. He is here speaking to *Waiting Souls*. Hear what he says:—

Waiting times are times wherein God is pleased to give his people some sweet tastes of his love, and to light up the light of his countenance upon them. "I waited patiently for the Lord, (saith David,) and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry; he brought me up also out of an horrible pit, (or out of a pit of noise,) out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings; and he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." After God had exercised David's patience in waiting, he sweetly breaks in upon him, and knocks off his bolts, and opens the prison doors, and takes him by the hand, and leads him out of the pit of noise

One Half-penny each, or 10 copies for 4d

and confusion, in which he was, and causes his love and goodness so to beam forth upon him, as causes his heart to rejoice, and his tongue to sing. So after devout Simeon had waited for the consolation of Israel—that is, Christ's coming,—the Holy Ghost falls upon him, and leads him to a sight of Christ in the temple; and this makes the good old man sing, "Now let thy servant depart in peace." Ah, says Simeon, I have lived long enough, now I have got Christ in my heart, and Christ in my arms—who is my light, my life, my love, my joy, my crown; let me depart according to thy Word. Ah, saints, I appeal to you, have not many of you found by experience, the sweet breathings of Christ upon you, even whilst you have been waiting at the door of mercy; while you have been weeping and waiting, hath not the Lord Jesus come in, and said, Peace be to you, waiting souls, be of good cheer, it is I, be of good cheer, your sins are pardoned? Surely, you have: hath not God made that word good unto you, "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart?" Wait, I say, on the Lord; yes. And hath he not made that good to you, "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me?" that is, they shall not be deceived, or disappointed of their hopes and expectations, that wait for me? Yes. And have you not found that word made sweet to your souls, "Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious; blessed are all they that wait for him?" Yes. And hath not the Lord made that word good to you, "The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him? Yes. Waiting souls, remember this assurance is yours, but the time of giving it, is the Lord's; the jewel is yours, but the season, in which he will give it, is in his own hand; the gold chain is yours, but he only knows the hour wherein he will put it about your necks. Well, wait patiently and quietly, wait expectingly, wait believingly, wait affectionately, and wait diligently, and you shall find that Scripture made good in power upon your souls. Yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry; he will certainly come, he will

seasonably come, he will suddenly come, as the prophet Malachi speaks, "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple; even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in. Behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts." Well, I will say but this, if assurance of God's love be not a jewel worth waiting for, it is worth nothing.

Again, suffering times are times wherein the Lord is pleased to give his people some sense of his favour; when they are in sufferings for righteousness sake, for the gospel's sake, then usually God causes his face to shine upon them. Now they shall hear best news from heaven, when they hear worst from earth; God loves to smile most upon his people, when the world frowns most, when the world puts their iron chains upon their legs, then God puts his golden chains about their necks; when the world puts a bitter cup into their hands, then God drops some of his honey, some of his goodness and sweetness into it; when the world is ready to stone them, then God gives them the white stone, and when the world is a tearing their good names, then he gives them a new name, that none knows but he that hath it, a name that is better than that of sons and daughters; when the world cries out, crucify them, crucify them, then they hear that sweet voice from heaven, "These are my beloved ones, in whom I am well pleased;" when the world clothes them with rags, then the Lord puts on his royal robes, and makes a secret proclamation to their spirits, "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the King is pleased to honour;" when the world gives into one hand a cup of water, God gives into the other a cup of nectar, a cup of ambrosia; when the world gnasheth upon them, and presents all imaginary tortures before them, then the Lord opens paradise to them, as he did to Stephen; when Paul and Silas were in prison for the gospel sake, then God fills them with such unspeakable joy, that they cannot but be singing; when others were sleeping, God turns their prison

into a palace, a paradise, and they turn his mercies into praises. Paul and Silas found more pleasure than pain, more joy than sorrow, more sweet than bitter, more day than night in the prison. God will make some beams of his goodness and glory to break through stone walls, to warm and glad the hearts of his suffering ones. When John was banished into the Isle of Patmos, for the Word of God, and the testimony of Jesus, then he is filled with the Spirit, and hath the choicest manifestations, and the most glorious revelations that ever he had all his days. Now God makes him one of his court and counsel, and tells him what glorious and mighty things shall be in the latter days. Now he is in a spiritual rapture, and ecstasy, and carried above himself, and above all outward things, to attend those glorious visions, that God would make known to him. It was God's lifting up the light of his countenance that made the martyrs to sing in the fire, to clap their hands in the flames, and to tread upon hot burning coals, as upon beds of roses. This made one say, when he felt the flame come to his beard, "What a small pain is this, to be compared to the glory to come? What is a drop of vinegar, put into an ocean of wine? What is it for one to have a rainy day, that is going to take possession of a kingdom." The smiles of God made another to sing under dreadful sufferings, (*Christianus sum*) I am a Christian. And this made the Christians to sing in Tertullian's time, (*Crudelitas vestra gloria nostra*) your cruelty is our glory. This made a French martyr to say, when the rope was about his fellow's neck, "Give me that golden chain, and dub me a knight of that noble order." This made another to desire, when he was to die, the favor of having his chains buried with him, as the ensigns of his honor. This made Basil to say, "Fire, sword, prison, famine, are all a pleasure, a delight unto me." This made Paul to rattle his iron chains, and to glory in it, more than worldly men glory in all their outward glory. This made Theodoret to complain that his persecutors did him wrong, when they took him off the rack, and ceased tormenting him; for said he, "All the

while that I was on the rack I found, me thought, there was a young man in white, an angel stood by me, which wiped off the sweat; and I found a great deal of sweetness in it, which now I have lost." To conclude, the smiles of God upon the prisoners of hope, is that which makes them more cheerful and delightful in their sufferings than Jesus Christ was in his. When Faninus an Italian martyr was asked by one, why he was so merry at his death, since Christ himself was so sorrowful, "Christ, said he, sustained in his soul all the sorrows and conflicts with hell and death, due to us, by whose sufferings we are delivered from sorrow, and fear of them all, and therefore we have cause of rejoicing, in the greatest sufferings."

(To be continued.)

STRIKING SENTENCES IN MR. SHERMAN'S SERMON

FOR THE LATE

WILLIAM JAY, OF BATH.

WE promised last month to return to our notice of the ministerial character of the late William Jay, of Bath. We do so with pleasure, having carefully perused James Sherman's discourse entitled, "*Ministerial Qualifications and Success.*" The text was that most delightful definition of the character of Barnabas, given in Acts xi. 24, where the Holy Ghost says of him, "*He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost: and much people was added unto the Lord.*"

A very delightful portrait of Barnabas was drawn by the preacher, and presented to his audience in an attracting and forcible spirit, carrying every feature, by way of contrast, to illustrate the life and ministry of the deceased pastor of Argyle Chapel.

We think there are some sentences in this discourse that will be profitable to our readers. We therefore select them; and trust a salutary blessing will accompany them to the hearts of thousands who read our "**CHEERING WORDS.**"

Mr. Sherman's personal acquaintance with the late William Jay, and the testimony he bears to the spirituality of his character may help to fire some of our young men with fervent desires to be thus

honoured and helped up in usefulness in a long ministerial career. Carrying his illustrations of character from Barnabas to William Jay, Mr. Sherman says :

"Who that knew your departed pastor intimately, would doubt that these qualifications were *his*? How he was converted I know not, but it was early; for he preached before he was sixteen years of age, and his conversion to God took place some time before that. His piety was child-like, fervent, constant; not like that clock, that goes as long as it is wound up, but like this pulse, that lasts as long as life. His familiar acquaintance with Scripture; his love of Puritan theology; his habits of early rising; his familiarity with the sentiments of the finest Christian poets; his instructive conversational powers,—all betokened where his heart was. It was my privilege to be a guest with him at the house of a Christian friend in Brighton on one happy occasion. After interesting a large party by his judicious observations on subjects occupying public attention, he retired to his room, and after staying there about an hour, came again amongst us, took the 14th chapter of John, and expounded it, resting on that verse—'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you.' I was young then, but I shall never forget the power which attended that exposition. All present were bathed in tears; and he seemed to me like Moses who had been up in the mount with God, and had come down to tell us what God had told him.

"In the year 1819, I came to the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel, in this city, to supply its pulpit for three months. I had just left college, the time when young men want judicious, kind, tender friends,—sons of consolation. I happened at that time to be deeply depressed in consequence of the responsibilities of my work. He saw it, and invited me to visit him. While breakfasting with him one morning, he appeared more than ordinarily imbued with wisdom and grace; how he spoke of the cross of my Master! how he illustrated his conduct to those who, diffident of themselves, trusted in him! how he shewed that all God's servants, whom he intended to bless, were first made conscious of their nothingness! Then, unfolding the promises of the gospel, he inspired me with the reward of winning souls to Christ. When I went away from his house, my countenance was no more sad. That morning proved a turning-point in my ministry;—a cheering bright star in my career. Oh! my glorified friend! thou hast been a comforter of many, and of myself also!

"Hence commenced a friendship which,—alas! through labours

many—could only be enjoyed at distant intervals. By his advice I settled at Reading, and laboured there for sixteen years. There he occasionally honoured me with his presence as my guest, and with his most acceptable services in my pulpit. Every interview I had with that dear friend; every sermon I heard him preach; every prayer I heard him offer, illustrated what those who hear me to-night can confirm—that he was a good man, and a son of consolation.”

JAMES SHERMAN ON FAITH.

Further on in the same discourse, we find the following heart-stirring definition of gospel faith.

“Barnabas was *full of faith*,—operative, saving, sanctifying faith. This faith has a wonderful influence on character. What manliness it gave to Abraham! What honour it put on the Syrophenecian Gentile! What power with Christ it afforded the military officer! What ennobling effects it produced in the character of the dying thief, who, though his whole life had been spent in robbery and murder, was by it fitted for the paradise into which Christ was entering! Would you know what this faith is,—what is its influence on the human mind, and what are its operations on a believer's conduct? Read the 11th chapter of Hebrews: pause at every verse, and contemplate the deeds it accomplished. What is a Christian without strong faith? What is a minister, unless he is full of faith? Little effect will be produced on the minds of his hearers, if he does not heartily, fervently, believe what he preaches. He may get through his duties, but he will never get into the consciences of his auditory, if he is not full of faith. He may obtain credit as an orator, but he will never be renowned for winning souls, unless he is full of faith. This faith enables him to embrace for himself, as a sinner, the gospel remedy; makes Christ precious to him; causes him to joy in God through Jesus Christ our Lord, by whom he has received the atonement. ‘Having this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not.’ Mercy felt in the soul will make a man preach. Oh, what a blessing, what a power to a minister, to have an inward consciousness that he himself partakes of the blessedness of Christ's redemption! This faith gives a vividness and reality to spiritual things; and recollect spiritual things are the great subjects of the ministry. ‘Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen;’ giving an actual subsistence to the things hoped for, and a conviction, sure and unquestioned, of their worth and existence. * * * * * This faith gives confidence in labours and enterprises for Christ. When souls are to be converted, and Christ's kingdom set up, perse-

cution has no terrors—sufferings no intimidation. They took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that in heaven they had a better and enduring substance. When Paul the preacher stood before the monster Nero, he tells us no man stood by him. What! after he had been two years at Rome, and had thrown open his own hired house for all to come and hear him, was there no man in Rome who would come and stand by his side, and speak a good word for him who had spoken so many for others? No, not a single friend! But the eye of his faith turned to the mediatorial throne, and saw and realized the presence of an unchanging friend—Jesus; and his presence caused him to ‘sing in his grief, and smile amidst his tears;’ ‘Nevertheless, the Lord stood by me, and strengthened me; that by me the preaching might be fully known, and all the Gentiles might hear: and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion. And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom, to whom be glory for ever and ever.’ Thus mightily does faith work in the soul of a minister of Jesus Christ.

“No man needs to be told that this was an eminent characteristic of Mr. Jay’s preaching and writing. He was full of faith. * * * A firm persuasion of what he wrote and spoke, seemed to me a chief charm in his ministry. It was my felicity to hear him on occasions when he treated chiefly on the character and atonement of Christ. I shall not easily forget his preaching in Reading, from the charge of Paul to Timothy—‘Remembering Jesus Christ.’ On that interesting evening, he seemed to realise his actual presence, and to be carried away by the visions of glory which burst upon him from the celestial paradise. In that sermon he abandoned his usual calm, unexcited manner, and gave wings to his faith and love, so that he appeared to triumph in Christ, and to be overcome by his own convictions of His ineffable glory. Oh! how he exalted Jesus Christ in my judgment! Oh! how I loved him! Oh! how I thanked God, after hearing that sermon, that I had such a Redeemer to love!”

MR. JAY’S FIRST SERMON IN SURREY CHAPEL.

“A venerable person told me that she had heard Mr. Jay, then not eighteen years of age, preach his first sermon at Surrey Chapel. When she saw the ruddy-faced lad, of small stature, ascend the pulpit, she said, ‘How can Mr. Hill send us such striplings as this?’ But after he had preached a short time, the attention was rivetted, a thrill of joy passed through the congregation, and before he had concluded, she and all who heard were anxious that Mr. Hill should send the youthful preacher again. For fifty years he came as a supply

during Mr. Hill's absence. In those fifty years he occupied the pulpit 300 Sabbaths, and preached above 1,200 sermons to 2,500 persons, who thronged to hear him. What numbers were turned to the Lord in that sanctuary!—some of whom continue to this day, as proofs of the power of those occasional ministrations!"

HOW LAYMEN MAY BE USEFUL.

In pressing home the benefits sometimes resulting from the humble and quiet efforts of private Christians, toward the close of this most interesting sermon, Mr. Sherman said,—

"As most persons excuse themselves from active exertions for the good of others by saying they are deficient in talent for the purpose, allow me to relate a circumstance which transpired in Surrey Chapel, to shew that ardent love to souls will do more than the most brilliant parts.

"There lived in the North a young man, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. It was necessary he should come to London to perfect himself in his business. As she took leave of him, she lifted up her voice and said, 'William, may God give you a friend in London, to lead you to Christ!' That prayer entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. When the young man arrived in London, he went to several places of worship. After a residence of six months, he entered Surrey Chapel. Though the sanctuary was very crowded, he obtained a sitting in a pew immediately before one of our elders. At the conclusion of the service, the elder placed his hand on the young man's shoulder, and said, 'I hope you have been interested in the discourse to-night.' 'Thinking (said the young man when relating the circumstance to me) that I was about to be catechised, I merely thanked him, and endeavoured to make towards the door; but he was too quick for me; for by the time I had reached his pew door he was there, and taking me by the hand, said, "If you will come to Surrey Chapel next Sunday evening, I will reserve a sitting in my pew for you." That broke my heart: I had gone into fifty places of worship—but who cared for a lad? I might go into the free seats, or into the back seat in the gallery; but a venerable man to notice me,—to offer me a sitting in his pew, at once won my affection. Through circumstances which I could not control, I was late the following Sabbath evening. The sitting was however preserved. I entered it. On that night God arrested my conscience by his Word. I went home and solemnly yielded myself to God. But the first link in my actual conversation, sir, was that touch on the shoulder—those kind words—that sitting reserved in the elder's pew.'" He

became a member of the church; then a teacher in the Sunday School; then a superintendent; lived to witness his mother's tears of joy at his conversion, and after seven years of labour for Christ, went to heaven as in a chariot of fire. In this case you observe, that there was not more talent than any of you can exercise. Any one of you could speak to a stranger thus. But there was a watchfulness for opportunities to do good. Oh! strive to be good men; full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and you shall have much people added to the Lord."

We have extended this article to a greater length than our space can afford; but it so fully characterises that gospel zeal and practical effort for the good of others, which should, more or less, be found in every minister, in every gospel church, in every real Christian, that we feel none of our readers can be angry with this department of our Work.

WHAT ARE THE PRIVILEGES OF

BEING

SEALED BY THE SPIRIT:

[In the last volume we gave two portions (beautifully transcribed by Mr. R. Abbott, of Over, in Cambs.) of Flavel's Sermon "ON THE SEALING OF THE SPIRIT:" the third portion was mislaid; a second copy of it has since been most kindly furnished by our brother, a portion of which we have now given.—Ed.]

Query 4. What is the privilege of being sealed by the Spirit?

Answer. Much every way.—Words cannot express the richness of this mercy! For let us but consider the four following particulars, and you will admire the mercy.

First, Consider whose act and proper work sealing is. God doth not send angels upon this errand; though if he did that would be a great honour to poor dust and ashes—but he sends his Spirit to do it. Oh, the condescension of the great God to men! This is a greater honour than if millions of angels were employed about it.

And then, as to certainty and satisfaction, it is beyond all other ways and methods in the world; for in the miraculous voices and inspirations, it is possible there may be *subesse fallum*, be found some cheats or imposture of the devil; but the Spirit's witness in the heart, suitable to his revelation in the Scripture, cannot deceive us.

Secondly, The conclusion, or truth sealed, is ravishing and transporting. All Christians vehemently pant for it; few have the enjoyment of it for any long continuance. But whilst they do enjoy it, they enjoy heaven upon earth—a joy beyond all the joys of this world. To have this conclusion surely sealed—Christ is mine; my sin is pardoned; I shall be saved from wrath through him—Oh, what is this! what is this!

Thirdly, Consider the subject, or person sealed—a poor sinful wretch that has ten thousand times over grieved the good Spirit of God; by whom, notwithstanding, thou art sealed to the day of redemption. Thou hast by every sin deserved to be sealed up to damnation. Thou hast reason to account and esteem thyself much inferior in graces and duties to many thousands of the saints that are panting after this privilege, and cannot obtain it. O, the riches of the goodness of God!

Fourthly, and lastly, Consider the designs and aims of the Spirit in his sealing thy soul; which are,

1. To secure heaven to thee for ever.

2. As intermediate thereto, to bring very much of heaven into thy soul, into the way to it; indeed, to give thee two heavens, whilst many others must suffer two hells.

Query 5. Lastly, we will enquire, what are the effects of the Spirit's sealing upon our souls, by which we may distinguish and clearly discern it from all the delusions of satan, and all impostures?

Answer. The genuine and proper effects and fruits of sealing are—1. Inflamed love. 2. Renewed care. 3. Deep chastisements. 4. Increase of strength. 5. A desire to be with the Lord. 6. Improved mortifications to the world.

Wheresoever these are found consequent to our communion with God, and his manifestations of himself to us therein, they put it beyond all doubt that it was the seal of his own blessed Spirit, and no delusion.

First. The sealings of the Spirit cannot but inflame the love of the soul in a very intense degree towards God. One flame doth not more naturally beget another than the love of God doth kindle the love of a gracious soul to him. "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us," 1 John iv. 16, 19. When Christ had forgiven much to that poor woman that had sinned so much, and manifested pardoning mercy to her soul, oh, how much was her soul inflamed thereby! (Luke vii. 47).

Secondly, Renewed care and diligence follows the sealings of the Spirit. Now is the soul at the foot of Christ, as Mary was at the sepulchre, with fear and great joy. He that travels the road with a rich treasure about him, is afraid of a thief in every bush. This is exemplified in the spouse, who had endured many a sad day and night in Christ's absence, and sought him sorrowing; but, when she had regained his felt and sensible presence, it is said—Canticles iii. 4—"I found Him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go." She doth not (as Mr. Durham speaks) lay by diligence, as if all were done; but is of new taken up with as great care to retain and improve this mercy as before she was solicitous to obtain it. Whether a believer want or have—whether he be seeking or enjoying, there is still matter of exercise for him in his condition.

Thirdly, Deep abasement and humiliation, yea, great humblings used to follow the eminent appearances of God to the souls of men. "Lord, (said that disciple), how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" John xiv. 22. When God sealed the covenant to Abraham to be a God to him, at this Abraham fell on his face.—Gen. xvii. 1, 2, 3.

Never doth a soul lie lower in the dust, and abhor itself, than when the Lord makes the most signal manifestations of his grace and love to it.

Fourthly, Increased strength follows the sealing of the Spirit. New powers enter into the soul, and a sensible improvement of its abilities for duty:—"Or ever I was aware, (saith the spouse) my soul made me as the chariots of Aminadab." Cant. vi. 12.

Now, the wheels of the soul being oiled with the joy and comfort of the Spirit, run nimbly in the ways of obedience. "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

Fifthly. The sealings of the Spirit inflame the desires of the soul after heaven, and make it long to go hence. Nothing makes death so undesirable to the saints as the doubts and fears that hang upon their spirits about their condition. Were their evidences for heaven clear, and their doubts resolved, they would, as the apostle speaks, "Desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ." Phil. i. 23. If once the great question of our interest in Christ be thoroughly decided, and all be clear betwixt us and our God, we shall find, life the matter of patience, and death the object of desire.

Sixthly, and lastly. Improved mortification to the world flows

naturally from the sealings of the Spirit, and the assurance of the love of God to our souls. It is with our souls after such a view of heaven, and a sealed interest therein, as it is with him that hath been gazing upon that glorious creature the sun, when he comes to cast his eye again upon the earth; all things seem dark and cloudy to him. He sees no beauty in any of those things, because of the excellent lustre which he lately beheld. "We know (saith the apostle) that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" there is assurance, or, sealing: "For in this we groan earnestly, desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven." There is the natural effect of it. 2 Cor. v. 1, 2.

[We are compelled to defer the close of this valuable discourse until the May number.]

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO AN AGED SAINT NOW IN GLORY.

In solemn awe, ye saints approach,
Yon bed of pain, yon suffering couch—
Behold the dying man of God,
Rejoicing in redeeming blood.
With happy thoughts uplifted high,
In peace he cries, "Behold I die;"
His sin he feels is all forgiven,
That he ere long in highest heaven,
Before his God shall sure appear—
Apart from every earthly care;
That there in Jesu's blest embrace,
Enjoying the Redeemer's face,
His happy soul shall learn the song,
And with a sweet seraphic tongue,
His God shall praise, and him adore,
In heavenly lays for evermore.
Yes, highly favour'd of the Lord,
This aged saint upon God's Word,
By vital faith lives day by day,
Feeling that God is still his stay—
That safely he will guide him through
Death's valley, dark and trying too.

But hark! he speaks of Jesu's worth,
His precious name in love sets forth

As dear to him beyond all price,
 And which alone can quite suffice—
 His happy soul to lean upon,
 The merit of God's only Son.
 Firmly he stands upon a Rock
 Which has endured the testing shock,
 Of satan, sin, and death, and hell,
 From whom no harm to Christ befell.
 Almighty, he o'ercame them all—
 Now at his feet they conquer'd fall !
 Acknowledge his pre-eminence,
 And yield to him obedience.
 Again we hear the weaken'd voice
 Of this dear object of God's choice.
 "My God" he heartily declares,
 "Has overcome my many fears—
 To me his mercy has reveal'd ;
 I feel that I am sweetly seal'd,
 Up to redemption's day so bright—
 In this my soul can now delight."

Yes, happy man ! you're near the end—
 To you your God will quickly send
 His angels pure, your soul to take
 To realms of bliss ; there to partake
 Of his rich bounties, (sovereign love !)
 The blessings of a rest above.
 With you we solemnly draw near
 That God, who from each trying fear,
 Your soul has by his grace set free,
 Throughout a long eternity—
 Ordain'd that you in glory bright,
 Should with the blood-wash'd throng unite.
 To praise the Lord, your heavenly King,
 Your thankful tribute to him bring.
 Though for a long time you have lain
 Upon the bed of racking pain—
 Yet underneath has been the arm
 Of God, preserving you from harm ;
 Supporting in each trying hour,
 When Satan would your hope devour ;
 And make you fear that at the end,
 The Lord will not his comforts send ;
 But leave your soul in darkness black,
 To mourn that you his presence lack.

Ah, aged saint, though dying fast,
 And every human help is cast
 Away as useless, yet you still
 In sweet submission to God's will,
 Shall find that he to you is near,
 Your trembling heart in love to cheer.
 He will to you more grace display,
 To cause you, on your dying day,
 In him to joy, who is your Guide,
 Who'll land you safe on Canaan's side.
 Sweet Ebenezers oft you raise
 To your Almighty Father's praise,
 Who has so gracious to you prov'd,
 Your sin he has entire remov'd
 From all his pure and holy eyes—
 The Lord's you are by sacred ties—
 Such ties as naught can ever break,
 Not even sin, though it o'ertake
 Your path,—and cause you loud to cry
 That God your soul would satisfy—
 And make his pardoning mercy known
 To you through Jesus Christ, his Son.

Dear aged saint, through many years
 Of toil, and doubt, and gloomy fears,
 Your God has in this wilderness
 In safety brought you, we confess.
 Long have you been upheld by him.
 (Who from the work he does begin,
 Will ne'er depart till it is done,)
 In you his faithfulness hath shone,
 Kept in the faith of God's elect,
 All other ways taught to reject.
 Throughout your pilgrimage below
 Your God hath led you oft to know—
 That all your needs he will supply,
 Until beyond the spacious sky,
 Your spirit in all purity,
 In presence of the Deity,
 Is found, among the sons of light,
 Who in the dear Redeemer's right
 Possess the mansions there prepar'd
 For such as are to Christ endeared.

Again, dear saint, the knee we'll bend
 To Him, who can fresh succours send—

Humbly of him we will desire,
 Until he says, " Friend, come up higher,"
 His love eternal to reveal,
 To you who at his footstool kneel—
 In adoration, love sincere,
 Anxious the glorious words to hear,
 That shall from every pain release,
 Your soul shall bless with perfect peace.
 And furthermore we'll humbly pray
 That we who've yet on earth to stay,
 Like precious faith we may receive,
 Whereby in Christ we shall believ,
 And feel a confidence that he
 In love will help our souls to see—
 That as to you he has been kind,
 So will he our poor persons mind;
 Will keep us from the fowler's net,
 Nor let us this blest truth forget :—
 That all his saints to him are dear,
 And that they all shall persevere;
 Shall in the Christian course still run,
 Till they the glorious crown have won.

Yes, dying saint, we supplicate
 That it may be our happy state,
 When called to tread the vale of death,
 While laboring, panting for my breath,
 Like you be favoured then to feel,
 The ever-blessed Spirit's seal,
 Assuring us of love divine,
 Causing our countenance to shine
 With holy and seraphic joy,
 That we shall soon without alloy,
 Partake of happiness on high :
 In Jesu's arms thus would we die.

And now dear aged saint adieu :
 May God's rich mercy ever new,
 Attend your soul till you arrive
 At heaven, the port for which you strive.
 May we likewise with you be found
 Above the lofty praise to sound,
 Of our Almighty, heavenly King;
 For ever Hallelujahs sing!

JOSEPH THRIFF

Cheering Words for Seeking Souls.

Vol. IV.]

MAY, 1854.

[No. 38.]

ARE THESE TIMES FOR "CHEERING WORDS?"

PERHAPS they are not. The signs of the times—the convulsions of the nations—the sending forth of thousands of troops—the daily arrival of intelligence of outbreaks and irruptions in different quarters of the globe—all these things evidently call upon us to prepare for something that may make the stoutest hearts to shake for fear. In the midst of all this, however, the throne of grace stands firm—the covenant of grace cannot be broken—the promises of a covenant God made sure to a covenant people can never fail. "*It shall be with the righteous well.*" One of our prophetic writers sounds the alarm in language like the following:—

"Protestant England has been ready enough to heap the curses of the Apocalypse upon the Roman Catholics, but some part of the fiery shower will return upon herself. All the stock and stone and image worship in the world is not more flagrant idolatry than the idolatry of wealth in England; and, as surely as the Bible is the word of God, such idolatry in an enlightened Church, and England's other and heinous sins, will receive signal chastisement at his hand.

"That England will sustain heavy judgments at the hand of the Almighty, appears to be the necessary consequence of his consistency and justice; that the special judgments detailed in the 18th chapter of the Revelation will be inflicted upon her, follows, as I believe, from the truthfulness of his word. And who can tell how soon? In the face of the declaration, "Behold I come as a thief," preceding the account of the destruction of the great Babylon, who can dare to fix the period, or to say that it will not be very soon, and when least expected?

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"Towards the close of the tenth century, few great buildings were commenced, and even the churches were suffered to fall into ruin, owing to the general belief that the end of the world was to be looked for, exactly in the year of our Lord 1000. Although that opinion was unfounded, those who were guided by it were not so foolish as those who, in the present day, either disregard the imminent predictions of the 18th and 19th chapters of the Revelation, or believe that their accomplishment will be postponed even to another generation; and it will be 'the fiend's arch mock' if men, over whom such heavy curses impend, continue, until the event, in the fatal delusion that their Protestantism is a panoply, and that the woes ready to be poured upon themselves are prepared only for the adherents of the Church of Rome.

"In the early ages of the Christian Church, no book in the Canon was more highly prized, or more diligently studied, than the Revelation. Surely it should be as much studied now, when eighteen centuries have thrown their light upon the past, and brought us to the verge of the fearful realities, which its closing pages tell us will constitute our future. If we find it mysterious, let us believe that this proceeds, in a great measure, from the blindness of national and spiritual pride. Let us read it with the aid of the collected rays emanating from the pages of the preceding Scriptures, and, above all, with heartfelt humility. When we are able fully to perceive our sinfulness, personal and national, it may be that our moral sight will be strong enough to discern the true meaning of what God, for our instruction, has seen fit to reveal; and to which, therefore, it behoves all of us reverently and diligently to attend."

A SINNER SAVED, & THE MERCY OF GOD MANIFESTED

IN THE

DYING EXPERIENCE OF LYDIA WILSHERE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I have had a great desire that the experience of my late beloved sister should be placed in the hands of your numerous readers; and if the following should be of any value to any of the tried family, I shall be rewarded a hundred fold.

My beloved sister was born near to Hitchin, in Herts, in July, 1806. She, with me, was blessed with pious parents, who took no small pains

to train up their offspring in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. At the age of nine she was received as the first scholar in the Baptist Sunday-school, Hitchen; and she often thought that an honour had been conferred upon her above many others, that she should have her name to stand first on the roll-book. In this Sabbath-school she continued as a scholar many years. But she was not to remain in this delightful scene always: the day arrived when she was to leave the Sabbath-school and the fond connexions there, and she was to go into the world and find it, as all her fathers had, a wilderness howl.

But as I am the youngest of the family, I am not much acquainted with the character and disposition of my sister in the early career of her history. Nothing of a spiritual nature was manifest till about the month of August, 1852; when she attended, with many others, a service which was carried on in a school-room near to her home; when the speaker took for his text these delightful words, "Oh taste and see that the Lord is good;" and I am informed that that night her key note was struck for eternity; and she often spoke of that night's service even to her latest days on earth. Shortly after this, she came to London to spend a day or two with me; and on the Sabbath evening she went with me to Rye Lane Chapel, when the venerable George Moyle preached from these words, "He blessed him there." She remarked that she never retired to rest as comfortable before as she did on the evening after hearing Mr. Moyle; and I encouraged the hope and prospect of again seeing her at the house of God, where she had derived so much benefit.

But ah! disease was invading the body; the earthly tabernacle was withering slowly but surely—so much so, that in October, 1853, she was confined to her home; and the letter that I received on the 3rd of October, informed me that she was confined to her bed.

My sister was one who kept the state of her mind close to herself; neither did she scarce tell any one what passed there. But when placed on a bed of affliction, it seemed that the sins and follies of a passed life were standing visibly before her: that silence which had so long prevailed was broken, with the cry, "Pray for me!" I had received many letters from home, but one in particular, which requested me not to forget her at a throne of grace. I thought from this she was seeking, if she never had before, the salvation of her soul. Accordingly, (I trust influenced by the Spirit of God), I sent her a long letter, containing the simple plan of salvation through the merits of the Crucified. This letter she received with thankfulness, but was very much in darkness; and she further desired that I would remember her at a throne of grace. Her afflictions still increased; disease

threatened to destroy the human frame; earthly physicians gave up all hope of her. She was now desirous to meet with any kind Christian friend to come and speak to her of the love and mercy of God through Jesus Christ. Her bodily strength was rapidly passing away; her mind at times lifted up, and then down again almost in despair. On the 25th of November, 1853, I received a letter, stating that my sister was not expected to live. I accordingly went to see her. (This was the first and last visit I paid her.) I found her, as regarding her body, fast hastening away. She very soon introduced to me the state of her mind. "Ah," says she, "I have been such a Sabbath-breaker! I have been such a sinner! Oh, that I could feel my sins forgiven, and that I might be spared to praise the Lord." I asked her if she desired to hope in Christ. "Yes," she said, "but I have been such a sinner, and I fear I shall be self-deceived. It seems that I have lived all my life in the service of sin, and now I am coming to him at the last. Oh that my life might be spared to praise the Lord!" Shortly after this she wished to be raised in the bed, and I gave her something to drink. She leaned on my arm, (I think I feel the pressure now), and said "Oh, I wish I were fit for heaven! Stay by me." I did so, and when I arose, she thanked me kindly. The night passed on slowly; we watched her poor frame, expecting every hour to be the last. Early in the morning I was about to return to town, when, about an hour before I left, she said to her mother, "I wish you all to leave the room till George is ready to go, and then I want you all to come to me, and pray by me." We did so; and a solemn hour it was for a weeping family to kneel around the dying bed of a beloved child and sister. I took her by the hand as I was about to part from her, and I said to her, "My dear, have you anything you wish to say to me before I leave you?" She said, "No. But I desire an interest in your prayers." I said, "You do desire to trust in Christ, my dear?" She said, "Yes; and no where else, I'm sure."

I left her with many tears, and returned home again. A few days after this I heard she was much the same, but more comfortable in her mind, and then shortly after that she was more uncomfortable. Thus was she tossed up and down like a ship on the ocean. Shortly after this, in the month of December, we had reason to hope that she would be again raised up, and she herself thought that she should; and she said, "Oh, if I be raised up again, how I shall frequent the sanctuary when the doors are opened." And I encouraged the hope that, instead of at present seeing her laid in the clay tomb, that I should see her in that watery grave where Jesus had been before. But we had not long been lifted up by these bright expectations before

those bright hopes were blighted. Disease seemed as though it had left its hold for a season in order to take a firmer grasp. She seemed gradually sinking away; and God was pleased, through the mighty power of the Holy Ghost, by the instrumentality of those who visited her, to shine into her soul; and she was enabled by faith to lay her hopes on Christ, who is the Rock of Ages.

About a week before she died she said, "I do not mind dying or being dead, for Christ is my refuge." And shortly after she exclaimed, "Oh, how I long to be landed on Jordan's shore." The Thursday before she died she called her father by her bed-side, and asked him to pray by her. He said, "What shall I pray for, my dear?" She said, "That I may win Christ." On the morning of the day that she died, (Sunday, January 15), she was taken worse about four o'clock, but in a delightful frame of mind. About four hours before her departure, my eldest brother said to her, "My dear, are you happy?" She made no reply, her pains were so great. He said again, "My dear, are you happy?" She raised her voice and said, "Happy! happy! happy!" These were her last words.

About two hours before her departure, her mother said, "If you be happy lift up your hand." Quickly she raised up both with a smile on her countenance, as if in the very act of victory; and then presently after, without a struggle or a groan, her ransomed spirit took its flight to that world where there is no sickness, nor pains, nor death; but where the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne leads his followers unto fountains of living water; and God, even Israel's covenant God, wipes away all tears from all faces.

Reader! is it thus with you? Have you fled to Christ for refuge? Many, perhaps, may say with Balaam, "Let me die the death of the righteous;" but be assured of this, that in order to die the death of the righteous you must live their life. Oh, that God would bless these few lines to some poor sinner, is the earnest prayer of

Peckham, February, 1864.

GEORGE WILSHERE.

JOHN KNOX'S DYING CHARGE.

"On Christ the solid Rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."—*Russ.*

JOHN KNOX, the unflinching reformer, when on his death-bed, finding his departure was at hand, sent for his colleague, the elders and deacons, with David Lindsay, one of the ministers at Leith, and addressed them in the following impressive manner:—

"The day approaches, and is now before the door, for which I

have frequently and vehemently thirsted, when I shall be released from my great labours and innumerable sorrows, and shall be with Christ. And now, God is my Witness, whom I have served in spirit in the gospel of his Son, that I have taught nothing but the truth and solid doctrine of the gospel of the Son of God; and have had it for my own object to instruct the ignorant, to confirm the faithful, to comfort the weak, the fearful, and the distressed, by the promise of grace; and to fight against the proud and rebellious by the divine threatenings. Know that many have frequently complained, and yet do loudly complain, of my too great severity; but God knows that my mind was always void of hatred to the persons against whom I thundered the severest judgments. I cannot deny but that I felt the greatest abhorrence at the sins in which they indulged; but still I kept this one thing in view—that, if possible, I might gain them to the Lord. What influenced me to utter whatever the Lord put into my mouth, so boldly, without respect of persons, *was a reverential fear of my God, who called, and of his grace appointed me to be a steward of divine mysteries; and a belief that he will demand an account of my discharge of the trust committed unto me when I shall stand before his tribunal.* I profess, therefore, before God and before his holy angels, that I never made merchandise of the sacred Word of God; never studied to please men; never indulged my own private passions, or those of others; but faithfully distributed the talent entrusted to me for the edification of the church over which I watched. Whatever obloquy, wicked men may cast on me respecting this point, *I rejoice in the testimony of a good conscience.* In the meantime, my dear brethren, do you persevere in the eternal truths of the gospel; wait diligently on the flock over which the Lord hath set you, and which he redeemed with the blood of his only begotten Son; and thou, my dear brother Lindsay, fight the great fight, and do the work of the Lord joyfully. The Lord from on high bless you and the whole church at Edinburgh, against whom, as long as they persevere in the word of truth, which they have heard of me, ‘the gates of hell shall not prevail.’”

After giving some further instruction to Lindsay, he was completely exhausted, and obliged to desist from further speaking.

CHERRING WORDS FOR ALL WHO TRULY BELIEVE IN CHRIST.

“THEY who are at any time able to fall quite away from Christ, did never really belong to him: consequently, they never truly be-

lieved, nor were indeed pious, nor had the Holy Spirit of adoption. On the contrary, all their performances were nothing but hypocrisy, how sanctified and ready soever unto good works they, for a time, pretend to be. They whom Christ loves are loved by him even unto the end; and he doth not cast away those whom the Father giveth him; neither can any snatch them from his hand. Therefore, admitting that these may fall, yet they cannot fall utterly, for they are elect unto life; and God's election cannot be made void by any creature whatever. 'Seeing, then, that the purpose of God according to election may stand, not of works, but of Him that calleth,' (Rom. ix. 11,) he not only elected his people 'before they were born, and had done either good or evil,' (Rom. ix. 11,) but even before the very foundations of the world. (Eph. i. 4.) Hence our Lord said concerning his own apostles, 'I pray not for the world, but for them whom thou hast given me; for they are thine:' that is, 'they were chosen by thee unto life.' As, therefore, on one hand, Christ never knew (*i. e.*, never loved the reprobate, whatever deceitful appearance of virtue they might have; so, on the other, he always knew (*i. e.*, always loved) the elect, how ungodly soever they might seem for a time. Consequently, as these (*i. e.*, the elect) are predestinated and called, they shall, sooner or later, be formed anew, according to the likeness of Christ; while these (*i. e.*, the reprobate) shall be stripped of that artificial mask under which they passed for children of God, and be made to appear in their own proper colours."

BRUCE.

JOSEPH'S FAILURE, AND JACOB'S FAITH.

ONE of the things about which we are often liable to err is the spiritual condition of God's dear children. We cannot always discern a man's state by his words. When we complain of a person's not seeing as we do in any given case, it may be that the Lord is leading his soul into some other spiritual exercise, in which he becomes absorbed. 'They, measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise.' There are some Christians who seldom fail on great occasions, and yet who continually offend in small matters, and *vice versâ*. Some, of whom we expect the least, make the best testimony in the day of trial; others, of whom we should hope the most, fail on some special occasions. Joseph and Jacob in their state of soul, as exhibited in Genesis xlviii., strikingly illustrate these remarks. As soon as God had com-

pleted his promises to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, he brings out in Joseph a most prominent type of the already promised seed. In the history, as well as in the personal ways of Joseph, we have the most affecting discoveries of the person and grace of the Lord Jesus. The history is always fresh, and available alike to the little child and to the matured saint. But, in every type, there is some striking defect in the person exhibiting it, by which we are to see that 'this shall not be the same.' Jesus must have the excellence in all things. Upon the other hand, where the Spirit of God has been obligated to shew forth the failure in the personal qualities of some man, who is otherwise, and by his position, a marked type of Christ, something is brought out very fixedly to stamp the character of an otherwise entirely defective man. We see this remarkably exhibited in Samson and Jacob.

"Trial and discipline are seen in the case of Jacob. His history portrays the sorrows incident to an unquiet saint, who wishes to have his promised blessings in his own way, and the chastisements inflicted upon him by the Lord as a consequence; but throughout we are forced to see the constant care of the Lord over him, because election is also involved in trial and discipline. His life was one of failure. 'Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been,' was his confession to Pharaoh, yet the Spirit of God takes care to record, that 'by faith Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph, and worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff.'

"In tracing the character of Joseph, we have heard it seriously argued, that the cup by which his servant said he divined, was a proof that he practised heathen rites; but, we are to observe, (Gen. xliv. 5), that it was the steward only who said of it, 'whereby indeed he divineth,' and that Joseph's own account of himself is only, 'Wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine?' (margin, 'make trial.') We believe that the silver cup in Benjamin's sack is only to be used by us now, as a proof that God, by means of Christ, can prove the most innocent to be guilty; and this upon our own asseveration, as Benjamin the most innocent, was found an offender by a rule of his own laying down. But this by the way.

"What, then, is the failure of Joseph? Surely Gen. xlviii. will furnish an answer. Jacob was on his death-bed full of faith, and Joseph going to close his eyes, takes with him his two sons, no doubt to get his father's blessing for them. Here occurs a scene illustrative in Jacob's case of that Scripture, 'The day of death is better than the day of one's birth. It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting, for that is the end of all men: and the living will lay it to his heart.' (Eccles. vii. 1, 2).

"Jacob, on the arrival of his son by the bed-side, briefly relates the

appearance of God Almighty to him at Luz, and the promised blessing. He then prophetically places Ephraim and Manasseh (not Manasseh and Ephraim, as Joseph was hoping) among the number of his children, and touchingly alludes to the death and burial of Joseph's mother. It is evident that his deepest affections were with this dear son now before him; and that the decision he afterwards evinced not to meet his fleshly desires must have been a real grief to him. Meanwhile he wakes up, as it were, to the presence of Joseph's sons, and desires that they may be brought near, that he might bless them. Here begins the failure of Joseph: his ears had, without doubt, heard the previous announcement of the name of Ephraim before that of Manasseh, (v. 5), and he ought to have argued from the prophetic strain, in which Jacob was delivering himself, that this was no mistake, and no unmeaning change. It would have been well, then, had he stood a little in awe, and let it appear how God was going to act, instead of making a fleshly arrangement, by which, like his grandmother, Rebecca of old, he sought to practise upon the declining strength and dim eyesight of his father, and thus secure the right of the first-born to Manasseh; and this attempt was the more sorrowful, inasmuch as beginning from his great grandfather, Abraham, downwards—the blessing through Isaac, Jacob, and himself, had ever gone in the way of God's election and calling, and not according to the will of the flesh (John i. 13). Joseph, fearful of losing the blessing for Manasseh, contrives, by taking him in his left hand, to place him opposite his father's right, but the artifice does not succeed; and when his father crosses his hands, and blesses Ephraim first, we are told 'it displeased him, and he held up his father's hands to remove it from Ephraim's head,' and he said, 'Not so, my father.' Here, then, was assuredly a gap in the faith of Joseph! Prosperity is dangerous for any saint. 'The house of feasting,' at Pharaoh's court, may have weakened for the moment the spiritual elements in the otherwise faithful Joseph. He had forgotten the old announcement, that 'the elder shall serve the younger,' and wanted a house for himself to be built up, not by God's Spirit, but upon its own foundation; and he had, like all of us, to receive his blessings by the crossings of his own will. 'If any man will be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise.'

"This little history may be of use to us as a warning against undue expectations for our children. 'The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.' If we are training them with an undue bias, owing to some natural qualifications or expectations, it is most probable that the end will be disappointment. The Lord has made himself the centre of blessing, both for ourselves and them."
—From "*Crumbs for the Lord's Little Ones.*"

THE
LOVE OF CHRIST TO POOR RETURNING PRODIGALS.

BY DR. CUMMING.

PREACH the law, and you may preach men to destruction; preach "do, and live," and despair will be the close, as a mercenary spirit must be the commencement; preach the terrors of hell, and you will scare, but you will not reclaim men; preach the commandment or the curse of Sinai, and you will not reach man's heart, the secret source of his alienation: but, preach the devotedness of Christ, disclose the ever open and unfolded arms of the everlasting Father, and, under the blessing of the Spirit of God, there will be found that in the exhibition of a Father's love, in the gift and atonement of his dear Son, which will melt the hard heart, and thaw the frozen soul, and enable the hearer to know what this means, "We love God because God first loved us." I tried to convince a dying man by the law; I tried to convince him by various other lessons: I failed: but when I told him of the prodigal's return, and reception, and recovery, it reached his heart. That poor youth, you remember, had gone to a strange land, wasted his substance in riotous living, and lay in the very depth of distress and despair; but he said to himself, "I will arise, and go"—where?—to his father's butler, or his father's friend, to intercede for him, and introduce him? or to lie down at his father's door, and do some painful and agonizing penance to conciliate his father's feelings towards him? No; he knew what was in his father's heart; and that his appeal to it would touch a string that would vibrate with affection and sympathy. He said,—I will arise, and go to my father." The father, it is evident, was looking out for his son; "when he was yet a great way off, he saw him." He was standing on the highest turret of his house, and as he saw in the far distant horizon a speck, he thought within himself as it dilated, Can it be my poor stray boy? He looked again, and it grew to a barefooted and ragged youth, and soon a father's familiarity detected the well-known gait and features of his long lost son. Nor did the father say, I will allow him to taste the fruits of his own folly; I will keep him at bay, till he has made everyone about me his friend, and then he shall be introduced to myself; I will make him do some penance before I receive him. No; he ran and fell on his son's neck, and bade all the household rejoice at his return; and when the son began to appeal for a humble place in the family, the father overwhelmed him with caresses, and silenced him with the overflowings of paternal kindness. He said, "Nay, nay; bring forth and kill for him the fatted calf, and let us eat and be merry."

THE ENERGY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT,
AND
THE INDUSTRY OF THE LIVING SAINT.

[From Dr. Cumming's new volume, entitled, "THE COMFORTER," published by Arthur Hall, and Co., we quote the following truthful sentences.]

"What a specimen of a God-made minister was the apostle Paul! He preached the cross as if he had stood by the very crucifixion itself. He spoke of the intercession of Jesus as if heaven were opened, and he saw him at the right hand of God; and of the resurrection of the dead as if the trumpet-peal were ringing in the chambers of his soul, and he saw the great white throne, and the mustering groups that gather round it to hear irreversible decisions. And if the minister of the gospel be endued by the Holy Spirit, he will speak with power, because with demonstration of the Spirit of God; while he does all that diligence can do, and avails himself of all the resources that learning can furnish, he will yet speak, not in the words which man's wisdom, falsely so-called, teaches, but in the words which the Holy Ghost himself teacheth. And the minister thus learned is great. * * * If he is called by the Holy Ghost, this is his credential, this is his ordination; and all that we can do on earth is to recognise the seal and the signature of our God, and to commission him to do what his heart already has been summoned to do—preach the unsearchable riches of the Lord Jesus Christ. Alexander the Great, borne on a golden shield over all the provinces of conquered Asia; Cæsar, trampling upon the rights of a great people; Napoleon Buonaparte, the scourge and the conqueror of a large portion of the globe; Frederick the Great, a great warrior, but reckless of human life, look to me poor and mean beside the august magnificence of Paul, called by his God to leave all man loves at home, and to face all man dreads abroad, in order to win souls to his blessed Master, and spread the kingdom which is built up and maintained, not by human might, nor by national power; but by the Holy Spirit of God.

"But it may be said, If all the issue thus depends upon the Spirit of God, will not that tempt men not to think, not to learn, not to study? Just the reverse; for, singular enough, the great law laid down in the Christian record is, that the very man who has the deepest and the most penetrating sense that the Holy Spirit must do all, is ever found to be the very man who is most practically and diligently engaged in every hard, and arduous, and laborious work.

The fact is, instead of being the ground of idleness, it is the only ground upon which there can be called into play true energy. The apostle Paul himself says, in applying the same sentiment in another instance, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.' Why? 'Because it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure.' Instead of the sovereignty of God doing all being a reason for a minister relaxing his hand, and doing nothing, it is the very basis of his greatest efforts, the background of his most successful experiments to win souls to his blessed Lord and Master. Our duty is to do all as if all depended upon us, yet never to forget the fact that all depends upon God. * * * I am not encouraging an illiterate ministry, which is a misfortune; or an indolent ministry, which is a crime; I am telling the ministry which is the most laborious—which gives its days and nights to the study of God's holy word—that something more is wanted than intellectual might, or the drudgery of protracted toil; that we must seek that blessing, without which even Paul may plant, and even Apollos may water, yet there shall be no increase at all. And to see the justice of this position—that a right apprehension of God's sovereignty in these matters is the basis of our highest exertions, I will notice that there is, in every department of God's world, and of God's work upon earth, a sphere in which man is helpless, and another, in which man is, by God's arrangement, necessary. For instance, in the fields I plant a vine—it is my business to plant it, and to prune it, and to watch it, and keep it; but I can do nothing in making the sap rise in the stem, in transmitting that sap into blossom, in ripening the blossom into grapes. There is a part that I can do, and that part I will do; but there is a part in which I cannot intrude, where God must do all, or nothing can be done effectually. In healing diseases there is a part that I can do; I can prescribe what experience has proved to be most efficient,—I can find out what is most useful from experience in healing the wound, and I can apply it, and use all precautionary measures to facilitate the cure as speedily as possible; but I have no power over the restorative energies of the system; I cannot touch the central energy—I know nothing of that mysterious thing, vitality—physical, intellectual, moral. So, in the Christian system, there is a province where man, the minister, can do much, and there is a province above that where Christ, the Master, must do all, or nothing can be done effectually. I can preach, and my words shall carry conviction to the outward ear, but I cannot rivet those words upon the heart, so that they shall be elements of sanctifying and saving power. And, singularly enough, God may intrude into my province, he may dispense with my instrumentality, he

may supersede it; he may leave it alone, and take the work into his own hand, and it will be done; but if I try to intrude into God's province—to pardon sin, to regenerate, by sprinkling, the human heart, to make man, by ministerial manipulations, a new creature, I instantly go into a province where I ought never to be, and, like the fabled hero who rose on waxen wings to reach the sun, I shall only be melted by its beams, and my last end shall be worse than my first. I believe that the great secret of the innumerable errors of the day is, that we have not made a strict line of demarcation between what man, the minister, can do, and ought to do, and what the Lord the Spirit alone can and will do, when, where, and how he pleases.

“Melancthon, when he first saw the light of the glorious gospel, and felt its precious influence on his heart, thought that he had nothing to do but to go forth and speak it, and the whole earth would accept so grand a gospel. But he soon found himself compelled to make the just remark, that, ‘Old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon,’ that some men could not, and some men would not; and between the two, the progress that he made was of the most discouraging description.

“But the apostle Paul, on the other hand, states, that one of the grand secrets of his success was the combination of ceaseless, personal effort, with ceaseless leaning on, and looking to the Holy Spirit of God. Just mark his words: ‘I have planted,’—there is toil,—‘and Apollos watered,’—there is additional toil,—‘but God gave the increase.’ You see man's part—planting and watering; but also God's grand part, without which, the planting and the watering would be fruitless—‘God gave the increase.’ And when the apostle speaks again of his labours, he says, ‘I have laboured more abundantly than ye all:’ but mark how exquisitely and delicately he corrects himself,—‘yet not I, but the grace of God that was in me.’ Wherever there is the most prayerful heart, there is the most diligent hand; wherever there is the deepest dependence upon God, there is the putting forth of the greatest energy by man. ‘Prayer and painstaking,’ said one of old, ‘are sufficient to convert the nations.’ I believe, that what is wanted in the present day is greater personal exertion on the part of ministers in their own sphere, and a still greater dependence on the Holy Spirit, who is omnipotent in his sphere.

“The most eloquent tongue will lose its power, and the most able right hand its cunning, unless sustained, encouraged, and endued by the Holy Spirit of God. Cease to quarrel about patronage and popular election, and begin to pray; cease to dispute about Epis-

copacy and Presbytery, and begin to pray; cease to look to the Bishop or the General Assembly, and begin to look above them to the Spirit of God alone. If anything exerts on the mind a larger directive influence than Christ, you may call yourself a Protestant, but you are essentially a Roman Catholic. A Roman Catholic is not a man who believes in the Pope of Rome; but who believes that the priest can forgive sin, that baptism gives regeneration, who excludes all but his own, who thinks that no man has a commission separate from his church. The man who places the church in the room of Christ—tradition, the confession of faith, the Thirty-Nine Articles, in the room of the Bible—or himself in the room of either, is essentially a follower of the Church of Rome.

“Let all our theology be comprehended in this—no justifying righteousness except in Christ; no regenerative power but in the Holy Spirit; no church upon earth, the way to heaven, but Christ alone; the Bible without a clasp; the throne of grace with infinite welcome; heaven with all its glory, not bestowed or won by might or power, but by the Holy Ghost.”

There is immortal truth in these lines: truths worth weighing, and receiving; and happy the man who can truly carry them into practice.

WHAT ARE THE PRIVILEGES OF BEING SEALED BY THE SPIRIT?

(Concluded from page 63.)

Uses. The point speaks to three sorts of persons—viz., 1. To those who have not yet been sealed. 2. To those that once had, but now want, the comfort. 3. To those that enjoy the comforts of it.

1. To those that yet want this mercy, who have not been formally sealed by any assurance of their title to Christ, but all their days have been clogged with fears and doubts of their condition. To such my counsel is, First, that you be not quiet under these uncertainties, but pant after the assurance of peace and pardon. Say unto Christ as the spouse did—Cant. viii. 6—“Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thine arm.” Pant after it as David did—Psalm xxxv. 3—“Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.” How can you look upon such precious promises, and not dare to

taste them? How can you hear others talk of their satisfaction, peace and assurance, and be quiet, until you also have attained it? What is it that hinders this mercy, that it cannot come home to your souls? Is it your neglect of duty? O, stir up yourselves to, take hold on God! Is it want of a thorough search and examination of your state? O, let not thine eyes find rest, till that be fully done. Is it some special guilt upon thy soul that grieves the Spirit of God? Be restless till it be removed. I know this mercy is not at your command, do what you can do; but yet I also know when God bestows it, he usually does it in these ways of our duty.

2. To those that once had, but now want this blessing; who say as Job xxix. 2, 3, "O, that it were with me as in days past." The darkness is the greater to you, because ye have walked in the light of the Lord. The sum of Christ's counsel in this case is given in three words—Rev. ii. 5—"Remember, repent, reform."

First, Remember—i.e., ponder, consider, compare time with time, and state with state, how well it once was, how sad it now is.

Secondly, Repent; mourn over these your sinful relapses; sure you may challenge the first place among all mourners in the world. Your loss is great. O, better to have lost the light of your eyes, than this sweet light of God's countenance. Your sin hath separated between you and your God: O, mourn over it!

Thirdly, Reform. Do your first works again. O, Christian! consider thy heart is sunk deeper into the world than it was wont to be. Thy duties are fewer, and thy zeal and affection to God are much abated. Return, return, O backsliding soul, and labour to recover thy first love to Christ, whatever pains it cost thee.

Lastly. To those who do enjoy these choice and invaluable mercies—the sealings of the Spirit. First, take heed that ye grieve not the good Spirit of God, "by whom ye are sealed to the day of redemption." Ephes. iv. 30. He hath comforted you; do you not grieve him. The Spirit is a tender and delicate thing; you may quickly deprive yourself of his joy and peace. Secondly, Be humble under this advancement and dignity. If your hearts once begin to swell, look out for humbling dispensations quickly. 2 Cor. xii. 7. This treasure is always kept in the vessel of a contrite and humble heart. Thirdly, Keep close to duty; yea, tack one duty to another by intermediate meditation and ejaculation. If care of duty be once remitted, you are not far from a sad change in your

condition. Fourthly, improve all ordinances, especially this great sealing ordinance of the Lord's Supper, for your farther confirmation and establishment. Act your faith to the uttermost of its ability upon Christ crucified; comfort will flow in. The more the direct acts of faith are exercised, the more powerful and sweet its reflex acts are like to be.

JOHN FLAVEL.

To the Readers of "Cheering Words."

DEAR FRIENDS.—I have for some weeks been travelling and preaching in the West of England; and could not devote so much time to the compilation of this number of "CHEERING WORDS" as I could wish. If you discover any deficiency, I hope you will kindly remember that the Editor has been labouring hard in the pulpits of some widowed and destitute churches; beside which, a heavy cold has brought him down to a low and weak state. Sympathise, therefore, but do not condemn.

A few penny pamphlets are now publishing by Messrs. Houlston and Stoneman, of Paternoster Row, entitled, "LETTERS FROM THE WEST OF ENGLAND: A FAITHFUL RECORD OF MY LABOURS IN THE MINISTRY." If you order your bookseller to procure these for you, you will therein find as full an account of my travels and exercises as time, health, and powers of mind would allow me to give.

I may say one thing—there is nothing very cheering in the circumstances of the churches among whom I am travelling. Division, dissension, coldness, poverty, and a want of holy power—are signal marks of their state. Nevertheless, I have been favoured to fall in with some real Christians—some good godly souls—some of the Lord's hidden ones; and I purpose to give you a few "SKETCHES OF STERLING CHRISTIAN CHARACTER," as soon as I have time.

I beseech you to aid me in the circulation of these "CHEERING WORDS;" and believe me your devoted and willing servant in the gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

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Cheering Words for Seeking Souls.

Vol. IV.]

JUNE, 1854.

[No. 39.]

THE CHURCH'S ROCK AND REFUGE, IN THE DAY OF TRIAL.

MY FAREWELL SERMON AT TRINITY CHAPEL, PLYMOUTH.

DURING the month of April I have been in the West of England, labouring among many hundreds of the Lord's living family. I found the word very good there; and many solemn seasons did I experience in the ministry. My labours closed at Plymouth on Monday evening, May 1, by a short discourse on the 61st Psalm. I gathered up a few fragments in the hope, (as many declared the Lord made them a blessing to their souls in hearing,) that the perusal of them may be attended with comfort to many a seeking and sorrowing soul.

C. W. B.

Plymouth, Monday, May 1.

IN speaking a few words this evening by way of farewell, I felt determined to speak of the Lord, and of his grace and mercy to his people, and poor burdened souls. But the word "*uttermost*" came into my mind, which led me to notice Deut. xxx. 4, "*If any of thine be driven out unto the outmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather them, and from thence will he fetch them.*" I remember years ago this word was useful unto me—but I could not rest on it at this time. David's experience in the fulfilment of this was brought to mind, as recorded in Psalm lxi. 2—5. Many comforting Scriptures have rolled over my soul this day like this, "He that cometh unto me *I will in no wise cast out*;" and then this, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But I was obliged to return to Psalm lxi.

First, I noticed the two-fold description of David's distress. He was *at the end of the earth*; *his heart was overwhelmed*.

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Second, I noticed his determination and desire, "*I will cry unto thee. Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.*"

Third, I noticed his hiding-place, "*I will abide in thy tabernacle; I will trust in the covert of thy wings.*"

Fourth, I noticed his declaration of God's dealings with him. He says, "The Lord had been a shelter for him; God had heard his vows, and had given unto him the heritage of those that feared his name. Here you have the conflicts of Christ in type, and the Character of a real Christian in the path of deep tribulation."

I.—David's description of his distress, "From the end of the earth." David was often here literally: it was now, as some think, when pursued by his son Absalom. A man may be said to be at the end of the earth when circumstances all seem and are against him; when he has lost friends, possessions, and all prospects blighted; or when he is where there are no ordinances, no living ministry, no Christian friends; or when he can see no ground of hope in himself of being saved, when he cannot find the mercy-seat, when he cannot realise the presence of God, when he cannot call one promise his own. To add to this his heart is overwhelmed, or covered with sorrow. Here are two things—*driven out to the greatest distance, sinking down in the greatest depths:—when my heart is overwhelmed.* I have felt my heart overwhelmed with fearful forebodings, and pressed down with heavy sorrows. I remember when I left Canterbury, and went to Bolton, in Lancashire, how fully did I know this state which David describes. I had not one earthly friend to speak with in all the world; I had not one Christian friend; nor had I then any hope of finding the Lord as my friend. All was dark and dreadful. Ah! and my heart was hard, and my soul wrapt up in misery. Oh, painful state indeed! The soul is then shut up in a dungeon, while the storm that is passing over threatens to sink it deeper than the belly of hell. Now look at his determination and desire, "*I will cry unto thee.*" There is a mystery here. You know our Lord said of the Spirit of Truth, "*He shall abide with you for ever.*" Where the Spirit of God enters, giving life divine, he will never depart. The love of God in its sensible manifestations may be lost; the sweet smiles of Jesus may be lost; the anointings of the Spirit may be lost for a time; but as a quickening, correcting, reproving, prayer-stirring Spirit he will remain. Both the wrath of God and the life-giving Spirit of God are compared to fire; and of both it is said they shall burn for ever, "*A fire is kindled in mine anger, and it shall burn to the lowest hell.*" So it is said, "*the fire was on their tabernacle through all their journeys.*" "And will not God avenge his own elect who cry unto him day and night? I say he will, though he bear long with them." They cry day and night. Now, the Spirit prompts David to cry unto God, though at the ends

of the earth. In the strength of the Lord, therefore, he says, "I will cry unto thee." But for what does he cry? "*To be led to the Rock that is higher than I.*" Here he views Christ as a Shelter and a Safe Retreat. So if we want to know if our cries are spiritual cries, let us ask, Do we look to Christ in crying? do we cry to be led to him? do we know we must be led to him, or we can never come near? Here is dependence, and here is desire indeed. I cannot come; Lord, do thou lead me, not to the law, not to Mount Sinai, but to Mount Moriah, where Christ was crucified—to the Mount of Transfiguration where Christ is revealed—to Mount Zion where Christ is glorified.

David's Hiding-place was the tabernacle; and the covert, or the secret place of the Most High, was Christ on the mercy-seat. The wings of the cherubim covered the mercy-seat. So Christ is a Covering and a Hiding-place for all who are led to him.

Three things David says God had done for him:

1. The Lord had been a Shelter for him: he had preserved him from many dreadful enemies and awful deaths.

2. God had heard his vows, or accepted his vows; because he felt sure these vows were made under Divine teaching, and the Lord had inclined David's heart unto them.

3. He had given him the heritage of those that fear his name.

These words were true of Christ. But what is this heritage? The land of Canaan? Yes. The Gospel Kingdom? Yes. The Heavenly Glory? Yes.

But what is this heritage? See Isaiah liv.: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that riseth against thee, in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord: and, their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

When David says, "Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name," he means both parts of it, as *implied* and as *declared* by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah. What is implied? That "*weapons will be formed*;" that "*tongues will rise up.*"

How much of this is found in the experience of many of the afflicted in Zion! Sharp arrows are shot into the hearts of many dear saints; but Calvary's blood extracts the poison, and love divine heals up the wounds. Angry tongues, false tongues, jealous tongues, deceitful tongues rise up against the poor tempest-tossed souls in Zion; but in the Person of Christ, in the righteousness of Christ, in the pardoning grace and purifying truth of Jesus, all these tongues shall be silenced.

Oh, that each one of us may prove the full truth of this promise, and so live by grace divine as to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, and magnify the grace of our redeeming God.

JOHN CALVIN'S DYING TESTIMONY, AND WILL.

"JOHN CALVIN was born at Noviodune, a city of France, June 6, 1509. His father's name was Gerard Calvin; his mother's—Joan Franca. Both of them were of good repute.

"He was first instructed in the reformed religion by his kinsman, Peter Robert Olevitane; on which, he gave himself to the study of the sacred Scriptures; and began to abominate and withdraw himself from the superstitious services of the Church of Rome.

"On the 19th of December, 1562, (being the Lord's-day), Calvin, being in bed, said to several persons about him, 'I know not what the matter is; but I thought, last night, I heard drums beating very loud, and I could not persuade myself but it was so. Let us therefore go to prayer; for surely some great business is in hand.'

"And on that very day, a great battle was fought between the Guisians and the Protestants not far from Paris; news whereof was brought to Geneva few days after.

"In 1564 he had a complication of diseases upon him; yet no one heard him utter a word unbecoming a Christian. All he used to say was, lifting up his eyes to heaven, 'How long, Lord?' And these words he often uttered in his health; then he spake of the calamities of his brethren, which always more afflicted him than his own.

"When his friends would have dissuaded him, in his sickness, from dictating, but especially from writing himself, he answered,— 'What! would you have me idle when my Lord comes?'

"*March 10.* When all the ministers of Geneva came to see him, they found him sitting at his little table, where he used to write and meditate. As soon as he saw them, rubbing his forehead with his hand, as he used to do when he meditated, with a cheerful countenance, he said, 'I give you hearty thanks, dear brethren, for the great concern you have shewn for me; and I hope, within these fifteen days, (when they were to meet about church censures), I shall be present at your Consistory. For then, I believe, God will declare what he hath determined concerning me, and will receive me to himself.'

"*March 27.* He was carried in his chair to the gate of the senate-house; from whence, being supported by two persons, he walked into the assembly, presented to the senators a new rector, and, with his head uncovered, returned them thanks for all their former favours, and particularly, for the great concern they had shewn for him in his sickness: 'For I perceive' said he 'this is the last time that I shall appear in this place.' Which words he could scarcely utter, his voice failing him. And then, while many tears were shed on both sides, he took his leave.

"*April 2.* Though he was very weak, yet he would be carried to the church in his chair; where, after sermon, he received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper from Beza's hands; and, with a cheerful countenance, though weak voice, sung the psalm with the congregation: shewing, even in a dying countenance, signs of much inward joy.

"*April 25.* He made

HIS WILL,

a part of which is here inserted, as it farther evidences the power of religion in him. Being now so weak that he could not write, he dictated to Peter Shenalot, notary of Geneva, in the following manner:—"I, John Calvin, minister of the word of God in the church at Geneva, being so oppressed and afflicted with divers diseases that I conclude the Lord God hath appointed shortly to take me out of this world, therefore have determined to make my last will and testament in this form following:

"First, I give thanks to God, that taking pity on me whom he created and placed in this world, he hath delivered me out of the deep darkness of idolatry, into which I was plunged, and hath brought me into the light of his gospel, and made me a partaker of the gospel of salvation, whereof I was most unworthy. And he hath not only gently and graciously borne with my faults and sins, for which I deserved to be rejected of him, and cast out, but hath treated me with such meekness and mildness, that he hath vouchsafed to use my labours in preaching and publishing the truth of his gospel. And I witness and declare, that I intend to pass the remainder of my life in the same faith and religion which he hath delivered to me by his gospel, and not to seek any other aid or refuge for salvation, than his free adoption, in which alone salvation resteth. And with my whole heart, I embrace the mercy which he hath used towards me for Jesus Christ's sake, recompensing my faults with the merits of his death and passion, that satisfaction might be made, by this means, for all my sins and crimes, and the remembrance of them be blotted out. I witness also and declare, that I humbly beg of him, that being washed and cleansed in the blood of that highest Redeemer, shed for the sins of mankind, I may stand at his judgment seat, under the image of my Redeemer.

"Also I declare, that I have diligently endeavoured according to the measure of grace received, and the bounty which God hath used towards me, that I might use his word holily and purely, as well in sermons as in commentaries, and other writings, and interpret his holy Scripture faithfully.

"But alas! that study and zeal of mine, (if worthily so to be called), have been so remiss and languishing, that, I confess, inau-

merable things have been wanting in me to the well performing of my duty. And unless the immeasurable bounty of God has been present my studies had been vain and vanishing. For which causes, I witness and declare, that I hope for no other salvation than this only : that seeing God is the Father of mercy, I trust he hath shewed himself a Father to me, who acknowledge myself a miserable sinner.

“ ‘As for other things, after my departure out of this life, I would have my body committed to earth, after that order and manner which is usual in this church and city, till the blessed day of resurrection cometh,’ &c.

“To the four Syndics, and all the magistrates, who, in a body, honoured him with a visit before his death, he spoke to the following effect :

“ ‘Honoured Sirs, I give you great thanks that you have done me this honour, having not deserved it from you ; and that you have so often borne with my infirmities ; which to me hath always been an argument of your singular goodness for me.

“ ‘Touching the doctrine you have heard from me, I take God to witness, that I have not rashly and ungroundedly, but carefully and purely taught the word of God entrusted to me ; whose wrath I should otherwise now perceive hanging over me. But I am certainly assured, that my labour in teaching it has not been displeasing to him.

“ ‘And I testify this the more willingly, both before God and yourselves, because I doubt not but the devil, according to his custom, will raise up a wicked, light, and giddy-headed people, to corrupt the sincere doctrine which you have heard from me.’

“Then considering the immeasurable benefits which God had conferred on that city, he said, ‘I am a very good witness, out of how many great dangers the hand of God hath delivered you. Moreover, you see in what estate you now are. Therefore, whether your affairs be prosperous or adverse, let this thing be always before our eyes, that God is he alone that establisheth kingdoms and cities, and therefore will be worshipped by mortal men.’

“And continuing his discourse, he shewed them at large the danger of pride and security ; the great dangers they were also in from errors in judgment, and corruptions in practice.

“Then he prayed to God for the increase of his gifts and blessings upon them, and for the safety and welfare of the commonwealth. After which, giving his hand to each of them, they took their leave ; departing full of sorrows, and with many tears, as from their common father.

“April 28. The ministers of Geneva being with him, he spake thus to them : ‘Brethren, after my decease, stand fast in the work of the Lord, and be not discouraged ; for the Lord will preserve this church and commonwealth against the threatenings of the enemies. When

I came first to this city, the gospel indeed was preached, but the management of things with respect to it was very troublesome. Many conceiving, that Christianity was nothing more than the demolishing of images. And there were not a few wicked persons, from whom I suffered many things. But the Lord our God so confirmed and strengthened me, who am not naturally bold, that I gave not place to any of their attempts. I profess, brethren, that I have lived with you in sincere love and true charity; and thus I now depart from you. If you have found me any way pettish under my disease, I crave your pardon; and give you very great thanks, that you have so borne, on your part, the burden so imposed on me in the time of my sickness.'

"Having thus spoken, he gave his hand to each of them, who then took their leave, sorrowing and weeping.

"A while after, Calvin, hearing that Viret, who was eighty years of age, and sickly, was on his journey to visit him, wrote thus to stay him:

"'Farewell, my best and sincerest brother: and seeing God will have you to outlive me in this world, live mindful of our friendship; for as it has been profitable to the church of God here, so the fruit of it tarrieth for us in heaven. I would not have you weary yourself for my sake. I hardly draw my breath. And I expect daily when it will wholly fail me. It is enough that I live and die to Christ, who is gain to his, both in life and death. Again, farewell.' May 11, 1564.

"Yet notwithstanding this letter, the good old man came to Geneva, and having fully conferred with Calvin, he returned to Newcomb. After which, Calvin passed his remaining time almost wholly in prayer, with his eyes towards heaven; while his voice often failed him by reason of the shortness of his breath.

"He died May 18, 1564, aged fifty-four years, ten months, and seventeen days. Beza had but just left him, when Calvin suddenly altered for death. On which, a messenger was despatched after Beza to bring him back; but though he returned presently, Calvin, without a sigh or groan, was fallen asleep in Jesus, before Beza could reach him."

"The church of God, or his *house*, has an hospital at one end and a palace at the other. In the hospital end, are the members of the Lord Jesus Christ, still militant here on earth; conflicting with various diseases; confined to a strict regimen; and under the discipline of the Holy Ghost. Surely, it should be no grief to one of these, that the hour is come for his *dismissal* from the hospital; and, that the doors of the palace are thrown open for his admission into the presence of his God and King."—MAJOR ROWLANDSON.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD'S DYING WORDS.

"His last words were, 'I shall shine; I shall see him as he is, and all the fair company with him, and shall have my large share. It is no easy thing to be a Christian; but as for me, I have got the victory, and Christ is holding forth his arms to embrace me. I have had my fears and faintings, as another sinful man; but as sure as ever he spake to me in his word, his Spirit witnessed to my heart, saying,—'Fear not;'' he had accepted my sufferings, and the outrage should not be matter of prayer, but of praise. Thy word was found, and I did eat it, and it was to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart. Now I feel, I believe, I enjoy, I rejoice.'

"And turning to Mr. Blair, then present, he said—'I feed on manna; I have angel's food; my eyes shall see my Redeemer. I know that he shall stand at the latter day on the earth, and I shall be caught up in the clouds to meet him in the air.

"'I sleep in Christ; and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with his likeness. O, for arms to embrace him!'

"To one who spoke of the painfulness in the ministry, he said,—'I disclaim all. The port I would be at is redemption and forgiveness of sins through his blood.'

"His last words were—'Glory, glory dwells in Immanuel's land!''"

BESSIE'S ANTICIPATIONS REALISED.

Concluded from page 84.)

"One most painful source of trial that followed this bereavement to her sorrowing husband, was, that for some days he was not allowed to enter her apartment, on account of the absolute necessity of her being kept perfectly quiet, and free from all excitement. The thought was very bitter that the preventive had been vain; and many precious hours were lost to him, which, if passed by her side, would have been treasured up in fond remembrance after her decease. He was only called in to witness her last sighs, and to receive her parting farewell.

"On the 17th all excitement left her, and she was evidently sinking rapidly. Then the sorrowing husband hung weeping over that precious object of his affections, from whom he was soon to be severed. She threw her arms round his neck, and they shed tears together. But how different was their source! His tears were of unmingled sorrow at separation from her who had been to him as a ministering spirit. She, on the other hand, shed mingled tears of joy and grief; joy at the bright prospect which was opening before

her; grief, because she was leaving one she so tenderly loved, alone and disconsolate.

"She then gave him a text to express her perfect peace and confidence, 'I know in whom I have believed, and that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him.' Her last words were those of her dying sister, 'For ever with the Lord. Amen'—words that in health were often on her lips. Her husband asked, 'Is Christ precious?' She bowed her head in token of assent, and her happy spirit winged its way to those 'mansions of love,' where sin and sorrow are unknown. The conflict was for ever passed; she was sheltered in the bosom of Him whom her soul loved above all beside.

"'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

THE CLEANSING, COMFORTING BLOOD OF THE COVENANT.

WHAT a blessed fountain it is! In order to shew its superior excellence to every other fountain, let us try to draw a few contrasts,—a natural fountain, or well, will only cleanse the body; but this fountain will cleanse all the filth and defilement of the soul; for—

"Sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

The fountain of the Redeemer's blood will wash away all the pollutions of our souls—will cleanse us from all our guilt—and wash us thoroughly from our iniquity. "In those days, and at that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none: and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found: for I will pardon them whom I reserve." Why shall not the sins of God's people be found? Because Jesus has washed them away in his own precious blood. Surely, then, this is a fountain far superior to any in this world. Oh, for more of its cleansing efficacy on my poor soul! Sometimes I fear I have never been properly cleansed in this fountain, because I feel so much defilement still within; so much corruption unsubdued; so many lusts uncontrolled: so that I am led to say, Can ever God dwell here? O, that I may be led to cry more earnestly,

"Wash me, Saviour, or I die!"

Again—the waters of a natural fountain may fail, and so the fountain become dried up. Not so the blood of Christ: it is as efficacious now as it was in Abraham's day; for the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, still cleanseth us from all sin. This fountain can

never run dry, for saints in all ages have proved its permanency ; and so it shall continue to the end of time, till every chosen vessel shall prove its power, and be gathered into the fold. Hear what our Lord said to the woman of Samaria : "The water I shall give thee, shall be in thee a well of water, springing up to everlasting life." The continual effusions of God's Spirit on the hearts of his people are like a springing well. Sometimes we feel so parched, so dry, and barren in our souls, that we verily think we have never tasted of the waters of life, and are crying out, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever—and will he be favourable no more?" Ah, my poor soul is often here, withering away, as it were, like the barren fig-tree which our Lord cursed ; and in my feelings, all but plucked up by the roots. Instead, however, of the Lord plucking up the plants of his own right hand planting, he not only digs and dungs about them, but waters them, and keeps them night and day. He is as the dew unto Israel, and a never-failing well of consolation to every heaven-born soul.

This fountain is opened for *sin* and *uncleanness*. Not that every sinner and unclean person will welcome such a fountain, by no means ; for the wicked, by reason of the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God. He willingly forsakes the fountain of living waters, and hews out to himself cisterns, yea, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. He has no appetite or taste for the waters of life, and would far rather drink the muddy and dirty streams of his own doings. He is vainly puffed up with a fleshly mind, and careth not for that river the streams whereof make glad the city of our God. I know what it is to be in this state, for my eyes being blinded by the god of this world, I was for working out a salvation of my own ; and this I was sure I must do before Jesus would accept me, and cleanse me in the fountain of his blood. I reasoned thus—I know I am not what I should be ; God's people, I said to myself, are a holy people ; they attend the house of God ; they are a praying people, and read the word of God, and lead virtuous lives. I was something like Balaam, saying, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Still I knew this could not be unless I led a religious life ; so I set one time after another to begin, never for a moment dreaming but I could begin at any time. Such was the doctrine taught by nine tenths of the pulpits of the day. I could not for a moment imagine that professed preachers of the gospel would prophesy lies. Such

doctrine, I am positive, tends to harden men in sins rather than arouse them from it. But to cut the matter short, it was never till the Lord gave me to feel myself an undone sinner, and could not help myself, that I fled to Jesus' fountain to be cleansed from all my sins in his rich and precious blood. None know how precious this fountain is, but such as have tasted of its streams. My prayer to God is that my guilty soul may be plunged in the streaming blood of a dear dying Christ, enjoy more of his sensible presence, and sing aloud in the words of dear Cowper—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

—From *The Gospel Magazine*.

RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS.

No. V.

*From Irving, being on my journey to Christ's Palace, in
Aberdeen, August 4, 1636.*

WELL-BELOVED BROTHER.—Grace, mercy and peace be to you. Upon acquaintance in Christ, I thought good to take the opportunity of writing to you. Seeing that it hath seemed good to the Lord of the harvest to take the hooks out of our hands for a time, and to lay upon us a more honourable service, even to suffer for his name, it were good to comfort one another in writing. I have had a desire to see you in the face; yet now, being the prisoner of Christ, it is taken away. I am greatly comforted to hear of your soldier's stately spirit for your Princely and royal Captain, Jesus our Lord, and of the grace of God in the rest of our dear brethren with you. You have heard of my trouble, I suppose. It hath pleased our sweet Lord Jesus to let loose the malice of these interdicted lords in his house, to deprive me of my ministry at Anworth, and to confine me eight-score miles from thence to Aberdeen; and also (which was not done to any before) to inhibit me to speak at all in Jesus's name, within this kingdom, under the pain of rebellion. The cause that ripened their hatred was my book against the Arminians, whereof they accused me those three days I stood before them; but let our crowned King in Zion reign; by his grace the loss is their's, the advantage is Christ's and truth's. Albeit this honest cross gained some ground on me by my heaviness, and inward challenges of conscience for a time were sharp; yet now for the encouragement of you all, I dare say it, and write it under my hand, "Welcome, welcome, sweet, sweet cross of Christ!" I verily think the chains of my Lord Jesus are all overlaid with pure gold, and that his cross is perfumed, and that it smelleth

of Christ; and that the victory shall be by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of his truth; and that Christ lying on his back, in his weak servants and oppressed truth, shall ride over his enemies' bellies, and shall "strike through kings in the day of his wrath." It is time to laugh when he laugheth; and seeing he is now pleased to sit with wrongs for a time, it becometh us to be silent, until the Lord hath let the enemies enjoy their hungry, lean and feckless paradise; blessed are they who are content to take strokes with weeping Christ! Faith will trust the Lord, and is not hasty, nor head-strong; neither is faith so timorous as to flatter a tenation, or to bud and bribe the cross. It is little up or little down that the Lamb and his followers can get no law surety, nor truce with crosses; it must be so till we be up in our Father's house. My heart is woe indeed for my mother-church, that hath played the harlot with many lovers; for her husband hath a mind to fell her for her horrible transgressions; and heavy will the hand of the Lord be upon this backsliding nation. The ways of our Zion mourn, her gold is become dim, her white Nazarites are black like a coal; how shall not the children weep, when the husband and mother cannot agree? Yet I believe Scotland's skies shall clear again, and that Christ shall build again the old waste places of Jacob, and that our dead and dry bones shall become an army of living men; and that our Well-beloved may yet feed among the lilies, until the day break, and the shadows flee away. My dear brother, let us help one another with our prayers. Our King shall mow down his enemies, and shall come from Bozrah with his garments all died in blood; and for our consolation shall he appear, and call his wife Hephzibah, and his land Beulah; for he will rejoice over us and marry us, and Scotland shall say, "What have I to do any more with idols?" Only let us be faithful to Him that can ride through hell and death upon a windlestrae, and his horse never stumble; and let him make of me a bridge over a water, so that his high and holy name may be glorified in me; strokes with the Mediator's hand are very sweet; he has always been sweet to my soul; but since I suffered for him, his breath hath a sweeter smell than before. Oh that every hair of my head, and every member, and every bone in my body, were a man to witness a fair confession for him! I would think all too little for him. When I look over beyond the line, and beyond death, to the laughing side of the world, I triumph, and ride upon the high places of Jacob; howbeit otherwise I am a faint, dead-hearted, cowardly man, often borne down, and hungry in waiting for the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Nevertheless, I think it the Lord's wise love that feeds us with hunger, and makes us fat with wants and desertions. I know not, my dear brother, if our worthy brethren be

gone to sea, or not; they are on my heart, and in my prayers. 'If they be yet with you, salute my dear friend, John Stuart; my well-beloved in the Lord, Mr. Blair, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Livingston, and Mr. McClelland, and acquaint them with my troubles, and entreat them to pray for the poor afflicted prisoner of Christ; they are dear to my soul: I seek your prayers and their's for my flock: their remembrance breaks my heart. I desire to love that people, and others, my dear acquaintance in Christ, with love in God, and as God loveth them. I know that He who sent me to the west and south, sent me also to the north. I will charge my soul to believe and to wait for him, and will follow his providence, and not go before it, nor stay behind it.

Now, my dear brother, taking farewell in paper, I commend you all to the word of his grace, and to the work of his Spirit, to Him who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, that you may be kept spotless till the day of Jesus our Lord. I am,

Your brother in affliction, in our sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

CHEERING WORDS TO AFFLICTED CONSCIENCES.

PERHAPS but very few of our readers ever heard of—it may be, fewer ever read, or ever wished to read *Robert Bolton's Treatise on Comforting Afflicted Consciences*. The work has been given to us; and a truly valuable one it is. Among the various characters and *conditions of soul-experience* which exist among the professing churches of Jesus, there are none with whom we have so deep, so keen, so uniting a sympathy, as we have with those whose hearts are broken—whose spirits are contrite—whose consciences are wreathing under the accumulated load of contracted guilt and alarming fears of eternal torment. *Reader, art thou such a one?* Is thy soul quickened into life? Is thy heart *sincere in repentance* before a holy, a heart-searching God? Has sin defiled thy spirit? Does Satan threaten thee with all the torments of lost souls? Are thy nights nights of wrestling, groaning, sorrowing, prayers? Are thy days, days of inward misery, and deep mental woe? Are thy prospects black—thy possessions barren? Art thou, in a word, a wretched sinner, and yet one that *loves the truth*, desires to *honour Christ*, and would be glad to be as *holy* and as *purely happy* as the choicest of the saints? If this be thy character, then let me read you a few extracts from Bolton, who in pointing out some SPECIAL SOVEREIGN ANTIDOTES FOR GRIEVIOUS SOUL MALADIES, begins with tenderness, speaks with faithfulness, and aims to do good in a most Godly manner, I cannot

give you much this month; but I here begin, where he begins, upon the mercy of God.

"1. The infiniteness of God's mercy, sweetly intimated in Isa. lv. 6—8. The mercy of God is like himself—infinite. All our sins are finite, both in number and nature. Now between finite and infinite there is no proportion, and so no possibility of resistance. And therefore be thy sins never so notorious and numberless, yet a truly broken heart, thirsting for and throwing itself upon Christ, unfeignedly resolving upon new obedience and his glorious service for the time to come, can no more withstand or stand before God's mercies, than a little spark can withstand the boundless and mighty ocean, thrown into the midst of it; nay, infinitely less. If all the sins that all the sons and daughters of Adam have committed since the creation to this time were all upon one soul, yet so affected as I have said, and put into such a new penitent gracious temper, it should be most certainly upon good ground and everlastingly safe. I speak not thus to make any secure; for any one sin, pleasing and reigning, will ruin a soul for ever; but to assure of mercy enough, how great or many soever the sins have been, if the heart be now truly humbled for them all, and wholly turned heavenward.

"2. The invaluableness of Christ's meritorious blood, which is called 'the blood of God;' and therefore of inestimable price. Understand me aright; it was the 'blood of God;' not of the Godhead, but of Him who was both God and man. For the manhood of Christ was received into the union of the Second Person, and so it may be called 'the blood of God;' for so speaks St. Paul, (Acts xx. 28), 'God purchased his church with his own blood;' that is, Christ, God incarnate. Our divines express it thus: 'It was the Son of God and Lord of life that died for us upon the cross; but it was the nature of man, not of God, wherein he died; and it was the nature of God, and infinite excellency of the same, whence the price, value, and worth of his passion grew.' This blessed blood, then, is of infinite efficacy; and therefore, if thou be now turning to the Lord, assure thyself, whatsoever thy sins have been, they have not outgone the price that hath been paid for them. This blood, upon repentance, did take off the transcendent scarlet guilt from the souls even of those that shed it. (Acts ii., &c.)

"3. The riches of the word, in affording precedents of the saints, and of the Son of God himself, who have surpassed thee, and that perhaps very far, in any kind of misery thou canst name.

"(1.) Thou art perhaps consulting with the prodigal to come in, but there comes terribly into thy mind the extraordinary heinousness of thy former sins, and that hinders. Cast thine eye, then, upon Manasseh—a man of prodigious impiety and matchless villany. He 'shed innocent blood very much, till he had filled Jerusalem from one end to another.

He did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, like unto the abominations of the heathen, whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel. He caused his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the son of Hinnom. Also he observed times, and used enchantments, and used witchcraft, and dealt with a familiar spirit, and with wizards. He wrought much evil in the sight of the Lord, to provoke him to anger,' &c. (2 Kings xxi. 16; 2 Chron. xxiii. 2—6.) And yet this great sinner, 'humbling himself greatly before the God of his fathers,' was received to mercy (verses 12, 13).

"(2.) Suppose (which yet were a horrible thing) that after conversion, by extraordinary violence of temptation, strong ensnarement of some sensual offer and opportunity, treacherous insinuation of thy own false heart, and furious reassault of thy former bosom sin, thou shouldst be overtaken grossly with some sin and scandalous fall, and then upon illumination, remorse, and meditation of return, reason thus within thyself:—Alas! what shall I do now! I have undone all. I have wofully again defiled my soul, so fairly washed in my Saviour's blood, with that disavowed sin of my unregenerate time. I have shamed my profession, disgraced religion for ever; I have broke my vows, lost my peace, and my wonted blessed communion with God: and therefore what hope can I have of any acceptance again at the throne of grace?' I say in this case, to keep thee from sinking, cast thine eye upon Aaron, David, Peter, who, returning with sound and hearty repentance, were mercifully received into as great mercy as they were before. But God forbid that any professor of religion should ever fall so foully, especially in this glorious mid-day of evangelical light!"

"(3.) Art thou languishing under the heavy desolations of a spiritual desertion, and deprived of thy comfortable feelings of God's favourable countenance? Look upon David: 'I remembered God, and was troubled. I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed. I am so troubled that I cannot speak. My soul refused to be comforted' (Psalm lxxvii). Nay, upon Jesus Christ himself, crying, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' Matt. xxvii. 46.

"(4.) Art thou haunted with some of satan's most hateful and horrible injections, grisly to the eye even of corrupted nature; thoughts framed by himself immediately and put into thee, perhaps tending to atheism, or to the dishonour of God in the highest degree, or of his blessed word; to self-destruction, or the like!—thoughts which thou canst not remember without horror, and darest not reveal or name for their strange and prodigious monstrousness? If it be thus with thee, consider how this malicious fiend dealt with the Son of God himself. He offered to his most holy and unpotted imagination these propositions: First, murder and make away with thyself (Matt. iv. 6). Secondly, fall down and worship the devil (verse 9); than which, a fouler thought I think was never in-

jected ; that Jesus Christ, blessed for ever, in whom the Godhead dwelt bodily, should fall down and worship the devil, the vilest of creatures. And yet this was suggested to our blessed Saviour ; to which his purest heart, infinitely incapable of sin, was as a brass wall to an arrow, beating it back presently with infinite contempt, and himself did utterly conquer and confound the tempter, and that for thee and thy sake too. And therefore if thy humbled soul do abominate and abandon them from the heart-root to the pit of hell, they shall never be laid to thy charge, but set on satan's score. Extremely then do those wrong themselves, and gratify the devil to the height, who suffer such injections, which they heartily hate and stand against with all their strength, to hold their hearts still upon the rack of extraordinary astonishment and distraction, whereby they are unnecessarily discouraged and disabled for a cheerful discharge of both their callings, which is the thing satan especially aims at in vexing so many of God's dearest servants with this most fiery dart."

(To be continued.)

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

JAMES MONTGOMERY, THE CHRISTIAN POET.

THIS gifted and gracious man died at Sheffield, on Lord's-day afternoon, April 30, 1864, in the 83rd year of his age. In the **EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD** for June, we give an account of his life and death. We can only now give the following beautiful lines copied from the *Sheffield Times* :

Happy the Christian when he dies !

When all his cares and trials cease,

He finds his mansion in the skies ;

His end is peace !

Thy end was peace, immortal bard !

And now before the throne above

Thy harp sounds sweetly to the theme—

Eternal love !

Late when was heard the Bridegroom's voice ;

But thou, prepared for many a day,

Held up a lamp which cast around

A brilliant ray.

"Prayer" was indeed thy "vital breath ;"

"Prayer" was indeed thy native air ;

And thou wilt prove for aye, sweet bard,

The power of prayer.

Bath.

L. M. THORNTON.

Cheering Words for Seeking Souls.

Vol. IV.]

JULY, 1854.

[No. 40.]

THREE QUESTIONS

WITH REFERENCE TO THE CHURCH'S REMOVAL FROM CROSBY ROW,
TO UNICORN YARD; OR,

THE BRIGHT LIGHT IN THE CLOUD.

~~~~~  
"I will appear in the cloud upon the mercy-seat."—LEV. xvi. 3.

Yas : brother P., I am quite willing to answer your three questions. You ask me first "Is it true that many of your friends have left you because you are removing to Unicorn Yard? 2. Is it true that the whole responsibility lays upon *you*, for repairing Unicorn Yard? 3. Is it true that the Lord has mercifully supported and appeared for you in this renewed day of your affliction and trial?"

Yes : brother P., these things are so indeed : and I have thought that no minister was ever dealt with more cruelly, nor unjustly than I have been by some—yea, by many—who professed close and sincere attachment to me in the gospel of Christ. But you are a minister, brother P., and you know something of the sweets of the *voluntary system* ; and a further illustration of it I could give you, but I shall not do so in CHEERING WORDS. No, no ! I wish to give the readers something better ; beside, have not people a right to go where they please ? Is not the gospel a *public privilege* ? May not a man use it as long as he please ; and leave it when he choose ? I suppose he *may* : and therefore, the people leaving you or me, is no such great matter : still, in this case, there are some peculiarities which will serve to teach good lessons to others, if ever they should be fully written out. For the present, let all that pass : and let the responsibility pass, except in one point. You say I was wrong in becoming responsible. My brother, *I could not help it*—I vowed I would not ; but after all, I was literally obliged ; and I felt re-

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signed to be sacrificed in character, in circumstances, in earthly comforts, yea, in all but in a good conscience; which I do pray God ever to give unto me; and I have a hope that there will be help raised up yet, to bring me honourably through this work which I believe the Lord has laid upon my hands; for which work I desire to be thankful; and in the furtherance of the gospel therewith connected, I hope to give glory to God, and to be of some little use to the dying sons of men in this my day and generation.

But now for the "CHEERING WORDS." I was sitting one day very pensive indeed. In fact, the many heavy sorrows and dark changes which have, of late, passed over me, have made me many times next to melancholy. I have sunk into such fits of despondency—such feelings of self-pity, such inward emotions of anger and rebellion, and such anticipations of despair and destruction, such restless nights and fearful days, that I really thought I must fly away to some distant corner of the earth, or drop into the dust of helplessness and woe. And surely, if my shoes had not been iron and brass, I must have fallen. Instead of this—good words have come to my mind, good seasons have been enjoyed by my soul, and strength to struggle on in the conflict has been carefully dealt out unto me. So that I must the louder sing of God's amazing goodness when my captivity shall be fully turned. In the meantime, let me tell you, brother P——, I am still on my watch-tower, hoping more fully to see, not only the *promise* in the word—not only the *power* in the hand of God—but the full performance of those precious promises which I once told you were sealed home upon my heart, and still are written there, as well as in the ninety-first Psalm: "*Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him. I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.*" &c., &c.

Should it be my happy portion to realise to the full these gracious promises, I do hope to be able to leave behind me a brighter page than I have ever yet been permitted to write.

But, I said, I was sitting one day in a very pensive mood; I may say, I was very ill in body, dark in my mind, and very much cast down in my soul indeed; when I opened the book on these words, "I WILL APPEAR IN THE CLOUD UPON THE MERCY SEAT." With these words I went to the Lord's table, to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper; and I am certain a more solemn, a more blessed time I never had in my life. The good Lord has

appeared in measure; but of this, and of my hope of full deliverance, I will write you when the time is come, if the Lord permit. While the temptest still is nigh, my prayer is,

" Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past :  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last."

That you and I may meet in that haven of rest, is the prayer of  
your little brother,  
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

SPECIAL REASONS WHY THE LORD IS PLEASED,  
IN SEASONS OF AFFLICTION, TO VISIT HIS PEOPLE WITH THE LIGHT  
OF HIS COUNTENANCE.

*Being a continuation, from page 55, of*

## HEAVEN UPON EARTH. By BROOKS.

BROOKS's excellent work has been neglected these two months past; we have had rough winds, and heavy spring tides, driving us almost away from hope; but a *little* reviving has been given; so we turn to this dear old saint again. He says—

Now, there are these special reasons to be given, why the Lord is pleased, in suffering times, to visit his people with his loving-kindness, and to lift up the light of his countenance upon them.

First, that their patience and constancy under the cross may be invincible. God knows right well, that if his left hand in suffering times be not under his people, and his right hand over them; if he does not give them some sips of sweetness, some relishes of goodness, they would quickly grow impatient and inconstant. O, but now the smiles of God, the gracious discoveries of God, makes their patience and constancy invincible; as it did Vincentius, who by his patience and constancy maddened his tormentors; wherefore they stripped him stark naked, whipped his body all over to a gore blood, sprinkled salt and vinegar over all his wounds, set his feet on burning coals, then cast him naked into a loathesome dungeon, the pavement

whereof was sharp shells, and his bed to lie on a bundle of thorns. All which this blessed martyr received, without so much as a groan, breathing out his spirit in these words,—“Vincentius is my name; and by the grace of God I will still be Vincentius, in spite of all your torments.” Persecution brings death in one hand, and life in the other; for while it kills the body, it crowns the soul. The most cruel martyrdom is but a crafty trick to escape death, to pass from life to life, from the prison to paradise, from the cross to the crown. Justin Martyr says that when the Romans did immortalize their emperors, (as they called it) they brought one to swear that they see him go to heaven out of the fire. But we may see (by an eye of faith) the blessed souls of suffering saints fly to heaven, like Elias in his fiery chariot, like the angel that appeared to Manoah in the flames. John Huss, martyr, had such choice discoveries of God, and such sweet in-comes of the Spirit, as made his patience and constancy invincible. When he was brought forth to be burned, they put on his head a triple crown of paper painted over with ugly devils; but when he saw it, he said, “My Lord Jesus Christ, for my sake, did wear a crown of thorns; why should not I, then, for his sake, wear this light crown, be it never so ignominious? Truly, I will do it, and that willingly.” And as they tied his neck with a chain to the stake, smiling, he said, that he would willingly receive the same chain, for Jesus Christ’s sake, who he knew was bound with a far worse chain for his sake. Well, remember this—their names, that by a patient suffering are written in red letters of blood in the church’s calendar, are written in golden letters in Christ’s register, in the book of life.

A second reason why the Lord lifts up the light of his countenance upon his people in suffering times, and that is, for the confirmation of some, for the conversion of others, and for the greater conviction and confusion of their adversaries, who wonder and are like men amazed when they see the comfort and the courage of the saints in suffering times. Paul’s choice carriage in his bonds, was the confirmation of

many. "And many of the brethren in the Lord, waxing confident by my bonds, are much more bold to speak the word without fear." And as the sufferings of the saints do contribute to the confirmation of some, so by the blessing of God, they contribute to the conversion of others. "I beseech thee (says Paul) for my son Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds." It was a notable saying of Luther, "The church converteth the whole world by blood and prayer." Basil affirms, that the primitive saints shewed so much comfort and courage, so much heroic zeal and constancy, that many of the heathens turned Christians; so that choice spirit that the saints have shewed in their sufferings, (when Christ hath overshadowed them with his love, and "stayed them with flagons," and "comforted them with apples,") hath maddened, grieved, vexed, and extremely tormented their tormentors. Lactantius boasts of the braveness of the martyrs in his time; our children and women, not to speak of men, do in silence overcome their tormentors, and the fire cannot so much as fetch a sigh from them. Hegesippus reports an observation of Antoninus the emperor, viz., that the Christians were most courageous and confident always in earthquakes, whilst his own heathen soldiers were at such accidents most fearful and dispirited. Certainly no earthquakes can make any earthquakes among the suffering saints, so long as the countenance of God shines upon their face, and his love lies warm upon their hearts. The suffering saint may be assaulted, but not vanquished; he may be troubled, but can never be conquered; he may lose his head, but he cannot lose his crown, which the righteous Lord hath prepared and laid up for him. The suffering saint shall still be master of the day; though they kill him, they cannot hurt him; he may suffer death, but never conquest. And they overcame him "by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." They love not their lives, that love Christ and his truth more than their lives; they that alight, contemn, and despise their lives, when they stand in competition with Christ,

may be truly said not to love their lives. In these words you see that the saints by dying, do overcome. "They may kill me, (said Socrates of his enemies), but they cannot hurt me." A saint may say this, and more. The herb heliotropium doth turn about and open itself, according to the internal motions of the Sun of righteousness upon them.

A third reason why the Lord causes his goodness to pass before his people, and his face to shine upon his people in suffering times, is, for the praise of his own grace, and for the glory of his own name, God would lose much of his own glory, if he should not stand by his people, and comfort them and strengthen them in the day of their sorrows. Ah, the dirt, the scorn, the contempt, that vain men would cast upon God! Look—as our greatest good comes through the sufferings of Christ, so God's greatest glory (that he hath from his saints) comes through their sufferings. "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the Spirit of glory, and of God, resteth upon you. On their part, he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified." It makes much for the people of God, that his people are cleared and comforted, quickened and raised, spiritualised and elevated in the day of their sufferings. O, the sight of so noble a spirit in the saints, causes others to admire God, to lift up God, to fall in love with God, and to glorify God, for owning his people, and for being a light to them in darkness, a joy to them in sorrow, and a palace to them in a prison. God is very sensible of the many praises and prayers that he should lose, did he not cause his love and his glory to rest upon his people in suffering times. There is nothing God is so tender of, as he is of his glory, and that his heart is so much set upon as his glory; and therefore he will visit them in a prison, and feast them in a dungeon, and walk with them in a fiery furnace, and shew kindness to them in a lion's den, that every one may shout and cry, Grace! grace! God loves to act in such ways of grace towards his suffering ones, as may stop the mouths of their enemies, and cause the hearts of his friends to rejoice.

*(To be continued).*

## Bible Names and Bible Places. No. 4.

JEBERECIAH.—Isaiah viii. 2.

*Speaking well of the Lord ; or, bowing the knee to the Lord.*

SUCH are the sweet significations of this name of JEBERECIAH ; and methinks the heart of every child of God must say, "Oh, that I may be the personification of this name, both in word and action, as long as I live on earth, and then halt but a moment at the Jordan's verge, to recommence the delightful employ in higher, holier perfection in the immediate presence of Him who is alone worthy of my praise !"

*Speaking well of the Lord, and also bowing the knee to the Lord.* And is it not thy duty, dear reader, as well as thy privilege, to be engaged in this every day ? Is not God thy kind and gracious Benefactor—the one whose Fatherly care doth every day provide for thee ? Doth not thy reason hold its empire by his Almighty power ? Are not thy health, and strength, with every other blessing, the gifts of his bounty ? and are not these things sufficient to call forth an every-day song of gratitude and praise ? The Psalmist, in speaking of the mercies of God, saith, "Thy mercies are new every morning." And surely every-day mercies call for an every-day song of praise and thanksgiving ; and hence it is that he saith in another Psalm, "Every day will I bless thee, and I will praise thy name for ever and ever." And not content with thus honouring the Lord himself, he calls upon the church to help him ; for he saith— "Give unto the Lord, oh ye mighty ! give unto the Lord glory and strength ; give unto the Lord the honour due unto his name : worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." And again he saith, "Let all the earth fear the Lord : let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him." But returning to himself he exultingly exclaims, "Bless the Lord, O my soul ! and all that is within me, bless his holy name !" As though he would say, It is not enough for me that all the earth bless and praise the Lord, that all the earth speak well of him, and bow the knee before him ; for I for myself will bless him and praise him, speak well of him, and bow the knee before him, as long as I have any being. But what for ? Because I have been upheld by him ever since I was born ; because he hath been the Guide of my youth ; and when my father and my mother forsaketh me, then the Lord taketh me up. He also hath delivered me from the hand of Saul ; hath subdued the people under me ; established the kingdom in mine hand, and hath given me the victory over mine enemies. Never, I think, did prophet, priest, or king, bless and praise the Lord so much as the sweet harper of Israel. We need but read his Psalms to be con-



vinced that it was the chief delight of his soul. And shall we, dear reader, lag behind in this sweet employ? have we no return to make "For mercies countless as the sands, which daily we receive?" Oh! stir up thine heart, reader; stir up thine heart to bless the Author of thy birth, to speak well of the Upholder of thy life, the Bestower of thy every comfort. Base must be the heart that has no good word for that God who hath done so much for it, even in the things of this life, the smallest mercy of which he is not worthy to receive! nor has he any claim upon God for so much as one.

But great as our temporal mercies are—and loud as they call for perpetual songs of praise and thanksgiving—yet there is one blessing, one mercy, which God hath bestowed upon man, and which infinitely outweighs all other things put together. Oh yes, thou child of heaven! Oh yes, thou favourite of Jehovah! Oh yes, thou little one—thou timid one in Zion! thou who art but just looking out of obscurity—who hast but just light enough to see thyself a sinner, and that Christ is a Saviour—just such a Saviour as thou needest, and in whose heart this one desire swallows up every other—Oh! that he would vouchsafe to be my Saviour—that he would wash me in his blood, sanctify me by his Spirit, clothe me in his righteousness, teach me his fear, guide me by his counsel, and bring me to behold his face, that I might dwell for ever with him. Yes, poor child, this which thou art longing for is the blessing of all blessings; this blessing embraces every other, and calls unto thee in a voice louder than the trump of the archangel, for thy highest ascription of adoration and praise. It was this great and incalculable blessing which the eye of the Psalmist rested upon when he said, "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." And thou, poor babe in grace, hast as much reason, and art as much called upon to bless the Lord for this unspeakable gift, as the *Father in Israel*, who can lift up the head with holy confidence and say, "The Lord Jehovah is my Strength and my Song; he also is become my salvation." O fear not, poor child! for thou art equally interested in all the riches of his glorious kingdom; and though the graces of the Spirit may not yet have ripened into perfection within thee, yet "He who hath begun the good work, will carry it on and perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ." The weak germ of desire shall put forth the tender bud of hope, expand into the fair blossom of a divine and wrestling faith, and ultimately bring forth the ripe fruit of holy confidence towards God; and thou shalt be enabled in the face of all opposing powers, to shout forth, "But thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

H. M. ALLINGHAM.

## Cherishing Words on Dying Beds.

**GOOD OLD SAMUEL TURNER, OF SUNDERLAND,  
IS GONE HOME.**

We are indebted to the covers of the *Gospel Standard* for the following interesting account of the departure of the above venerable servant of Jesus Christ. Died,

"On May 10th, 1854, at Sunderland, aged 76, Samuel Turner, minister of the gospel. Mr. Turner was born in London, and was called to a knowledge of himself as a sinner, and the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour, under that unequalled minister of Christ in modern times, the late William Huntington, whom he dearly loved. It appears from Mr. T.'s statements to many of his friends, that he was brought to know the Lord in his youth, and by the Holy Spirit was separated to the work of the ministry about fifty years ago. He was made instrumental to the deliverance of many poor, sin-burdened, law-condemned souls; and as an experimental minister in the sweetness of the love of Christ, the condemnation of the law, the temptations of satan, the deceitfulness of the heart, and the quickening, convincing, enlightening, pardoning, justifying, sanctifying, comforting, and remembrancing operations of the Holy Ghost, he had few equals. He was a diligent student of God's most holy word; and his memory in the precious word failed him very little up to his death, although he lived to the advanced age of 76 years. He was a very temperate person, and a lover of hospitality, and a devout, affectionate, and steadfast friend of the doctrines of the everlasting gospel, the nation of which he often experienced, and others through him as the instrument. He was no man-pleaser, nor perverter of the word of God; no grace and works mixer, nor creature-exalter at the expense of truth. Salvation by grace alone, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by the ministration of the Holy Ghost, was his constant topic, in the pulpit, and out of it; for he knew what an extensive debtor he was to rich, free, and sovereign grace. He has left many writings behind him which prove his diligence in, and love of, the covenant of grace. In the beginning of his last affliction he was quite in the dark as to its termination; but, as it advanced, he inclined to think that it would terminate in his death. Nevertheless, he expressed a willingness to acquiesce in his dear Lord's way, whether to die or to live longer. In a conversation which he lately had with one of his deacons, he said, 'I feel my bodily strength gradually failing; and for some time death and I have been walking arm in arm. Sometimes we are very agreeable, and sometimes we quarrel; but yet I do hope the Lord will support me to the end, and that I shall, like Samson, slay more at my death than I have done all my lifetime; and

many I shall never know of until I meet them in glory.' The last text which he preached from was Psa. xxv. 13, 'His soul shall dwell at ease, and his seed shall inherit the earth.' He was kept very comfortable in his soul during his affliction, and had not, up to the day previous to his death, suffered very severely in his body. But he was very ill the day before he died, yet at night he seemed to rest tolerably well. On the morning of Wednesday, the day on which he died, he evinced great weakness, when his daughter, who was waiting upon him, gave him some beef tea. But as soon as he got it, he felt something rise in his chest, which nearly suffocated him. After struggling for breath for some time, he at length was enabled to ask for the hymn-book, and quoted the first line of one of Hart's:

" Bless the Lord, my soul, and raise  
A glad and grateful song  
To my dear Redeemer's praise,  
For I to him belong."

" His daughter read the whole of the hymn to him, and asked him if he felt it comfortable. 'O yes, (he replied) I have been a highly-favored creature all my life, surrounded with loving-kindnesses and tender mercies. I have had sweet meditation on the covenant characters of my precious Christ, and of the Lord's gracious leadings of me in the wilderness; but O the ingratitude and want of love for such goodness and mercy manifested to me!' A few hours before he died, he asked the doctor if he did not think his end was near. The doctor said it was. 'Then, (he replied), I may just say now, what I wrote to a friend nearly sixty years ago, in 'The First Mite to the Treasury,' (referring to a valuable work he has written), that my first prayer was, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and now it is about to be fulfilled.' He then quoted 1 Cor. ii. 9, and shortly afterwards said, 'But I may say with the poet,'

" Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee and adore;  
O for grace to love thee more!"

" Then, again, he commented on the Lord's goodness and kindness to him, and deplored his backslidings from him and ingratitude too, and added, 'Yet heaven and earth are not firmer than God's plan of salvation by Jesus Christ.' After slumbering a little, one of the deacons of the church came in and enquired if he was comfortable in his mind. He replied, 'O yes, I have solid peace and comfort, and have been highly favored during my affliction, in four things: 1st, My head has been kept quite clear and free from pain; 2ndly, I have suffered comparatively little pain; 3rdly, The Lord has favoured me with sweet meditations on the covenant of grace; 4thly, If possible, I am more confirmed in the

truth of the precious doctrines of the everlasting gospel.' After slumbering a little, he was aroused by excruciating pain; and, putting his hands together, he said, with great earnestness and much fervor, "Lord, have mercy upon me!—O Lord, relieve me!" After a short time, he attempted to quote a hymn, 404th of his own Selection; but could only articulate,

"And when our life's last hour is come;"

the following lines of which read,

"Let us but die as in thy sight,  
And death shall banish with delight,"

which were kindly read to him; and shortly after he fell asleep in Jesus, on the 10th of May, 1854, in his own house, in Nile Street, Sunderland, in the county of Durham. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!'

### A WORD OF COMFORT

FOR THE TRUE CHRISTIAN TO STRENGTHEN FAITH AND ENCOURAGE  
HOPE IN GOD.

SOME doubts about future events will often arise in our minds, and tormenting fears sometimes prevail: but they should be resolutely checked with this thought, "My times are in God's hands, and he careth for me." Do you fear any painful event? Think with yourselves, Is *this* an affair in which God will not choose for me? or is it an affair in which he will choose otherwise than *well*? Can infinite wisdom be mistaken? Can perfect goodness intend me evil? Have I left my *eternal* interests with God, and can I not trust him with those of time? Blush, O my soul, at such a shameful inconsistency. Remember that anxiety is vain and fruitless; that there cannot be greater folly than to anticipate afflictions, and bring the evil of the morrow upon the day, when that of the day is *sufficient* for all the strength and patience bestowed upon us by the Holy Spirit. Remember likewise, that it is impossible for us, in many cases, to pronounce whether any event or circumstance will be good or bad in its ultimate tendency. If it be of God's choosing, we may be sure it will be good. Let us not then admit a thought of anxiety; but "wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he will strengthen our hearts." In order to support a patient, composed, cheerful spirit, let us live near to God, by the daily exercise of fervent prayer; and especially pray that he would "fulfil in us all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power,"

"and help and cure the remainder of *unbelief*, which is the foundation of all our sorrows, fears, and anxiety."

I have seemed to see a need of every thing God gives me, and want nothing that he denies me. There is no dispensation, though afflictive, but either in it, or after it, the Comforter teaches me I could not have done without it. Whether it be taken from me, or not given to me, sooner or later God quiets me in himself without it. I cast all my concerns on the Lord, and live securely on the care and wisdom of my heavenly Father. My ways are in a sense hedged up with thorns, and grow darker and darker daily; but yet I distrust not my good God in the least, and live more quietly in the absence of all *by faith*, than I should do, I am persuaded, if I possessed them all. I think the Lord deals kindly with me to make me believe *for* my mercies before I have them. The less *reason* hath to work on, the more freely *faith* casts itself on the faithfulness of God. I find that while faith is steady, nothing can disquiet me; and when faith totters, nothing can establish me. If I tumble out amongst *means* and *creature's*, I am presently lost, and can come to no end; but if I receive help from above, to stay myself on God, and *leave him to work in his own way and time*, I am at rest, and can sit down and sleep in a promise, when a thousand rise up against me: therefore my way is not to cast beforehand, but to work with God by the day, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I find so much to do continually with my calling and my heart, that I have no time to puzzle myself with peradventures and futurities. Faith lies at anchor in the midst of the waves, and believes the accomplishment of the *promises* through all these overturning confusions, and seeming impossibilities. Upon this God do I live, who is our God for ever, and will be our Guide unto death. Methinks I lie becalmed in his bosom; as Luther, in such a case, "*I am not much concerned, let Christ see to it*"; faithful is He that hath promised, who also will do it." Many things more I might say; but enough, oh brother! may the Lord draw thee close to himself; and then a little of the creature will go a great away. Maintain a secret communion with God, and you need fear nothing. Lay up all your good in God, so as to be able to overbalance the *sweetness* and *bitterness* of all creatures. Spend no time anxiously in forehand contrivances for *this* world; they will never succeed; God will turn his dispensations another way. Self-contrivances are the effects of unbelief. I can speak by experience; would men spend those hours they run out in plots and contrivances, in communion with God, and leave all to Him by

believing, they would have more peace and comfort. All our fresh springs are in Him.

“Comfort take, then, child of sorrow,  
All is ordered well for thee;  
Look not to the anxious morrow—  
‘As thy days thy strength shall be.’”

## JOHN BUNYAN'S ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT FOR PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF:

*The Relation of my Imprisonment, in the month of November, 1660, when, by the good hand of my God, I had for five or six years together, without any great interruption, freely preached the blessed Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: and had also, through his blessed grace, some encouragement by his blessing thereupon. The devil, that old enemy of man's salvation, took the opportunity to inflame the hearts of his vassals against me, insomuch that the last I was laid out for by warrant of a Justice, and was taken and committed to prison. The relation thereof is as follows:*

UPON the 12th of this instant November, 1660, I was desired by some of the friends in the country to come to preach at Samsell, by Harlington, in Bedfordshire. To whom I made a promise, if the Lord permitted, to be with them on the time aforesaid. The justice hearing thereof, (whose name is Mr. Francis Wingate,) forthwith issued out his warrant to take me, and bring me before him, and in the mean time to keep a very strong watch about the house where the meeting should be kept, as if we that were to meet together in that place did intend to do some fearful business, to the destruction of the country; when, alas! the constable, when he came in, found us only with our Bibles in our hands, ready to speak and hear the word of God; for we were just about to begin our exercise. Nay, we had begun in prayer for the blessing of God upon our opportunity, intending to have preached the word of the Lord unto them there present. But the constable coming in prevented us; so that I was taken and forced to depart the room. But had I been minded to have played the coward, I could have escaped, and kept out of his hands: for when I was come to my friend's house, there was a whispering that that day I should be taken, for there was a warrant out to take me; which, when my friend heard, he being somewhat timorous, questioned whether we had best have our meeting or not, and whether it might

not be better for me to depart, lest they should take me and have me before the justice, and after that send me to prison, (for he knew better than I what spirit they were of, living by them); to whom I said, "No, by no means. I will not stir, neither will I have the meeting dismissed for this. Come, be of good cheer, let us not be daunted; our cause is good; we need not be ashamed of it. To preach God's word it is so good a work that we shall be well rewarded if we suffer for that." But as for my friend, I think he was more afraid for me than himself.

After this I walked into the Close, where I somewhat seriously considering the matter this came into my mind—"That I had shown myself hearty and courageous in my preaching, and had, blessed be grace, made it my business to encourage others; therefore, thought I, if I should now run and make an escape, it will be of a very ill savour in the country. For what will my weak and newly converted brethren think of it, but that I was not so strong in deed as I was in word? Also I feared that if I should run now there was a warrant out for me, I might by so doing make them afraid to stand when great words only should be spoken to them. Besides, I thought, that seeing God of his mercy should choose me to go upon the forlorn hope in this country, that is, to be the first that should be opposed for the gospel, if I should fly, it might be a discouragement to the whole body that might follow after. And further, I thought, the world thereby would take occasion at my cowardliness to blaspheme the gospel, and have some ground to suspect worse of me and my profession than I deserved." These things, with others considered by me, I came in again to the house, with a full resolution to keep the meeting, and not to go away, though I could have been gone about an hour before the officer apprehended me. But I would not, for I was resolved to see the utmost of what they could say or do unto me; for, blessed be the Lord, I knew of no evil that I had said or done. And so, as aforesaid, I began the meeting; but being prevented by the constable coming in with his warrant to take me, I could not proceed. But before I went away, I spake some few words of counsel and encouragement to the people, declaring to them that they saw we were prevented of our opportunity to speak and hear the word of God, and were likely to suffer for the same; desiring that they should not be discouraged, for it was a mercy to suffer on so good an account. For we might have been apprehended as thieves or murderers, or for other wickedness; but, blessed be God, it was not so, but we suffered as christians for well doing; and we had better be the persecuted than the persecutors, &c. But the constable and the justice's man waiting on us would not be quiet till they had me away, and that we departed the house; but because the justice was not at home that day, there was a friend of mine engaged for me to bring me to the constable on the morrow morning;

otherwise, the constable must have charged a watch with me, or have secured me in some way, my crime was so great.

On the next morning we went to the constable, and thence to the justice. He asked the constable what we did; where we were met together; and what we had with us. I trow he meant whether we had armour or not; but when the constable told him that there were only a few of us met together to preach and hear the word, and no sign of any thing else, he could not tell what to say. Yet because he had sent for me, he did adventure to put out a few proposals to me, which were to this effect: "What I did there? and why I did not content myself with following my calling? for it was against the law that such as I should be permitted to do as I did." To which I answered, that the intent of my coming thither, and to other places, was to instruct and counsel people to forsake their sins, and close in with Christ, lest they should miserably perish; and that I could do both these without confusion—to wit, follow my calling and preach the word also. At which words he (the justice) was in a chafe, as it appeared; for he said he would break the neck of our meeting.

I said, "It may be so."

Then he wished me to get sureties to be bound for me, or else he would send me to the jail. My sureties being ready, I called them in; and when the bond for my appearance was made, he told them that they were bound to keep me from preaching; and that if I did preach, their bonds would be forfeited. To which I answered that then I should break them; for I should not leave speaking the word of God, even to counsel, comfort, exhort, and teach the people among whom I came; and I thought this to be a work that had no hurt in it, but was rather worthy of commendation than blame. Whereat he told me, that if they would not be so bound, my mittimus must be made, and I sent to the jail, there to lie to the quarter sessions.

Now while my mittimus was a making, the justice was withdrawn; and in comes an old enemy to the truths, Dr. Lindale, who, when he was come in, fell to taunting me with many reviling terms. To whom I answered, that I did not come hither to talk with him, but with the justice. Whereat he, supposing that I had nothing to say for myself, triumphed as if he had got the victory, charging and condemning me for meddling with that for which I could show no warrant, and asked me if I had taken the oaths? And if I had not, 'twas pity but that I should be sent to prison, &c.

I told him that if I was minded, I could answer to any sober question that he should put to me. He then urged me again, how could prove it lawful for me to preach, with a great deal of confidence of the victory. But at last, because he should see that I could answer him if I listed, I cited to him that in Peter which saith, "As every man hath received the gift, even so let him minister the same."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*



# **SOME FAITHFUL WORDS FOR FRUITLESS PROFESSORS.**

|                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| I know there's harmony below,<br>Where saints together meet;<br>I know that pride will ne'er ensue,<br>Where Jesus takes his seat.         | With those that talk of Jesus, oh,<br>With hearts as hard as steel.                                                                                   |
| I know tribulation here must be;<br>For He hath said it must:<br>Therein his glory we shall see,<br>And of his wisdom boast.               | I know the boldness they assume;<br>The knowledge they expand;<br>But where's the richness of perfume?<br>Unknown WITHIN THEIR land.                  |
| I know that every bitter's sweet;<br>Since seasoned in his blood;<br>Which makes us bow beneath his<br>feet,<br>And love to kiss the rod.  | I know they'll stand you out, and sa<br>They know this, and the other;<br>But which will to themselves sa<br>nay,<br>To befriend a Christian brother. |
| I know he'll ne'er forsake his own,<br>But in them live and reign;<br>I know that he their victory won,<br>And he'll their cause maintain. | Ah, what is all their talk to me!<br>A vain and empty bubble.<br>'Cept I the King of glory see,<br>'Tis wind, and hay, and stubble.                   |
| I know that nature is not grace,<br>Though fair the garb she wears;<br>I know that pride must be abased<br>When Jesus makes men heirs.     | Stubble, alas! ah, sure it is;<br>Though they may talk and prate;<br>They know not what the furnace is,<br>Though wish to gain th' estate.            |
| I know, when Jesus lives and reigns<br>Within his people's heart,<br>They can endure th' acutest pains,<br>While they behold his smart.    | On earth to me they are the pest;<br>More hopes of a fool by far, (left,<br>That scarce can tell the right from<br>But owns his character.            |
| I know that some can talk aloud<br>Of Jesus' wealth and fame,<br>Who never, never knew their NEEED<br>OF THAT MOST PRECIOUS NAME.          | I know, and blessed be my God!<br>His own dear chosen ones;<br>The union that doth e'er accord,<br>By symptoms of their tones.                        |
| I know they affect to bear a part<br>In the Redeemer's cause:<br>But where's their brokenness of<br>heart,<br>In all their self-applause?  | I know that their Redeemer lives;<br>And in that blessed day<br>They shall behold him as he is,<br>Though nature shall decay.                         |
| No brokenness of heart I see;<br>No union can I feel                                                                                       | I know—oh, one thing more I<br>know—<br>MOST TRULY, DEAREST LORD,<br>That there is nothing here below,<br>There's nothing like my God.                |

KITTY CLAPHAM.

CARYL ON THE JUDGMENTS OF WAR!—Houlston and Stoneman have just issued a stirring pamphlet, which it will be well for all godly (and even graceless) men to read. It is entitled, "THE CHURCH'S DUTY, AND THE NATION'S DANGER; or, THE PUNISHMENT OF THE SWORD A JUDGMENT FROM HEAVEN;" a large, powerful, and prophetic discourse, by the late JOSEPH CARYL, Author of Exposition on the Book of Job.

# Cheering Words for Seeking Souls.

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## PREACHING JESUS CHRIST AT AN AFRICAN WEDDING.

THERE is something cheerful in beholding a pure zeal in any sincere effort to extol the Saviour, and to benefit the fallen sons of Adam! There may be, there is, much darkness—yea, and some heavy prejudices too, in the case of many who are zealous in the good cause, respecting some distinguishing points in the clear and conclusive Gospel of Christ: but, if only one ray of divine light has really broke in upon a man's regenerated mind: and if *that light and life within* prompt him to disseminate the same, we know good will result therefrom: we know God will be glorified, and other benighted minds will be lighted up.

The *Oriental Baptist* tells a pleasing tale of one Smith, a village schoolmaster, in Western Africa. Rather abruptly we introduce a paragraph touching this Hindu schoolmaster. A party of missionaries went to pay him a visit. This is what they say:—

“After breakfast we met, in brother Smith's study, a pandit, or village school-master. His personal appearance is very prepossessing, and his manner easy, graceful, and pleasing. His conversation is characterised by frankness, and a tone of sincerity and earnestness, that at once secure to him the attention and respect of those to whom he addresses himself. This man's position demands that he should be a teacher of the Hindu system in all its branches: but instead of propagating the terribly pernicious religious doctrines of his forefathers, it would appear that our Sovereign Lord has condescended to use him as an instrument for the spread of the

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truth as it is in Jesus. Though professedly a Hindu, and occupying the position of a teacher of lies, he makes it his chief business to impart to the people of the villages of that neighbourhood the knowledge of Him, whom to know is life eternal. Every night, till the hour of midnight, does he read the word of God systematically to an assemblage of hearers in his own dwelling. Daily does he declare to the people the glad tidings of the gospel. Oh, that the Spirit of truth may lead him and his hearers into *all* truth! To all appearance the truth of Christ has indeed dawned upon his spirit. On being asked why he did not exhibit a more decided abhorrence and abandonment of a system which his present efforts must, if the Lord bless them, inevitably undermine and destroy, he stated that his apparent adherence to error was owing to a peculiar domestic relation: he had a blind wife,—blind physically as well as morally,—and that to make any more decided manifestation than he had made, would be to consign her to destitution; for she would never suffer him, as a Christian, to approach her or to minister to her necessities. This is a peculiar case, and well calculated to excite the sympathy of those whom a sovereign Providence has exempted from a trial of faith so severe. In contemplating such a case, we are forcibly reminded of the toleration of the gospel in the words of our Lord, ‘Forbid him not: for he that is not against us is for us.’ Luke ix. 50.

“Numbered with the events of this day, were two weddings amongst brother Smith’s people. Busy preparations were on foot everywhere. The young ladies of our party from Agra set themselves to gather fresh flowers and make wreaths to adorn the heads of the brides; while the natives of the Christian village, under the superintendence of Mr. Wiggins, the overseer of the weaving shop, decorated a portion of that spacious building with a profusion of leaves, flowers, and fruit, tastefully formed into arches, chandeliers, and festoons. The hour fixed for the ceremony at length arrived, and the party that assembled within the walls of the building included between three and four hundred visitors from the neighbouring heathen villages, drawn there by curiosity. Brother Smith, who was present in the two-fold capacity of minister and registrar of marriages, united the two couples and filled up the necessary papers. We observed both brides go through the orthodox performance of dropping a tear or two during the ceremony, and

presenting a picture of perfect resignation after it! It was really amusing to witness in these poor native rustics the exhibition of characteristics which one is accustomed to consider as belonging only to a far more advanced state of society. Altogether the ceremony was interesting in itself, and also in connection with the circumstances attending it. The persons married belonged to a party in the village who have abandoned their caste and creed, have professed Christianity, but have not yet put on the Lord Jesus in the ordinance of baptism. They are under Christian instruction, and, it is hoped, a love of the truth, and of that dear Saviour by whom the truth has been made known, will lead them to a conscientious discharge of every obligation.

"After the marriage ceremony was concluded, brother Smith mounted a chair, and preached Christ to a congregation of about four or five hundred attentive listeners. It was one of the most impressive scenes we ever remember to have witnessed. Occupying, as we did, a position at the back of the preacher, we had a full view of his audience. In front were the young brides with their partners, and behind them their Christian friends, occupying the middle ground; beyond which, filling up the remaining room, stood, on benches and other temporary elevations, a great crowd of such as know not God, and are living without hope in the world. Our beloved brother proclaimed the gospel of Jesus Christ faithfully and suavely, and the Lord enabled us to lift up our hearts to Him for the presence and power of his Holy Spirit. It was, indeed, affecting to see the expression of earnest attention in the faces of the hearers, all of whom seemed to hang on the preacher's lips, and not a few of whom, involuntarily perhaps, nodded assent to enunciations of truth, to which their consciences apparently secretly testified. When brother Smith ceased, brother Harris preached for a few minutes, and then the great assembly broke up."

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### Bible Names and Bible Places. No. 5.

*The place which is called Calvary.*

CALVARY! O solemn! O dreadful! and yet blessed, thrice blessed place! Sinner,—hast thou ever visited the place of execution of thy fellow-mortals? art thou one of those who have risen early, and

hurried from thine home to gaze amidst the heartless crowd, upon the gibbet which is to launch the unhappy victim of his crimes into eternity? Hast thou witnessed his last faint struggle, and has not thine heart sickened at the awful sight, as the dreadful transition hath been made—(and O, too often unpreparedly made)—out of time into eternity? Fearful thought! in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye—from the gallows platform, to the dread tribunal of that God whose word declares that every man shall be judged according to, and receive the reward of the things done in the body, whether they be good or bad. But hast thou visited places of execution? I again ask thee—and hast thou not visited Calvary? Calvary!—sayest thou—no; where is Calvary—and who was the Malefactor that paid the penalty of his atrocious crimes there? Hush! sinner; be not too hasty in thy conclusions of Him who there “did atone for crimes not his own;” let not thy tongue call by a name so shameful that Prince of princes, who was indeed “numbered with the transgressors,” but who himself was “holy, harmless, separate from sinners,” and who, though he atoned for crimes without number, yet he knew no sin, did no violence, neither was guile found in his mouth. But Calvary! O, solemn place! Brother, sister in Adam, come with me, and may God the eternal Spirit bless our ascent, and contemplation upon its awful summit. Hither, poor sinner, thou that art daily crying out, *Who will show me any good?* thou that hast sought in vain for some pleasure to satisfy thy restless mind; thou that hast wasted thy strength, and it may be thy worldly wealth, in the toilsome, but vain pursuit of peace on earth, and who hast found disappointment, vexation, and sorrow mixed with all, and art ready now to cry out, Alas! for there is no peace, no pleasure, no happiness beneath the sun. And is this thy condition, thine opinion, reader? Then I will venture to suppose thou hast never been to Calvary; never beheld the Prince of Peace suffer, the just for the unjust! that there, by the shedding of his precious blood, he might bring every poor seeking soul near to the One true Source of peace, pleasure, happiness and joy—namely, to God; for none have, in sincerity and truth, sought him in vain. The most unworthy, that have fled to this mountain, have not only found peace, but joy and consolation too. O sinner, let one who have found peace in the midst of trouble, joy in the midst of tribulation, by fleeing to the place of execution—to Calvary—beseech of thee to delay no longer going to that place, where transgression was finished, where sin with its diabolical dominion and damning curse was made an end of, and where an everlasting righteousness for every sincere rest-seeker, at the foot of the cross of Calvary, was brought in.

But how are these blessings to be obtained—dost thou ask, poor

soul? Simply by believing on Him who died to atone for sin there: by believing on him—I say—with the heart unto righteousness; that is, with that holy and divine faith which purges the conscience, purifies the heart, sanctifies the soul, and which has an influence over the outward walk as well as the inward desires; which does, as it were, alter into another creature the whole man. O, blessed faith! it directs the attention of the soul to things divine, until it cries out, enraptured, These are the realities I want! These are the undying riches my heart most ardently desires. It looks, too, at the suffering Victim of wrath divine, and, believing him to be the great Incarnate Jehovah, it causes the soul to mourn out, while smiting upon its breast, “*God be merciful to me a sinner!*” And with shame, repentance, and godly sorrow, to gaze upon his gaping wounds and say, O that thou wouldest tell me they were made for me, and give me faith to creep into them, and to find health and salvation there. Ah, sinner, if thou hast ever felt as I have the sentence of a righteous law condemning thee, if thou hast been startled at the loud thunders of Sinai, as they peal forth, “*Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law, to do them,*” if its flashing lightnings have burned up thy filthy rags, and left thee naked and bare before that law which was issued by Him who changeth not, Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and who, though he be the God of mercy, love, and soft compassion, yet cannot, at the expense of his justice, have mercy upon any, then wouldest thou gladly forego all other sights for a sight of Calvary, that thou mightest gaze upon that sight of sights, *the suffering Lamb of God*, and learn from him that when the righteous law of God met him with sin upon him, and so slew him, it was instead of thee, and that too because he had on him thy sin; and that when the sword of divine justice awoke from its long slumber, and thirsted for satisfaction, he gave it with his own heart’s blood, instead of thine, and that thou mightest find a shelter from the storm in that opening heart’s core, which is the ancient seat of unparalleled love to poor perishing sinners; of love which knows no measure, no bound, no ebb, no end, but which is one glorious perfection, one vehement and everlasting flame. But it may be thou art fearful he will not receive thee, nor save thee, shouldst thou come unto him; are these thy fears and misgivings? Then listen, poor trembling soul, while I repeat but one out of the many precious invitations which Him who expired on Calvary gave to poor perishing sinners; and O, sinner, it hath been found by many to be sweeter than honey and the honey comb. The invitation, then—what is it? “Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,” &c.

H. M. ALLINGHAM.

## THE NOBLE AND GLORIOUS ACTS OF FAITH.

*(Continued from page 104).*

[Here comes another portion, dear reader, from that deep flowing stream, called

### BROOKS'S HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

I found this precious old book in the hands of a man who had been an open servant of satan; but was now turned, for a time, to the Wesleyan profession. He seemed not to know the value of this volume. I purchased it of him; and, finding it to be a rare work, of most excellent matter, and likely to be of much benefit to sinners and to saints, I have dealt it out in monthly morsels; in these little half-penny periodicals. I am grieved to find that but little use is made of these "CHEERING WORDS." If each reader who profits by them would help to spread them, their circulation might be increased. Reader, think of this; but, more than all, think of what old Brooks does say; for in carrying on his holy argument, he thus defines the point in hand.]

Fourthly, Believing times are times wherein the Lord is graciously pleased to lift up the light of his countenance upon his people; when his children are in the exercise of faith, then the Lord is pleased to make known his goodness, and to seal up to them everlasting happiness and blessedness. Ephesians i. 13, "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation. In whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise;" or, "In whom believing, ye were sealed:" that is, as you were in the very exercise and actings of faith upon the Lord Jesus Christ, the Spirit of the Lord made sure, and sealed up to you, your Adoption, your Reconciliation, your Pardon, and everlasting Inheritance. Him that honours Christ by believing, by fresh and frequent actings of faith upon him, him will Christ certainly honour and secure, by setting his seal and mark upon him, and by assuring of him of a kingdom that shakes not, of riches that corrupt not, and of glory that fades not. Ah, Christians, you wrong two at once—Christ and your own souls—whilst you thus reason, Lord, give me first assurance,

and then I will believe in thee, and rest upon thee; whereas your great work is to believe, and to hold on, believing and acting of faith on the Lord Jesus, till you come to be assured and sealed up to the day of redemption. This is the surest and the shortest way to assurance. That is a remarkable passage of the apostle in Romans xv. 13, "Now, the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost, The God of hope (saith the apostle) shall fill you with all joy and peace in believing;" that is, whilst you are in the exercise and acting of faith, the God of hope shall fill you with that joy that is unspeakable, and full of glory, and with that peace that passes understanding. Faith is the key that unlocks Paradise, and lets in a flood of joy into the soul. Faith is an appropriating grace; it appropriates all to itself; it looks upon God and says, with the Psalmist—"This God is my God, for ever and ever," it looks upon Christ, and says, "My Beloved is mine, and his desires are towards me;" it looks upon the precious promises, and says, these precious promises are mine; it looks upon heaven, and says, "Henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;" and this fills the soul with joy and peace. Faith hath an influence upon other graces; it is like a silver thread that runs through a chain of pearl; it puts strength and vivacity into all other virtues; it made Abraham to rejoice, and it made Noah sit still and quiet in the midst of a deluge. Faith is the first pin that moveth the soul; it is the spring in the watch that sets all the golden wheels of love, joy, comfort, and peace, going. Faith is a root of grace, from whence springs all the sweet flowers of joy and peace. Faith is like the bee; it will suck sweetness out of every flower; it will extract light out of darkness, comforts out of distresses, mercies out of miseries, wine out of water, honey out of the rock, and meat out of the eater. 1 Peter i. 8, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy un-



speaking, and full of glory." Upon the exercise of faith, their hearts are filled with joy, with unspeakable joy, with glorious joy. Faith sees in Christ a fulness of abundance, and a fulness of redundancy; and this fills the heart with glorious joy. Ah, Christians, believing—believing is the ready way, the safest way, the sweetest way, the shortest way, the only way, to a well-grounded assurance, and to that unspeakable joy and peace that flows from it, as the effect from the cause, the fruit from the root, the stream from the fountain. There is such assurance, and such joy, that springs from the fresh and frequent actings of faith, that cannot be expressed, that cannot be painted. No man can paint the sweetness of the honey comb, the sweetness of a cluster of Canaan, the sweetness of Paradise, the fragrantcy of the rose of Sharon. As the being of things cannot be painted, and as sweetness of things cannot be painted, no more can that assurance and joy, that flows from believing, be painted or expressed; it is too great, and too glorious for weak man to paint or set forth. When Abraham believed in hope against hope, and when, in the face of all dangers and difficulties, he put forth such noble and glorious acts of faith, as to conclude "that the Lord would provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering," and that in the mount he would be seen. God is so taken with the actings of his faith, and the effects of his faith, that he swears by himself, "that in blessing he would bless him, (that is, I will certainly bless him, and will bless his blessing to him), and in multiplying he would multiply his seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand upon the sea shore." Now, the angel of the Lord, (viz., the Lord Jesus, as his own words shew, verses 12, 15, 16), calls upon Abraham out of heaven, not once, but twice; and now he shews his admirable love in countermanding of Abraham, and in providing a ram (even to a miracle) for a burnt-offering. And thus you see, that believing times are times wherein the Lord is graciously pleased to reveal his love, and make known his favour to his

people, and to look from heaven upon them, and to speak again and again in love and sweetness to them.

Fifthly, Hearing and receiving times are times wherein the Lord is graciously pleased to cause his face to shine upon his people; when they are hearing the word of life, and breaking the bread of life, then God comes in upon them, and declares to them that love that is better than life. Acts x. 44, "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." As Peter was speaking, the Holy Ghost (that is, the graces of the Holy Ghost, viz., the joy, the comfort, the love, the peace, &c., of the Holy Ghost), fell upon them. So in that Gal. iii. 2, "This only would I learn of you: received ye the Spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?" By the Spirit here, Calvin, and Bullinger, and other expositors, do understand the joy, the peace, the assurance that is wrought in the heart by the hearing of faith, that is, by the doctrine of the gospel: for in these words of the apostle, hearing is put for the thing heard, and faith for the doctrine of the gospel, because the gospel is the ordinary means of working faith. "Faith comes by hearing," saith the apostle. So that in 1 Thess. i. 5, 6, "For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance; as ye know what manner of men we were among you for your sake. And ye became followers of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost." In these words you have a divine power attending Paul's ministry; a power convincing, enlightening, humbling, raising, delighting, reforming, renouncing, and transforming them that heard him. Also, you have the sweet and blessed testimony of the Spirit attending his ministry, and assuring those of their effectual calling and election, upon whom the word came in power, and raising up their spirits to joy in the midst of sorrow. Ah, you precious sons and daughters of Zion, that have sat waiting and trembling at wisdom's

door, tell me, tell me, hath not God rained down manna upon your souls, whilst you have been reading the word? Yes. Hath not God come in with power upon you, and by his Spirit sealed up to you your election, the remission of your sins, the justification of your persons, and the salvation of your soul? Yes. Without controversy, many saints have found Christ's lips (in this ordinance) to drop honey and sweetness, marrow and fatness.

And as Christ in hearing times, when his people are hearing the word of life, does lift up the light of his countenance upon them, so, when they are receiving the bread of life, he makes known his love to them, and their interest in him; in this feast of fat things, the Master of the feast, the Lord Jesus, comes in the midst of his guests, saying, "Peace be here." Here the beams of his glory do so shine, as that they cause the hearts of his children to burn within them, and scatters all that thick darkness and those clouds that are gathered about them. When saints are in this wine cellar, Christ's banner over them is love. When they are in this Canaan, then he feeds them with milk and honey. When they are in this Paradise, then they shall taste of angel's food. When they are at this gate of heaven, then they shall see Christ at the right hand of the Father. When they are before this mercy-seat, then they shall see the bowels of mercy rolling towards them. In this ordinance they see that, and taste that, and feel that of Christ, that they are not able to declare and manifest to others. In this ordinance saints shall see the truth of their graces, and feel the increase of their graces, and rejoice in the clearness of their evidences. In this ordinance Christ will seal up the promises, and seal up the covenant, and seal up his love, and seal up their pardon sensibly to their souls. Many precious souls there be, that have found Christ in this ordinance, when they could not find him in other ordinances, though they have sought him sorrowingly. Many a cold soul hath been warmed in this ordinance, and many a

hungry soul hath been fed with manna in this ordinance; and many a thirsty soul hath been refreshed with wine upon the lees in this ordinance; and many a dull soul hath been quickened in this ordinance. (I do not say that ever a dead soul hath been enlivened in this ordinance; this being an ordinance appointed by Christ, not to beget spiritual life where there was none, but to increase it where the Spirit hath formerly begun it). In this ordinance, weak hands and feeble knees have been strengthened, and fainting hearts have been comforted, and questioning souls have been resolved, and staggering souls have been settled, and falling souls have been supported. Ah, Christians, if you will but stand up, and speak out, you must say, that in this ordinance, there hath been between Christ and you, such mutual smiles, such mutual kisses, such mutual embraces, such mutual opening and shutting of hands, such mutual opening and closing of hearts, as hath made such a heaven in your hearts as cannot be expressed, as cannot be declared. Christ in this ordinance opens such boxes of precious ointments, as fill the saints with a spiritual savor; he gives them a cluster of the grapes of Canaan, that makes them earnestly look and long to be in Canaan.

*To be continued.*

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## THE CONFIDENCE & COURAGE OF POLYCARP

IN HIS SUFFERINGS FOR CHRIST.

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[From the old Church History of Pamphilus, we extract the following remarkable instance of the Power and Preciousness of sufficient Grace in the hour of trial.—Ed.]

AFTER Antoninus Pius, who reigned twenty-two years, his sons Marcus Aurelius Verus Antoninus and Lucius Verus succeeded, and with them a bloody persecution in Asia. The constancy of the Christians that suffered in it was as astonishing as the tortures were terrible. They were scourged till their veins and arteries, and their very entrails lay bare. Others were thrown upon rugged sharp

couches and iron spikes, and when they had endured the utmost misery the persecutors could invent, they were flung to wild beasts.

Among others, Germanicus, a youth, gave a most extraordinary proof of Christian courage; the Pro-Consul was earnest with him, to have some regard to the bloom and vigour of his age; but instead of listening, the brave young man urged and provoked the wild beast that was to devour him, and dragged him forward to his prey.

Quintus, a native of Phrygia, who came from thence on purpose to offer himself to the fury of the adversaries, (with some others,) being scared at the sight of the tortures and death that were prepared for him, prostrated himself for mercy before the officers, but in vain; and his example became a warning to others, not rashly to throw themselves upon trials of this nature.

Germanicus being destroyed, the multitude loudly demanded POLYCARP. He had some time before been persuaded with much difficulty, to retire to a neighbouring village, where with a few other christians, he employed his days and nights, (as he had always done) in prayers for the peace and preservation of the Churches. Three days before he was apprehended, he dreamed he saw his pillow consumed in flames; whereupon waking, he told his dream to the Christians that were with him, and that himself was shortly to be carried to the stake for the testimony of Jesus. Fresh dangers approaching, and being much importuned, he retired again to another village. The Inquisitors coming thither, found two christian children, one of which they beat to death because he would make no discovery, but the other conducted them to Polycarp. He might have yet withdrawn, but staying till they came in, he cheerfully received them, saying, "the will of God be done." Then he ordered a handsome entertainment for them, and only desired an hour's time for his devotions, in which he recommended to God the holy Catholic Church, and particularly those members of it with whom himself had been concerned or acquainted. The hour being expired, although his venerable age, gravity, courage, and resolution, had wrought amazement and compassion in the breasts of the messengers, he was conveyed upon an ass towards the City, till being met upon the road by Herod the Irenarch, and his father Nicetes, he was taken up into their chariot, and pressed by them over and over to do sacrifice, and acknowledge Cæsar's divinity, but the good man persisting in the negative, they loaded him with contumelies, and hurst him out of the chariot with such violence, that his leg was

very much hurt in the fall. However, he took not notice of it, and moved on as fast as he was able with all external demonstrations of composure and satisfaction. As he came upon the place of execution, a voice from heaven encouraged him, "O Polycarp, be strong and undaunted." And this the Christians that were near him heard, though so loud was the noise and tumult that it was lost to the multitude. The Pro-Consul first demanded of him whether he was Polycarp? He answered, "He was." Then the Pro-Consul wished him to take pity on his own hoary head—"Deny your Christ," said he, "swear by the genius of the Emperor; repent and say, Let the atheists die!"

At this Polycarp looked round with a reverend aspect upon the multitude, holding out his hand towards them and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, with a deep sigh, "Let the atheists suffer."

"Swear!" said the Consul. "Reproach your Christ, and I will release you!"

"Four-score and six years (said Polycarp) have I been His faithful minister; never did He use me unkindly; how then can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour?"

Still the Pro-Consul pressed him to swear.

"If (said the holy man again,) you will pretend yourself ignorant of my character, and under that pretext urge me to swear by what you call the genius of the Emperor; *know I am a Christian*; and if you desire to learn what Christianity is, allow me the space of one day, and I will inform you."

"Come, (said the Pro-Consul,) hold forth to the multitude."

"I am ready (said Polycarp,) to bring you to a right sense of the Christian Faith; for we are commanded to pay all duty and submission, so far as may be consistent with our eternal salvation, to magistrates and powers as constituted by God himself. But (continued Polycarp,) as for this multitude, they are unworthy of such instructions."

"Unless (said the Pro-Consul) you abjure, you must be thrown to the wild beasts"

"Let them come on; (said Polycarp,) we Christians are not used to change from better to worse, but from bad to better."

"Your shall be burned alive," said the Pro-Consul.

"Your fire (said Polycarp) will be spent in an hour, but that which is reserved for sinners is eternal. Dispose of me as you please."

The Pro-Consul was confounded at this alacrity and sprightliness; but proclamation being made, that Polycarp had professed himself a Christian, the Gentiles and Jews of Smyrna demanded a lion should be set upon him, which the governor denying upon a point of prescription, he was condemned to the flames; and so he stripped himself to his very shoes, which were usually drawn off by others that were ambitious to touch the flesh of so venerable a saint. Then they moved that he might be nailed up to the stake; but he told them; "He that would support him under the pain, would enable him to keep his body quiet and steady." So being only chained, he prayed in these words:—"Blessed be thou, O Father, of thy blessed and only begotten Son Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the knowledge of thee. O God of angels, and powers, and every creature, and of all the just that live in thy sight, blessed be thou that hast made me worthy to see this day and hour; that hast made me a partaker among thy holy martyrs in the cup of thy Christ, that my soul and body may be re-united unto life eternal, being sanctified by thy Holy Spirit. O grant, I beseech thee, that this day I may be presented before thee among the saints, a rich and acceptable sacrifice, according to thy heavenly will, and as thou, O God of truth, hast revealed unto me. Wherefore, O Lord, I adore thee for all thy mercies; I bless thee, I glorify thee through thy only begotten Son, the eternal High Priest, Christ Jesus, through whom in the unity of the Holy Spirit, to Thee be glory now and for evermore." And when he had cried aloud "Amen," the fire was kindled, and the flames waving in sheets round his body, (which did not seem to scorch, but appeared like gold in a furnace, and exhaled an aromatic odour,) an executioner was commanded to thrust him through with his sword, which was no sooner done but such a stream of blood issued from him that it extinguished the fire.

Thus died this truly apostolical and prophetic bishop.

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### JOHN BUNYAN'S ARREST & IMPRISONMENT FOR PRACTISING THE GOSPEL.

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WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(Continued from page 111.)

[OUR readers will recollect that in our last number we left good Bunyan standing in the justice's house, waiting for his mittimus to be made out to send him to prison; and was being taunted by

an old enemy to Christ and his truth—one Dr. Lindale—who was of opinion that Bunyan ought to be sent to jail for preaching the gospel; we here continue the conversatton that passed between them.—Ed.]

"Aye, (said he) to whom is that spoken?"

"To whom? (said I) why to every man that hath received a gift from God. Mark, saith the Apostle, 'As every man that hath received a gift from God,' &c. And again, 'You may all prophesy, one by one.' Whereat the man was a little stopped, and went a softer pace. But not being willing to lose the day, he began again, and said,

"Indeed, I do remember that I have read of one Alexander a copper smith, who did much oppoe and disturb the apostles," (aiming, 'tis like, at me, because I was a tinker.)

To which I answered, that I also had read of very many priests and pharisees, that had their hands in the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Aye, (said he) "and you are one of those scribes and pharisees, for you, with a pretence, make long prayers to devour widows' houses.

I answered, that if he had got no more by preaching and praying than I had done, he would not be so rich as now he was. But that Scripture coming into my mind, "Answer not a fool according to his folly," I was as sparing of my speech as I could without prejudice to truth.

Now by this time my mittimus was made, and I committed to the constable to be sent to the jail in Bedford, &c.

But as I was going, two of my brethren met with me by the way, and desired the constable to stay, supposing that they should prevail with the justice, through the favour of a pretended friend, to let me go at liberty. So we did stay, while they went to the justice, and after much discourse with him, it came to this: that if I would come to him again, and say some certain words to him, I should be released. Which when they told me, I said if the words were such that might be said with a good conscience, I should, or else I should not. So through their importunity I went back again; but not believing that I should be delivered; for I feared their spirit was too full of opposition to the truth to let me go, unless I should in something or other dishonor my God and wound my conscience. Wherefore as I went I lifted up my heart to God for light and strength, to be kept, that I might not do anything that might dishonour him, or wrong my own soul, or be a grief or discouragement to any that were inclining after the Lord Jesus Christ.

Well, when I came to the justice again, there was Mr. Foster, of Bedford, who coming out of another room, and seeing me by the light



of the candle, (for it was dark night when I went thither,) he said unto me, "Who is there? John Bunyan?" with such seeming affection, as if he would have leaped on my neck and kissed me,\* which made me somewhat wonder, that such a man as he, with whom I had so little acquaintance, and besides that, had ever been a close opposer of the ways of God, should carry himself so full of love to me. But afterwards, when I saw what he did, it caused me to remember those sayings, 'their tongues are smother than oil, but their words are drawn swords;' and again, 'beware of men,' &c. When I had answered him, that blessed be God I was well, he said, "What is the occasion of your being here?" or to that purpose. To whom I answered, that I was at a meeting of people a little way off, intending to speak a word of exhortation to them; the justice hearing thereof, (said I,) was pleased to send his warrant to fetch me before him, &c.

"So (said he,) I understand. But well, if you will promise to call the people no more together, you shall have your liberty to go home; for my brother is very loath to send you to prison, if you will be but ruled."

"Sir, (said I,) pray what do you mean by calling the people together? My business is not anything among them, when they are come together, but to exhort them to look after the salvation of their souls, that they may be saved," &c.

To which Mr. Frost said, "We must not enter into explication or dispute now; but if you will call the people no more together, you may have your liberty: if not, you must be sent away to prison."

"Sir, (said I,) I shall not force or compel any man to hear me; but yet, if I come into any place where there is a people met together, I should according to the best of my skill and wisdom, exhort and counsel them to seek out after the Lord Jesus Christ, for the salvation of their souls."

He said that was none of my work; I must follow my calling: I should have the justice's favour, and be acquitted presently.

To whom I said, that I could follow my calling and that too, namely, preaching the word; and I did look upon it as my duty to do them both as I had an opportunity.

He said to have any such meetings was against the law; and therefore *he would have me leave off*, and say I would call the people no more together.

To which I answered, that I durst not make any further promise, for my conscience would not suffer me to do it. And again, I did look upon it as my duty to do as much good as I could, not only in my trade, but also in communicating to all people wheresoever I came the best knowledge I had in the word.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

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\* A right Judas.

# Cheering Words for Seeking Souls.

Vol. IV.]

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

[No. 42.]

CHEERING WORDS IN THE PROSPECT OF AN ETERNAL  
REST.

**THE DEATH OF WILLIAM ALLEN,**

*The late Pastor of Cave Adullam Baptist Chapel, Stepney.*

Who is there among the readers of CHEERING WORDS that has not heard that truly charitable and long afflicted servant of Christ, Mr. WILLIAM ALLEN, whose published life has been read with the deepest interest by thousands in this land? Who among us could refuse the silent tear of regret, on hearing the tidings that his ransomed spirit had taken its departure for a holier and a happier dwelling on Wednesday-afternoon, August 16th, 1854, at Erith, on the banks of the Thames? When the report reached me, I felt I had lost a valuable friend; the church has lost a faithful and a useful servant—the family has lost a kind and an affectionate father—his much respected widow has lost a husband, a companion, a brother—yea, the only one who could truly sympathise with her, in spiritual conflicts, and in gospel mercies.

I sat down to think, to meditate, and to pray, before I went to the pulpit that evening, when these words very sweetly occupied my mind—"He that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his." Heb. iv. 10. From these words I addressed the people with much freedom, and I think holy feeling. I looked at the words, first, as applicable to our Lord Jesus Christ; and secondly, as expressive of the two-fold condition of every really faithful servant of Christ.

The works of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the days of his flesh were  
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many. There was his obedience in baptism ; his resistance of Satan ; his calling his disciples, working miracles ; healing sicknesses ; fulfilling the law ; bearing away transgression ; making an end of sin by the sacrifice of himself ; and rising to take his seat on the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens. The dear Redeemer rests in the immutability of his Father's counsels, purposes, promises and decrees ; he rests in the entire completeness of his own mediatorial work ; he rests in the faithfulness and efficiency of the Holy Spirit's power in quickening, calling, sanctifying and preserving the whole election of grace ; he rests with inconceivable delight in the coming home and coming in, even to his immediate presence, of the thousands of ransomed spirits which are ever being there received : and He rests in the never-failing certainty, that "ALL which *the Father* hath given Him, shall be with Him where He is," to behold His glory, and to celebrate His praise." Oh, what a glorious Rest ! This was "*the joy set before Him*," when enduring the cross, and despising the shame. Did not Augustus Clark enjoy some sweet thoughts on this subject when he wrote the following lines ?

" O, what a field of love is here,  
In Christ, the Lamb, who did appear,  
To suffer in his spouse's room,  
For all the crimes which she had done.

" For her, he was baptis'd in blood,  
By the appointment of our God ;  
With blood he put our sins away,  
Which all now in obliu'n lay.

" Christ freely bore her guilt and sin,  
Which put him to the greatest pain ;  
Wounded in soul and body too,  
To save her from distress and woe.

" Christ's life is bound up in his *Bride*,  
Whose Refuge is her Bridegroom's side ;  
In that sweet Clift she is shut in,  
In oneness with her Lord and King."

The words\* have a cheering aspect for the ministers of Christ. Where are men to be found who labour harder than do *some* who are at present in the vineyard? I know men, who preach—and preach in downright earnest too—three times on the Lord's-day; then travel and preach again on the Monday, and return home at night; travel and preach again on Wednesday, and return home at night: so on Thursday and Friday; and something like this all the year round. Connected with such a life there is mental anxiety; many a deep-fetched sigh and prayer; many an hour spent in seeking a message, and in labouring for spiritual matter, and for wholesome meat: then there is bodily exercise in travelling; and no small amount of work to be done by the lungs; and after all, it may be, many fears and dark temptations as to the genuineness and reality of the work. But the rest and the reward of every faithful servant is certain—“*Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt receive a crown of life.*”

There will be perfection in the heavenly rest; for there “we shall know as we are known.”

Robert Bolton, in his deep and weighty volume, “THE FOUR LAST THINGS,” writes on Heavenly Knowledge—and in one part says—

We shall with wonderful ravishment of Spirit, and spiritual joy, be admitted to the sight of those sacred secrets and glorious mysteries: 1. Of the holy Trinity, into which some divines may audaciously dive, but shall never be able to explicate. 2. Of the union of Christ's humanity to the divine nature, and of the faithful to Christ. 3. Of the causes of God's eternal counsel in election and reprobation. 4. Of the angels' fall. 5. Of the manner of the creation of the world, &c.

We shall know one another; for all comfortable knowledge shall be so far from being abolished, that it will be enlarged, increased, and perfected: to know one another is a comfortable knowledge: therefore we shall know one another.

\* Heb. iv. 10.

(To be continued.)

### THE MODE OF PURIFICATION

THE mode of purification is the next thing worthy of observation about the red heifer. It is written in Numbers, xix. 17, "for an unclean person they shall take of the ashes of the burnt heifer of purification for sin, and running water shall be put thereto in a vessel. And a clean person shall take hyssop and dip it in the water, and sprinkle it upon the tent, and upon all the vessels, and upon the persons that were there, and upon him that touched a bone, or one slain, or one dead, or a grave." And it is added, in verse xx. "but the man that shall be unclean, and shall not purify himself, that soul shall be cut off from among the congregation." Here we have five things brought to view: the actor, the action, the element, the object, and the instrument. The actor or sprinkler, is a clean person; the action he performs, is sprinkling; the element he uses in sprinkling, is water impregnated with the virtue of the ashes of the red heifer; the object sprinkled, is something unclean or defiled by contact with the dead; and the instrument used in sprinkling, is a bunch of hyssop. There may be a little obscurity in the fact that the sprinkler was, after sprinkling, to wash his clothes, and that he who touched the water of separation was to be unclean until the even; but there can be no obscurity about the grand truths of this part of the type to those who remember that it is written in our text, "if the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works?" Is it asked, who is this clean person? The Lord himself replies, in Ezekiel, xxxvi. 25, where he declares, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh." Yes, the Lord Jesus is the great cleanser who can say to you, what he once said to his apostles, "Now are ye clean through the word I have spoken unto you." It is observable that the act of cleansing is not any thing that the defiled does, but something that the defiled receives. The person defiled is altogether passive, while he who sprinkles the water of purification is alone active. Thus it

is when the burdened soul loses its defilement when gazing on a bleeding Christ. The defiled person is not then active : it is not by reasoning on the atonement, or by working one's feelings up with an imaginative description of the atonement, that the distressed spirit finds peace ; but, it is by receiving, simply receiving the atonement, as the defiled person received the water which was sprinkled upon him, that a conscious sense of reconciliation is obtained. How significant was the element that was used ! The ashes of the red heifer put into a vessel with running water. The ashes proved the reality of the heifer's death, and we have seen that the heifer died as a punishment for the sin which was imputed to it ; consequently, the virtue of the ashes consisted in the fact that sin had been already punished in a substitute. Running water is typical of the Holy Ghost ; and, as the ashes and water were both blended in the purification under the law, so now the blood and water which flowed both together from the pierced side of Christ is what cleanses under the gospel. In reality, to receive the atonement, is to receive from the Lord Jesus a measure of the Holy Ghost, which comes into the defiled conscience bearing with it the virtue of Christ's death, and giving a sweet consciousness that our sins have been paid for by Christ, that we are reconciled to God, and that in Christ we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins. Do you inquire after the bunch of hyssop ? We think we have its signification in the saying of Jesus, " Sanctify them through thy truth, Thy word is truth ; " yes, as under the law, a clean person sprinkled the defiled by dipping a bunch of hyssop into the vessel containing the water and the ashes of the heifer ; so, under the gospel, the Lord Jesus purges the conscience from dead works, by applying the virtue of his death through the medium of his truth. The bunch of hyssop then, which Christ uses, is the gospel, or the truth of God ; and this truth may be as you read it in the Bible, or as you hear it preached by God's ministers, or as you have it deposited in your memories. And now for the all important question — Have you, dear friend, received the atonement, or have you not ? Has your conscience been purged from dead works, or has it not ? Has the blood of sprinkling been applied to you, or are you still defiled by the dead ? Conscience, I charge thee in the name of the God of heaven, speak out ; hold not thy peace at such a time as this ; bid the slumbering spirit awake ; and with a voice of thunder, cry " What meanest thou,

oh sleeper? arise, and call upon thy God." Oh! all convincing Spirit, now like a flash of lightning, dart thyself into the deluded spirit, and break the rocky heart into ten thousand fragments, by pointing those who are defiled by the dead, to the saying that is written, "But the man that shall be unclean, and shall not purify himself, that soul shall be cut off from among the congregation." Art thou the man, art thou the woman, art thou the child which is to be cut off? Oh! dreadful words! Cut off! But cut off from where? Whither driven when cut off? He that being often reformed, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. Do you tremble? Are you conscious that you are defiled by the dead? Do you know it by your heart being hard, cold, dead, dark, sluggish, indifferent, or rebellious? Do you know it by having the fear of wrath, the fear of death, and the fear of the great white throne? Are you anxious for cleansing? Then pray this prayer till you get it, "purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

"My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin!  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean."

Ah! ye who feel your consciences defiled, go boldly to a throne of grace, and as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, thou shalt find that he is faithful who hath promised, and although the vision may tarry, yet wait on in the diligent use of every means of grace, and joy and peace shall be yours.

*Howe's Monthly Pulpit.*

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## THE PROPHETIC CHARACTER

OF

## THE CHURCH OF THE LAODICEANS.

LAODICEA, a city of Lydia, near the river Lytus, first named Diospolis, afterwards Rhoas, and is now by the Turks, called Bek-Hissar, or the *old camp*.

There was a church here in the times of the apostle Paul: by whom it was founded is not known; mention is made of it in Col. ii. 1, 2, and iv. 13, 15, 16; who was now the angel, or pastor of it, whether Epaphras, who is there named, or another, is not certain.

According to the Apostolical Constitutions, Archippus was ordained bishop of it by the Apostles; see Col. iv. 16, 17. There was a church here in the *second* century for Sagaris, bishop of it, suffered martyrdom in the times of Antonius Verus; and in the *fourth* century, this church was famous for two eminent bishops, Theodorus and Gregory; and in the *fifth* century, it was the metropolitan church of Phrygia, as it was in the *seventh* century, in which age Tyberius, bishop of this place, was in the sixth synod at Constantinople; but now it is even without inhabitants. This church represents the state of the church, from the end of the spiritual reign of Christ, till the time of his personal appearing and kingdom, to judge the quick and dead; for after the spiritual reign is over, professors of religion will sink into a formality, and into a lukewarm frame of spirit, and into great spiritual sloath and security; and which will make those times like the times of Noah and Lot; and such will be the days of the coming of the Son of man to judge the world. Its name signifies, either *the righteousness of the people*; and so may point at that popular and external righteousness, which the majority of the professors of religion in this period of time will be boasting of, and trusting in; being self-sufficient, and self-dependent, when at the same time they will be naked, as well as poor and blind; or it signifies *the judging of the people*; for this church-state, at the end of it, will bring on the general judgment; the Judge will now be at the door indeed, standing and knocking; and they that are ready to meet the Bridegroom, when he comes, will be admitted into the nuptial chamber, and sit down with him in his throne, in the thousand-years' kingdom, at the close of which will be the second resurrection, when all the people, small and great, shall be judged. *These things saith the Amen*: (see Isaiah lrv. 16.) The word Amen is the name of a Divine Person with the Jews, and it seems the Second Person; for so on those words in Prov. viii. 30, "Then was I by him as one brought up with him," they observe, do not read *Amen*, the word there used, but *Amen*; and a little after, *Amen*, they say, is the *notarion*, or sign, *God the faithful King*; they make *Amen* to be one of the names of the second *Sephora*, or number in the Cabalistic tree, by whom the Second Person in the Godhead seems to be designed: and they say that the word *Amen*, by gematry (or numerically) answers to the two names *Jehovah*, *Adonai*. Christ may be so called, because he is the God



of truth, and truth itself; and it may be expressive of his faithfulness, both to God his Father and to his people, in whom all the promises he either made, or received, are yea and amen; and also of the firmness, constancy, and immutability of Christ, in his nature, person, and offices, in his love, fulness of grace, power, blood, and righteousness, and is very appositely assumed by him now, when he was about to give the finishing stroke to all covenant-engagements, and to all promises and prophecies; see Rev. i. 18. *The faithful and true witness*; who, as he was in the days of his flesh, so he will be at the day of judgment, a swift witness against all ungodly men; and he may the rather take up the title, not only on that account, but to shew that the description he gives of the state and condition of the church is just, Rev. iii. 15, 16; and to engage it to take his advice the more readily, (verse 18;); and to assure it of the nearness of his coming, (verse 20); and to strength the faith of his people, and quicken their hope and expectation of the happiness with him promised. (verse 21); the same character is given to the Logos, or word of the Lord, by the Targumist in Jer. xlii. 5. "Let the word of the Lord be to us for a true and faithful witness;" the very phrase here used. *The beginning of the creation of God*; not the first creature that God made, but the first cause of the creation; the first parent, producer, and efficient cause of every creature; the author of the old creature, who made all things out of nothing in the beginning of time; and of the new creation, the everlasting Father of every one that is made a new creature; the Father of the world to come, or of the new age and Gospel dispensation; the Maker of the new heaven and the new earth; and so a very fit person to be the Judge of the whole world, to summon all nations before him, and pass the final sentence on them. The phrase is Jewish, and it is a title the Jews give to Metatron, by whom they sometimes mean the Messiah; so those words in Gen. xxiv. 2, "and Abraham said unto his eldest servant of his house," they paraphrase thus, "And Abraham said unto his servant, this is Metatron, (or the Mediator, the servant of God, the eldest of the house; for he is the beginning of the creation of God, who rules over all that he has; for to him the holy blessed God has given the government of all his hosts." Christ is the Prince, or Governor of all creatures.

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## Cheering Words on Dying Beds.

On Saturday, the 25th of February last, James Manser fell asleep in Jesus. The subject of this notice was a native of Sussex, in England, and arrived in America in the year 1839, a young man of about 16 years of age. He was called from nature's darkness into God's marvellous light in early life, and was known to many in New York by his communications through the *Signs of the Times*, during the years 1844 to 1850, and more recently as Editor of the *Zion's Pilgrim*. The writer became acquainted with Mr. Manser about ten years ago, when they were, in the providence of God, introduced to each other in a somewhat remarkable manner. The circumstances are thus related by Mr. Manser, in his narrative, published through the *Pilgrim* during the year 1852: "I was in New York, and, as was my habit sometimes, was looking around at the different book stores, when I came to one at 168, Bowery, and went in, and after looking around awhile, I bought *Zion's Pilgrim*, by Dr. Hawker, and something else. This passed along some time, and when I went to New York again, I made another visit to the same store. I began to enquire of the bookseller if he had any of Mr. Huntington's works, and others of the same stamp, when, finding the character of the works I enquired after, he entered into a little conversation with me, in the course of which he enquired if I had ever heard of the Old School Baptists, and gave me two copies of a paper called the *Signs of the Times*. I told him I had never heard of either of them before. This was Mr. John Arford, the publisher of this work. This apparently trivial circumstance," he said again, "proved to be the first link of a chain that will extend to the end of my life." And so it has turned out; and the two, thrown together in the foregoing manner, became closely united in the bonds of Christian affection, walked together in church-communion, the sharers in each other's joys and sorrows while here, and I trust, through the riches of grace abounding in Christ Jesus, we shall meet again, where

" — with yonder sacred throng,  
We at Christ's feet may fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all."

Mr. Manser was born in the year 1841; began to preach in 1844-5, and, for one, I can testify he did for a time preach with power and demonstration of the Spirit. Though it pleased the Lord, who

" — moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform,"

not to continue him long in the work : the time may arrive when one and another may come forth and testify of the good received while listening to the truth from his lips ; for,

“ Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
 “Twill not deceive the hope ;  
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
 While grace insures the crop.”

In the spring of the year 1853, he was seized with the serious illness which finally terminated in his death. From the time he was taken till his dissolution, his sufferings were very severe, his disease being internal. During his sickness it was thought perhaps a change of air might be beneficial to him, and, by advice of his physician, he was moved from the city to the country. Last summer and fall were spent in the village of Peekskill, New York. Then a change again was supposed to be for his good, and he was accordingly removed to near Camptown, New Jersey, at which place he expired, at the time above stated. During his affliction, especially for the last month or two, the Lord was very near to him, and blessed him with an abiding confidence in his mercy ; assuring him that, when his earthly house was dissolved, he had a building of God, to which he would shortly have an abundant entrance, eternal in the heavens. At one of my visits to him in February, the month in which he died, he testified to me of the lovingkindness of the dear Lord to him, and said he was sure he had sealed him to the day of redemption, not suffering him to have a doubt of his safe state since the beginning of the present year. At my last visit, two days before he expired, I found him in the same comfortable state of mind. In the early part of the day on which he died, a friend went to his bed-side, and putting her hand to his forehead, said, “ You seem to be in a sweat ; I presume it is death-sweat, and expect it is welcome news to you—is it not ? ” He replied, although he was very low, scarcely able to speak, “ O yes ! ” and as if in ejaculatory prayer, was heard to say, “ Come, Lord Jesus, and take thy poor distressed child home.” He lingered on, desiring to depart and be with Christ, until a few minutes before 4 P. M., when its spirit left its tenement of clay, for the mansions of bliss. On the following Tuesday he was brought to New York, in accordance with his request, where funeral services were held. The words chosen to be spoken from on the occasion are in the 19th verse of the 34th Psalm : “ Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.” His mortal remains were taken to Sing Sing, New York, for interment. “ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

*New York.*

J. A.

# JOHN BUNYAN'S ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT FOR PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

*(Continued from page 180.)*

He told me that I was the nearest the papists of any, and that he would convince me of immediately.

I asked him wherein?

He answered, in that we understood the Scriptures literally.

I told him that those that were to be understood literally we understood them so; but for those that were to be understood otherwise we endeavoured so to understand them.

He said, which of the Scriptures do you understand literally?

I said this: 'He that believes shall be saved.' This was to be understood just as it was spoken, that whosoever believeth in Christ shall, according to the plain and simple words of the text, be saved.

He said, that I was ignorant and did not understand the Scriptures; for how, said he, can you understand them, when you know not the original Greek? &c.

To whom I said, that if that was his opinion, that none could understand the Scriptures but those that had the original Greek, &c., then but a very few of the poorest sort could be saved; yet the Scripture saith that God 'hides these things from the wise and prudent,' (that is, from the learned of the world,) 'and reveals them to babes and sucklings'

He said, there was none that heard me but a company of foolish people.

I told him that there were the wise as well as the foolish that do hear me; and again, those that are most commonly counted foolish by the world are the wisest before God. Also, that God had rejected the wise, and mighty, and noble, and chosen the foolish and the base.

He told me I made people neglect their calling; and that God had commanded people to work six days, and serve him on the seventh.

I told him that it was the duty of people, both rich and poor, to look out for their souls on those days as well as for their bodies: and that God would have his people exhort one another daily, while it is called to-day.

He said again, that there were none but a company of poor, simple, ignorant people that came to hear me.

I replied, the foolish and the ignorant had most need of teaching and information, and therefore it would be profitable for me to go on in that work.

Well, said he, to conclude, but will you promise that you will not call the people together any more? and then you may be released and go home.

I told him I durst say no more than I had said, for I durst not leave off that work which God had called me to.

So he withdrew from me, and then came several of the justice's servants to me, and told me that I stood so much upon a nicety. Their master, they said, was willing to let me go; and if I would but say I would call the people no more together I might have my liberty, &c.

I told them there were more ways than one in which a man might be said to call the people together. As for instance, if a man get up in the market place and there read a book or the like, though he do not say to the people, 'Sirs, come hither and hear;' yet if they come to him because he reads, he, by his very reading, may be said to call them together: because they would not have been there to hear if he had not been there to read. And seeing this might be termed a calling the people together, I dare not say I would not call them; for then, by the same argument, my preaching might be said to call them together.

Then came the justice and Mr. Foster to me again; and when they saw that I was at a point, and would not be moved, Mr. Foster (this is the man that did at the first so much profess to love me) told the justice that he must send me to prison; and that he would do well also to prevent all those that were the cause of my coming among them to meetings.

Thus we parted; and verily, as I was going forth of the doors, I had much ado to forbear saying to them, that I carried the peace of God along with me; but I held my peace; and, blessed be the Lord, went away to prison with God's comfort in my poor soul.

After I had lain in the jail five or six days, the brethren sought means again to get me out by bondsmen, (for so ran my mittimus, that I should lie there till I could find sureties), they went to a justice at Elstow, one Mr. Crumpton, to desire him to take bond for my appearing at the quarter sessions. At the first he told them he would, but afterwards he made a demur at the business, and desired first to see my mittimus, which ran thus: "That I went about to several conventicles in this county, to the great disparagement of the government of the Church of England," &c. When he had seen it, he said that there might be something more against me than was expressed in my mittimus, and that he was but a young man, therefore he durst not do it. This my jailor told me. Whereat I was not at all daunted, but rather glad, and saw evidently that the Lord had

heard me. For before I went down to the justice, I begged of God that if I might do more good by being at liberty than in prison, that then I might be set at liberty; but if not, his will be done; but I thought my imprisonment might be an awakening to the saints in the country, therefore I could not tell which to choose. Only I in that manner did commit the thing to God; and verily at my return, I did meet my God sweetly in the prison again, comforting me and satisfying me that it was his will and mind that I should be there.

When I came back again to prison, as I was musing at the slender answer of the justice, these words dropped in upon my heart with some life: "For he knew that for envy they had delivered him."

Thus have I in short declared the manner and occasion of my being in prison; where I lie waiting the good will of God, to do with me as he pleaseth: knowing that not one hair of my head can fall to the ground without the will of my Father which is in heaven.

## Bible Names and Bible Places.—No. 6.

ZEBADIAH. 1 CHRON. viii. 15.

ONE of the tribe of Benjamin was the bearer of this name; which tribe was distinguished amongst their brethren for their intrepid valour, as well as for giving to Israel their first king. But the sweet interpretations of this name are to be the subject of our meditation. And I knew of nothing so precious, nothing so excellent, nothing so valuable to possess as a portion, as that which is wrapped up therein. ZEBADIAH—the Lord is my portion; or, the dowry of the Lord. Talk of courage! Talk of glory and honour gained in the battlefield by the slaughter of fellow-mortals! O ye sons of pleasure, and ye heroes of war! take ye your honours and bear them away; stimulate your courage by recounting the victories ye have won; take ye your portions, and boast yourselves in the same:—I, too, am distinguished by mighty and glorious honours. I, too, have gained victories more glorious than earthly nations will ever achieve. And I, too, have an excellent portion to boast in withal; for *the Lord, the Lord is my portion*; and in his glories and victories shall be my everlasting exultation and joy. Reader! art thou thus distinguished amongst the numerous tribes which surround thee? Hast thou the Lord for thy portion? If thou hast not, woe be to thee; for whose hath not the Lord for his portion will be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, and this shall be their portion to drink. But hast thou the Lord for thy portion? What more canst thou have, then? What

more canst thou want? For having him thou hast wealth above all that earthly kings, without him, ever realised; and honours above all that earthly heroes have attained unto; for in him is treasured up for all those who have him for their portion—riches and glories which exceed all that the eye hath seen, the ear heard, yea, more than hath ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. O reader! well mayest thou lift up the head with boasting, and the heart with joy, if thou art thus blessed; well mayest thou exult in thy riches if the Lord is thy portion—if thou hast a dowry from the Lord. "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup," saith the Psalmist. And what effect hath the sweet knowledge of this upon his heart? Why, after rejoicing in it, and calling it a "goodly heritage," he exclaims, "I will bless the Lord who hath given me counsel;" and again he saith, "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope." Is God thy portion, reader? Let David's employment be thine. And Asaph in another Psalm, after bemoaning himself for his spirit of envy and discontent at the prosperity of the wicked, cries out in sweet contemplation of what he himself had yet treasured up in his glorious Lord, "My flesh and my heart fail; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." As though he had said, Precious portion! One survey of what I have in thee, and my soul is calm and quiet, though all of earthly good make to itself wings and fly away.

But what hast thou, O believer—thou that hast the Lord for thy portion? Or rather let me ask thee what thou hast not? For what is there of wealth, happiness, honour, and glory that is worth possessing that is not thine? For dost thou want obedience without a law, righteousness without spot, redemption from the curses of a broken law, sanctification beyond that of the creature, justification without works? Then, happy art thou; for thou only feelest the want of that which, in God's account, thou dost really possess. It must be so; for the sacred record declares that Jehovah-Jesus, who is thy portion, "of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Unto whom? Unto thee, O believer, if so be that thou hast never seen or heard of anything that thou canst admire, long for, and desire equal to him. Art thou thirsting for holiness? In him thou art so perfectly holy, that God himself, who chargeth even his angels with weakness or folly, can find no weakness, no folly, no imperfection, no room for improvement in thee. Art thou aspiring unto righteousness in perfection? In him thou art so gloriously righteous, so surpassingly lovely, that heaven's King, as he looks upon thee, exclaims with delight, "Thou

art all fair, my love ; there is no spot in thee." And oh ! rich cause for joy ! For very soon thou shalt be robed, covered, yea, crowned with this righteousness ; for "there is laid up for thee a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give unto thee in that day." Art thou anxious for a name great and honourable ? This, too, thou hast in him, for "thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name." Or is thy heart set upon a crown of glory surpassing that which Gabriel's head adorns ? This, also, is laid up in store for thee, even a crown which nothing but the glory of thy Redeemer shall equal or surpass, for thou shalt be "a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, a royal diadem in the hand of thy God."

O believer ! believer in Jesus ! well mayest thou lift up thy voice with gladness, and sing for joy of heart ; for in him thou art richer and more honourable than angels ever will be : for all—all things are thine, whether they are principalities, powers, might, or dominion, with every name that is named, not only in this world, but in that which is to come ; for God the Father hath put all things under the feet of our Lord and Saviour Jesus, "and hath made him to be head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all."

But this comprehensive name not only signifies "*the Lord is my portion*," but "*the dowry of the Lord*." And truly this is sweet and precious to contemplate. Hast thou it, reader ? But what is it ? sayest thou. Oh, it is the wife's marriage portion, her wedding jointure, presented unto her by her illustrious Bridegroom in the day when he betrothed her unto himself in righteousness, and in judgment, and in tender mercies ; and who did also give unto the Father of his bride all that he demanded in full tale ; so that in honour and by purchase thou becamest his. And thou art not a bride easily won as a woman of little value. No, Christian ! no ! for thou hast cost thy husband dear ; and thy right and title to all thy dignity, wealth, and honour are made known unto thee by God the Eternal Spirit—by whose power and grace thou art brought to plead for it, and in faith to expect it on the ground of what thy Best Beloved hath done to purchase it for thee—and that, too, after thou hadst lost thy first possession of creature righteousness, innocence, and virtue which God, in infinite wisdom, adorned thee with in the day when all spotless and pure, perfect and upright, he sent thee forth from his hand, "created in his own image, after his own likeness." But the dowry. What is it ? Reckon it up, Christian : it will take thee as long as eternity shall last.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CLOSET COMPANION."



## THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

"These all died in faith," &c.—Heb. xi.

The glorious cloud of witnesses,  
The word of truth here saith,  
Lived in dependence on the Lamb,  
And "these all died in faith."  
They died in faith, and Jesus died  
To raise them from the dead;  
In hope of this they often cried,  
As they by faith were led. [thought,  
They died in faith! how sweet the  
That though their faith was tried,  
They were through trials safely  
brought,  
And thus in faith they died.  
Their faith was pure, of heav'nly  
That could not be destroyed; [kind,  
And thus their joys were much re-  
fined,  
Though oft they were annoyed.  
The promises which God had made,  
Of Jesus and his love,  
They saw far off, but still believ'd  
They should its fulness prove.  
By faith they here beheld the Lamb,  
And thus their faith had pow'r,  
Which made them glory in his name,  
And view him as their Tower.  
They saw in him their Refuge near,  
To shield from wrath Divine;  
They lean'd on him, 'midst all their  
Nor could their hopes resign. [fear,  
Tho' strangers here, and oft oppress,  
Like pilgrims on their way,  
In him they found substantial rest,  
He help'd them day by day.  
They here obeyed the Lord, and sought  
By faith a land of peace;  
They lived by faith, and thus were  
To feel their joys increase. [brought  
At length, when the appointed time  
Was finished here below,  
They died in faith, and thus shew forth  
The way the saints shall go.

Deptford, August, 1854.

'Tis sweet, by faith, on earth to live  
On Christ, the sinner's Friend;  
But sweeter still to die in faith;  
And find a peaceful end.  
To live by faith in Christ the Lord,  
Feel interest in his blood,  
And still depend on his pure word,  
Will ever do us good.  
But then to die in faith in Him  
Who did for sin atone,  
Will prove that those he did redeem  
Were all forever known.  
Kept here in faith, they onward move,  
By faith they in him trust;  
And thus, thro' faith, the Lord they  
Attends them to the dust. [love,  
They die in faith, that they shall rise  
To live in heaven their home;  
To sing with joy above the skies,  
Nor e'er from Jesus roam.  
Nor shall their faith e'er prove in  
For they must ever dwell [vain;  
Completely freed from ev'ry stain,  
His praise e'ermore to swell.  
His praises! Oh, how sweet the  
sound!  
How sweet the sacred strain,  
Which shall eternally abound  
Through the celestial train.  
No jarring notes, no discord there,  
No trifles to perplex,  
No sin, no sorrow, pain or care,  
The heav'nly band to vex.  
Jesus, and his great love, shall then  
Sound sweet in ev'ry voice;  
The hallelujah, and amen,  
Shall fill the whole with joys.  
O, may my soul among the rest  
Strike up a cheerful strain!  
With Jesus be for ever blest,  
And with him ever reign!

JOHN HARDING.

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# Cheering Words for Seeking Souls.

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## THE GREAT QUESTION ANSWERED:

OR,

CHEERING WORDS FOR BEREAVED CHRISTIANS.

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OLD JOHN FLAVELL, of Dartmouth, in Devon, published a book in 1688, entitled "The Balm of the Covenant," &c., which little book for a long time, we have wished to re-print; but there is a hindrance. We must here give some of the good old man's closing words. After most beautifully dilating upon the Covenant itself, he says :

"The great question to be decided, is, whether God be our covenant-God, and we his people? A question of the most solemn nature, and such as requires awful attention.

"We cannot expect satisfaction in this matter by such an extraordinary way as David had it, but we may know it by,

"First, our covenant-engagements.

"Secondly, our covenant-impressions.

"Thirdly, our covenant-conversations.

"First, by our covenant-engagements, or dedications of ourselves to God; sometimes called our joining ourselves to the Lord, Zech. ii. 11; our yielding ourselves to him, Rom. vi. 19; our giving ourselves to him, 2 Cor. viii. 5. The soul that freely and deliberately consents to take or choose the Lord to be his God, may warrantably conclude the Lord hath taken or chosen him: for our choice of God is but the result of his choice of us. John xv. 16. 'You have not

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chosen me, but I have chosen you;' you could never have chosen me, but in consequence to, and by virtue of my first choice of you.

"Well then, let it be seriously considered, whether you have duly consented to take the Lord for your God, and Christ for your Redeemer. This includes two things in it.

1. "Your relinquishing of all things inconsistent with him.

2. "Your acceptance of all that promotes the glory and enjoyment of him.

1. "Your relinquishing of all things that are inconsistent with an interest in him. Except we let these go, God cannot be our God, nor Christ our Redeemer. The things to be relinquished for Christ are in short, both our sinful and our righteous self. Sinful self must be disclaimed and renounced: for we cannot be the servants of sin, and the servants of Christ too, Rom. vi. 14—18. And righteous self must be renounced also, or we can have no part or interest in his righteousness, Rom. x. 3. These are two difficult points of self-denial to part with every beloved lust, and to give up our righteousness. Thousands choose rather to be damned for ever, than to do either of these.

2. "Your acceptance and embracing of all things that promote his glory, and further the enjoyment of him. As all the painful ways of duty, hearing, praying, meditating, and all this with the intention of the inner man, and offering up of the soul to God in these duties, and the more painful ways of suffering for God, and enduring all losses, reproaches, torments, and death for him, if his glory require it, and you be thereunto called. All this is included in your choosing God to be your God. And upon our understanding, and free consent, and sealing to these articles, we have right to call him our God. Matt. xvi. 24. 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' Now have you considered the terms of the covenant, weighed and balanced all the conveniences and inconveniences of godliness, and then determined for Christ and holiness, let the cost be what it will ;

then you have chosen him aright for your God. Many think they have chosen God for their God, that never understood or deliberated these terms: he that neither knows nor ponders them, is not capable of giving a due consent.

"Secondly, we may discern our covenant-interest, in the covenant-impressions that are made upon our souls. All God's covenant people have a double mark or impression made upon them, viz.

1. "Upon their minds.

2. "Upon their hearts.

1. "Upon their minds, in a more spiritual and efficacious knowledge of God: Jer. xxxi. 33. 'They shall all know me, from the greatest of them, even to the least of them.' This knowledge is said to be given, not acquired by the mere strength of natural abilities and human aids; and given us in the face of Christ, not by the footsteps of the creatures only, as he speaks, 2 Cor. iv. 6; 'tis the choice teaching of the anointing, 1 John ii. 27; a knowledge springing from inward experience, and spiritual sense; as we know the sweetness of honey by tasting, better than by all the descriptions and reports that can be made of it.

2. "Upon their hearts, in that gracious tenderness and meltings of it for sin, or the discoveries of free grace in the pardon of it. So you read in Ezek. xxxvi. 26. 'A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.'

"It is as easy to melt the obdurate rocks into sweet syrup, as it is to melt the natural heart into a penitential and tender melting for sin; but now there is a principle or habit of tenderness implanted in the soul, whereby it is disposed and inclined to relent and thaw ingenuously upon any just occasion.

"Thirdly, our covenant-interest may be evidenced in and by our covenant-conversations. All the knowledge which is communicated to our minds, and all the tenderness given to our hearts, do respect and tend to this: Ezek. xxxvi. 27. 'I will put my spirit within

you, and cause you to walk in my statutes.' Habits and principles are for action and practice : grace in the heart is for obedience and holiness in the life.

"It is true, that as our graces are imperfect, so is our obedience also. Perfect working is not to be expected from imperfect creatures. God's own covenanted people do often grieve him, and provoke him to bring them under the rod of affliction ; but those their infirmities break not the bond of the covenant, Psalm lxxxix. 30—32. Care and watchfulness ordinarily goes before them, conflicts and resistance accompanys them, and shame, grief, and renewed care usually follows them. 2 Cor. vii. 11. By these things (which deserve a more copious discourse than my present design can allow) we may be helped to clear our interest in the covenant of grace : and that being done, it should be out of the power of all the afflictions in the world to sink your spirits. Let me therefore in the last place add,

USE IV.—"A word of consolation to your dejected and drooping hearts, upon this sad and mournful occasion. Why are you so troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Methinks there hath been so much of support and comfort already discovered to you in this blessed covenant, that could your faith but once fix upon it, and realize and apply it, I might lay down my pen at this period, and say the work is done, there needs no more ; but knowing how obstinate deep sorrows are, and how difficult a task the comforting of an afflicted mind is, I will for a close, superadd a few considerations more, to all that hath been urged and argued before.

CONSIDERATION I.—"Consider how small and trivial the comforts, whose loss you bewail, are in comparison with Jesus Christ, who is still your own, under the bond of a sure covenant. A son, an only and a promising son, is a great thing, when he stands in comparison with other creature-comforts ; but surely he will seem a small thing, and next to nothing, when set by, or compared with Jesus Christ. Behold, the Father, Son, and Spirit ! Pardon and eternal salvation are this day presented in the covenant of grace before your souls, as your own. 'God, even our own God shall bless us,' Psalm lxvii. 6. When you feel your hearts wounded with such a thought as this, I cannot embrace my children in my arms, they are now out of my reach ; then bless and admire God, that the arms of your faith can embrace so great, so glorious a Saviour, and that you can say, 'My beloved is mine, and I am his.'

CONSIDERATION II.—"Consider what evil days are coming on, and what a mercy it is to your dead, that God hath taken them away from the evil to come, Isaiah lvii. 1, 2. There are two sorts of evils to come, viz., evils of sin, and evils of suffering ; and 'tis not

small favour to be set out of the way of both. The grave is the hiding-place where God secures some from the dangers of both.

"We are apt to promise ourselves times of tranquility, and then it cuts us to think that our dear ones shall not partake with us in that felicity: but if we wisely consider the sins or the signs of the times, we have more cause to rejoice that God hath set them out of harms way.

"All things seem to conspire and work towards a day of great temptation and tribulation. Now as Christ told his disciples, who were so dejected because he was to leave them, John xiv. 28. 'If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go to the Father:' so truly you would much better express and manifest your love to your children, in your satisfaction in the will and appointment of God, in taking them into rest and safety, than in your dejections and sorrows for their removal. Surely they are better where they are, than where they were, whom God hath housed in heaven out of the storm and tempest. And could your dead friends that are with Christ, have any more intercourse with this world, and see your tears, and hear your sighs for them, they would say to you, as Christ did to those that followed him wailing and mourning, 'Weep not for us, but for yourselves, and such as remain in the world with you, to see and feel the calamities that are coming on it.'

*(To be continued.)*

"The Lord Jesus our Physician, has not got this great fame by picking out thistles or curing scratches of a pin, which every old woman can do, but by performing great and desperate cures. He has published his blessed bills of cures. Item: I saved Peter—I saved Magdalen—and many of the biggest sinners besides. This is why he saved the thief on the cross, to display his wonderful grace and love. The devil's captains and colonels are first saved—*ring-leading* sinners, Manassehs—to be monuments of mercy. Satan asks, 'What, save thee?' 'Yes; I am Magdalen—I am a thief—harlot—publican and prodigal—but it is upon the square of the blood of Jesus that I plead.' Wherefore, sinner, feign not thyself another man—go in thy own colors to Jesus Christ. Put thyself amongst the most vile, and let him alone to put thee among the children. Thou man of Jerusalem; up and shoulder it! say, 'Stand aside, unbelief—Christ calls me to receive mercy.' He sits on his throne of mercy. He pointeth over the heads of thousands, and says to such a one, 'Come.'—*Major Rowlandson's Basket of Fragments and Crumbs.*

# CHARNOCK'S CHEERING WORDS FOR THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

“CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD  
TO SAVE SINNERS.”

ON these words Stephen Charnock preached a most glorious sermon about two-hundred years since. It was useful then—it has been a blessing to many a poor sinner since—and we wish to give a few of its choicest sentences, in the hope that many a poor desponding soul may be helped to look again towards that Holy Temple where a Holy God reveals himself in mercy to pardon, and to welcome thousands of the fallen sons of Adam. The following sentences form but a small portion of Charnock's Gospel Sermon. So much has this discourse been blessed to us, and so confident are we that, in the hands of the Holy Ghost, it will be the means of helping many a poor sin-condemned, and law-smitten wretch unto Jesus Christ, that we have purposed to print and publish a very cheap and striking edition of this deeply excellent discourse.

But to return to the sermon itself. Charnock having set out THE GREAT FACT that GOD IN CHRIST is most merciful to poor sinners, he comes to the *Instruction*, and the *Consolation* to be drawn from this great, this heaven-born theme.

He says:

The use of this subject is,

1st. — *Instruction*. The doctrine manifests the power of the gospel. Nothing shews more the heavenly authority of the Christian religion, and the divine efficacy of the word, than the sudden conversions of notorious sinners. That a man should enter into a church a tiger, and return a lamb. It is this little stone which is instrumental to lay lusts more giant-like than Goliath, grovelling in the dust. That Paul, mad with rage against the Christians, should after an arrest in his journey embrace a religion he hated. A Pharisee changed into a preacher. A persecutor commence a

martyr. That one of eminent parts, in favour with the Sanhedrim, should fly from a preferment expected, and patronise a doctrine contemned in the world, and attended with poverty, misery, cruel scourgings, and death. Whenever you see such effects, take them as credentials from heaven, to maintain the credit of the word, and to assert the authority of that conculsion Paul lays down, that it is "the power of God unto salvation," Rom. i. 16. God gains a reputation to the Gospel, and the power of Christianity, that can in a moment change persons from beasts to men, from serpents to saints.

2. Groundlessness of *despair*. Despair not of others, when thou dost reflect upon thy own crimes, and considerest that God never dealt with a baser heart in the world than thine is. Was not Paul as unlike to prove a convert as any relation of thine that wallows in his blood? Who would have thought that Onesimus should run from his master, and be catched in Christ's arms? Neither despair of thyself. Shall any soul in anguish, and covered with penitential blushes, think itself cast out of the riches of God's affectionate grace? Shall any man so much blaspheme the merciful heart of Jesus Christ, as to fly to a knife, a halter, or a deep well for succour? Though thou wert in hell, David tells thee God, is with thee, even there in his essential presence; yea, though thou wert hell itself; for where the devil dwells that is hell; yet if the soul throbs, sighs, groans under it, his infinite grace will break down the door, and come in upon thee. And we know, that neither she that had seven devils, nor he that had a legion, were strong enough to keep out Christ.

2nd.—*Comfort* of this subject. If God has made thee, a great sinner, the object of his mercy, thou mayest be assured of 1, *Continuance* of his love. He pardoned thee when thou wert an enemy, will he leave thee now thou art his friend? He loved thee when thou hadst erased out in a great measure his image and picture, which he had set in thy soul; will he hate thee now, since he has restored that image, and drawn it with fresh colors? He justified thee when thou wert ungodly, and will he cast thee off, since he hath been at such pains about thee, and written in thee a counter-part of his own divine nature in the work of grace? Were his compassions first moved when thou hadst no grace? and will they not sound louder since thou hast grace? Would the father embrace



his son when his garments smelled of draff and swine? and will he cast him off after he hath put upon him a royal robe? Will Pharaoh's daughter pity Moses when he was in the ark? and will she scorn him when he is dressed?

2. *Supplies of his grace.* Thou hadst a rich present of his grace sent thee when thou couldst not pray for it; and will he not much more give thee whatsoever is needful when thou callest upon him? He was found of thee when thou didst not seek him, and will he hide himself from thee when thou art enquiring after him? A wise builder does not begin a work when he is not able to finish it. God considered before he began with thee, what charge thou wouldst stand him in, both of merit in Christ and grace in thee: so that the grace he hath given thee, is not only a mercy to thee, but an obligation on himself, since his credit is engaged to complete it. Thou hast more unanswerable arguments to plead before him than thou hadst, viz, his Son, his truth, his promise, his grace, his name, wherein thou hast not the least interest. To what purpose has God called thee, and marked thee, if he doth not intend to supply thee with as much grace as shall bring thee to glory? To what purpose should a creditor forgive part of a debt, and lay the debtor in prison for the other part? Has God given thee Christ? and will he detain any thing else? Supplies of wants, grants of any thing thou desirest, are but as a few grains of pepper that the grocer puts in as an overplus to many pounds.

3. *Strength against corruptions.* Can mole-hills stand against him who has levelled mountains? Can a few clouds withstand the melting force of the sun, which has dissolved those black mists that overspread the face of the heavens? No more can the remainders of thy corruption bear head against his power, which has thrown down the great hills of the sins of thy natural condition, and has dissolved the thick fogs of thy unregeneracy. Thou canst neither doubt his strength nor his love; he has done the greatest, and will he withdraw his hand from doing the least? When Moses slew the Egyptian, it is said that he "supposed his brethren would have understood how that God intended by his hand to deliver them;" Acts vii. 25. Moses was a type of Christ: has Christ overthrown a whole arm of Egyptians, that did not only pursue thee, but kept thee in slavery? Has he overturned them all in the Red Sea? and wilt thou not take notice thereby that he intends to be thy deliverer from the scattered troops of them?

## Bible Names and Bible Places.—No. 7.

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BEZALEEL, was the Son of Uri, of the tribe of Judah, Exod. xxxi. 2. The interpretation of the name is in *the shadow of God*. And it was his distinguishing mercy to realize this in his own soul, for we read that when the Lord spake to Moses, of the building of the Tabernacle, showing him the pattern thereof, and what should be the furniture thereof, that he said concerning this man, "see, I have called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri, of the tribe of Judah: And I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship," &c. And this Bezaleel was the first and most honorable of the three, who were first called and instructed in the work, to work the curious, or the more beautiful and ornamental works of the *tabernacle of the congregation*. Truly honorable was his occupation and his position, for he was working for the service of God, and instructed by the Spirit of God, and the Lord was with him and kept him, so that with a willing mind, and a wise and understanding heart, he began and finished all the work which the Lord, by the mouth of Moses, commanded him to do. And I have thought how glad must his heart have been as the work progressed and prospered in his hand, both in the liberality of the people, and in the skill and diligence of the workmen that were with him; for it is said that, "the people brought more than enough, and that the workmen made all according to the pattern which the Lord gave unto Moses;" so that when Moses looked upon the Tabernacle as it stood complete, with its altar raised, the anointing oil, and sweet incense, with all its holy furniture and its curtains stretched forth that *He blessed the people*. Ye ministers of the Lord Jesus, have ye not in your measure, experienced something of the holy joy which fired the heart of Moses, and the heart of Bezaleel, when the tabernacle of the congregation stood before them finished and complete, ready for the service of the Lord to be performed therein? Oh! surely some of ye can remember the time, when with hope and expectation, and perchance not without some misgivings ye laid the foundation stone of some of your houses of prayer, and when too the first song of praise and thanksgiving rose above the finished pile, cleft the nether and the upper skies, made its way to the throne of God, into whose nostrils it was as a sweet smelling savour, having been perfumed by the rich merits of Jesus, and wafted there on the wings of divine faith in His dear and precious name. And has there been nothing since to encourage you to persevere in your work and

labour of love? Nothing to make up for the falling away of friends which then crowded around you? Nothing to strengthen up the heart to push through the difficulties and oppositions which rise continually in your path? Has there been no seal set to your ministry? No soul gathered in as a reward for your toil? I appeal to your consciences, has there been no circumstance transpire to bring again to your remembrance, the holy and willing surrender of yourselves which ye made unto God in that auspicious day? Has there been no prayer answered which ye then put up? Do ye remember what ye then prayed for? have ye watched for the answer, and has not so much as one answer been vouchsafed? Let that one answer be taken as the earnest, that God will perfect all which concerneth you; that God hath hidden you in his shadow, that he hath instructed you by his Spirit.

But what is implied by a creature being hidden in the shadow of God? It implies that there are enemies and dangers to be encountered, and that that creature is weak, helpless, and insufficient in itself to combat with them, and on that account it needs a shadow, shelter, or defence against them; It implies also that God doth greatly love that creature, or he would not hide it, or shadow it, in himself.

Reader, art thou hidden in the shadow of God? dost thou feel thine own weakness and insufficiency, and art thou crying out, "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not?" Oh! it is fleeing to the Lord, that he might overshadow thee, and depend upon it he will cover thine head in the day of battle. Yes Christian thy God will cover thee, will overshadow thee all the time thou art engaged in the fight of faith, and the further thou advancest in the steep and often rugged path which leads to mount Zion, the more thou wilt find the need of him as thy perpetual shadow, and if thou hast travelled far in that road thou needest not that the writer should ransack her own experience, to show thee that the christian has enemies to stand against, and that in himself he hath no strength to stand; no, thine own heart will answer for thee, and say, I am the man that is easily beguiled and led astray, that have no strength to stand against so much as one foe, no power to resist so much as one temptation, no shelter in myself to hide in, in the burthen and heat of the day, no nook to shelter in when the war troops of my grand adversary, are marshalled, and sent forth by their malignant prince, in hue and cry after my soul. Up then, Oh! Christian, and flee to thy mountain; yes, daily, hourly flee thee, for depend upon it that Satan hath more poisonous and fiercer darts to hurl at thee, more deadly floods to cast out of his mouth after thee. Go then, and hide thee in the pavillion of God, that rich pavillion Jesus Christ the Lord. Oh! holy and

sufficient shadow for poor defenceless souls; no matter what thine enemies are, of what strength or kind they are, whether it be a broken law, or injured justice, satan or the world, or thine own abominable and deceitful heart, in Him there is a sufficient shelter, a sufficient refuge to cover all thy soul; go then, hide thee in his shadow, hide thee in His faithfulness, hide thee in His ability, hide thee in His honour, hide thee in His will, hide thee in His mercy, hide thee in His love, yea, hide thee in the rich and ample folds of his covenant of peace, for the eternal God hath hidden thee there. Look in the ninety-first Psalm, and read for thy comfort, what is said of the man who abides under the shadow of the Almighty; for I must not here enlarge, my allotted space being just full, and I out stept the bounds of my allotment last month, so that I must not again transgress, but it may be if the Lord shall lead me, that, I may give thee a few more thoughts upon this sweet name and the interpretation of it next month.

Till then, Oh! reader, let thy prayer be made,  
That God may keep us both beneath His shade;  
That he would lead us deeper, higher far,  
Into the riches safely hidden there.

AUTHOR OF "THE CLOSET COMPANION."

## HEAVEN ON EARTH. By BROOKS.

*(Continued from page 125.)*

The Christians in the primitive times upon their receiving the sacrament, were wont to be filled with that zeal and fervor, with that joy and comfort, with that faith and fortitude, and assurance, that made them to appear before the tyrants with transcendent boldness and cheerfulness, as many writers do testify. Now, there are these reasons why God is pleased to lift up the light of his countenance upon his people, when they are hearing the word of life, and breaking the bread of life.

First, That they may highly prize the ordinances; the choice discoveries that God makes to their souls in them, works them to set a very high price upon them. O, (say such souls), we cannot but prize them; we cannot but affect them for what of God we have enjoyed in them. Many there are

that are like old Barzillai, that had lost his taste and hearing, and so cared not for David's feasts and music; so many there are that can see nothing of God in ordinances; they care not for ordinances—they slight ordinances. O, but souls that have seen, and heard, and tasted of the goodness of the Lord in ordinances, they dearly love them, and highly prize them. "I have esteemed thy word, (says Job), above my necessary food." And David sings it out, "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." Luther prized the Word at such a high rate, that he saith he would not live in Paradise, if he might, without the Word; but with the Word he could live in hell itself.

Secondly, God lifts up the light of his countenance upon his people in ordinances, that he may keep them close to ordinances, and constant in ordinances; the soul shall hear good news from heaven, when it is waiting at wisdom's door. God will acquaint the soul with spiritual mysteries, and feed it with the droppings of the honey combe, that the soul may cleave to them, as Ruth did to Naomi, and say of them as she said of her, "Where these go, I will go; where these lodge, I will lodge;" and nothing but death shall make a separation between ordinances and my soul. After Joshua had had a choice presence of God, with his spirit in the service he was put upon, he makes a proclamation: "Choose you whom you will serve; I and my household will serve the Lord." Let the issue be what it will, I will cleave to the service of my God; I will set my soul under God's spout, I will wait for him in his temple; I will look for him in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. I have found him a good Master, I will live and die in his service; I have found his work to be better than wages; I have found a reward, not only for keeping, but also in "keeping his commandments," as the Psalmist speaks. The good words, the sweet aspects, the choice hints, the heavenly intercourse that hath been between the Lord Jesus, and my soul, in his service, hath put such

great and glorious engagements upon my soul, that I cannot but say with the servant in the law, "I love my Master, and I will not quit his service, because it is well with me; my ear is bored, and I will be his servant for ever."

The third reason why the Lord causes the beams of his love and the brightness of his glory to shine forth upon his people in ordinances, is, to fence and strengthen their souls against all those temptations that they may meet with from satan and his instruments, that lie in wait to deceive, and by their cunning craftiness, endeavour with all their might to work men first to have low thoughts of ordinances, and then to neglect them, and then to despise them. Now the Lord, by the sweet discoveries of himself, by the kisses and love tokens that he gives to his people in ordinances, does so endear and engage their hearts to them, that they are able not only to withstand temptations, but also to triumph over temptations, through Him that hath loved them, and in ordinances manifested his presence, and the riches of his grace and goodness to them; the sweet converse, the blessed turns and walks, that the saints have with God in ordinances, makes them strong in resisting, and happy in conquering those temptations that tend to lead them from the ordinances, which are Christ's banquetting-houses, where he sets before his people all the dainties and sweet-meats of heaven, and bids them eat and drink abundantly, there being no danger of surfeiting in eating or drinking of Christ's delicacies. Truly, many a soul hath surfeited of the world's dainties, and died for ever; but there is not a soul that hath had the honor and happiness to be brought into Christ's banquetting-house, and to eat and drink of his dainties, but they have lived for ever.

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**CHEERING WORDS** in the **LIFE** of the late **Wm. ALLEN,**  
OF STEEPNEY.

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We promised to notice some things in this good man's life, in our last. We purpose from time to time to give a few striking passages from his life; but the more complete memoir can only be given in

THE EARTHEN VESSEL, because of its length. The following is a striking feature in a minister's life :

"As I was going to leave the people for a month, with an expectation of returning to them again, I felt desirous of keeping up in the minds of the people a good opinion of my preaching abilities, lest another should come and take the place while I was away ; and to accomplish this, I studied a sermon so earnestly, that I felt satisfied I could shew them what it was rightly to divide the word of truth ; and I got up into the pulpit as big as the Lord Bishop of London, but I soon became as fearful and as confused as a church mouse that had lost his way among the people, and could find no hole to creep in or out of ; for while they were singing the last verse of the second hymn I went to look for my text, but it was gone, and my pretty subject too—so that I could not think of one word of it.

The people sat down, and I was compelled to get up ; and turning the leaves of the Bible backward and forward, my eyes fell upon the 35th of Isaiah, part of the 4th verse—"He will come and save you." And if ever I stuck to my text I did that evening, for I believe most of my subject was a repetition of "he will come and save you ;" but I cannot say that I told them why he would save, how he would save, or from what he would save. I can say I was glad enough when the time was gone, and I got out of the pulpit. But

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;"

for when I came out at the chapel door, a poor woman with two children, one at her breast, and another by the hand, met me, and asked if she might speak to me ? I said, yes. She then said 'I have been with the Methodists these ten years, and have almost been driven to distraction. I went into the chapel to-night, and as soon as I sat down I thought the place would fall down upon me, and I should sink into hell. I looked up at the ceiling and saw a crack, so I ran out of the place ; and when I got out I remembered that I had seen it before ; so I considered it was satan, and that the Lord had given me up to his hands and power, as I had often been tempted by him to lay violent hands on myself, and now I was come fully to the point to do so. I therefore went down to the river, and laid my two dear babes on the bank ; and while I was kissing them, and taking my last farewell of them, it was like as though something spoke within me, 'Go to Temple Street Chapel.' I had never been in it before. Then I took up my two babes from the bank—one at my breast, and the other in my arms, and made the best of my way here ; and just as I came into the chapel (she said,) you took your text—the words entered my soul—and while you were preaching, I was

compelled to put my handkerchief to my mouth to prevent me from calling out, "Lord, it is enough; thou wilt come and save me." So the dear Lord had three things sovereignly to answer—to mortify my pride, glorify his own name, and set the poor woman's soul at happy liberty."

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### Poetry.

#### THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

Who doth unfold to us our state?  
 Who does the soul anew create,  
 And bring it to the mercy-seat?

The Spirit.

Who leads into the light of day,  
 Doth to ourselves ourselves display,  
 And leads us to the living way?

The Spirit.

Who leads to pastures fresh and green,  
 Where Christ is in his glory seen,  
 And helps the sheep to feed therein?

The Spirit.

Who leads into the way of God,  
 And to that rich atoning blood,  
 Which reconciles the soul to God?

The Spirit.

Who does the Saviour's love reveal?  
 Who does the wounded spirit heal,  
 The power of pardoning grace to feel?

The Spirit.

Who is the great eternal seal?  
 Who does the Truth in Christ reveal,  
 And all the saints to glory seal?

The Spirit.

Who is the pledge of endless peace?  
 Who brings the soul its free release,  
 And does its faith and hope increase?

The Spirit.

Who does the word of Truth apply?  
 Who comforts those that mourn and sigh,  
 And raise their souls to joys on high?

The Spirit.

A. HOLWELL.



**CHEERING WORDS on the KINDNESS of JESUS OUR LORD.**

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS CLARKE,—a saint and sinner too, did write the lines which follow on. He loved Christ much; and satan hurled at him many a dart; and in the smoke of the conflict, some dared hardly say, whose child he was. We say, let his words and works declare.

“There is One that sticketh closer than a brother, even the Glory-Man, who is our Elder Brother.”

“A Brother dear, is Christ, I see,  
A Friend, whose eyes are set on me;  
Who, from my soul, can not depart,  
But ever keep me in his heart.

“His love to me can have no end,  
For love’s the nature of my Friend;  
And in that love, my soul doth dwell,  
This truth, with joy, I now can tell.

“In storms, and tempest, smoke, and fire,  
Friendship divine, I do admire;  
No change, my Friend, can ever know,  
To me his streams of love doth flow.

“Constant and faithful is my Lord,  
Who bought and washed my soul in blood;  
His eyes, and heart, are set on me,  
O! what a friend is Christ, I see!”

**SALVATION IMMUTABLE.**

WHEN the Day-star you hurl from his throne in the skies,  
When deep in mid’ ocean extinguish’d he lies,  
Then the Sun of our hope from its height may be hurl’d,  
And the light of our oracles lost from the world.

When the adamant rocks that encompass the sea,  
At the sound of your voice from their bases shall flee  
Then the Rock of our faith from its base may be driven  
For the creed that we hold is establish’d in heaven

No worship of creatures is whisper’d on high  
No merits of sinners are named in the sky;  
Adoration ascends to the glorious I AM;  
Salvation is trac’d to the blood of the Lamb.—CAPTAIN ATTON.

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All communications for the Editor of CHEERING WORDS, must be addressed to No. 1, South Street, Upper Grange Road, Bermondsey, London.

# Cheering Words for Seeking Souls.

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## THE MORNING STAR OF THE GLORIOUS WELCH REFORMATION:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
CHEERING WORDS FOR ALL WHO LOVE, OR LONG TO LOVE,  
THE GRACE OF CHRIST.

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In the retired moments given us by a season of sickness, we have, as far as strength would allow, looked into some of the most solid, useful, and deeply interesting Records of God's saving grace, which the choicest of Zion's ancient saints have left behind. A few of those cordials which have a little revived our fainting and trembling spirits, we here give to others. May the Great Physician, the Great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls, render them a very great blessing; and all the glory shall to His dear name be given.

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JOHN WADDINGTON, a Southwark minister of the Congregational department, has very industriously furnished a modest and truly edifying volume entitled "**JOHN PENRY, THE PILGRIM MARTYR**," carrying us back as far as 1559, to times when it cost a man something to be a really zealous, devout, and faithful Christian. The volume is issued by W. and F. G. Cash, of Bishopsgate Street; and is a compilation of heart-stirring facts.

John Penry, "*the morning star*" of the reformation in Cambria, descended from an ancient family of noble distinction, in South Wales. In a note, our author says:—

"The Venerable D. Williams, pastor of the Independent Church at Troedrhwdalar, is a descendant of one branch of the family. What is better, he inherits the noble spirit of the Martyr. For fifty years he has maintained a high reputation in his native country as a

Price One Half-penny, or 10 copies for 4d.

preacher and pastor, and is now a hale and vigorous workman. He is the oldest minister in Wales; and, though now seventy-five years of age, preaches regularly three times every Sunday. He commenced preaching when he was twenty-one; was ordained a minister in 1803 (receiving, at first, £15 a year salary); and though his engagements have been very varied and laborious, and necessitated frequent journeys across the mountains, and almost pathless wilds, through rain and snow—he has never once been disabled from preaching. In his younger days he was a splendid horseman, and even now he would tire many a hunter. He must have spent some years in the saddle, for it is almost incredible the number of miles he has travelled on horseback as the apostle of Breconshire, and as a regular preacher for forty years at all the large out-of-door gatherings in North and South Wales. The church at Troedrihwaldar has had only three ministers during the last 160 years. The present minister has been its pastor for the last fifty years; his predecessor, the Rev. Isaac Price, was the minister for fifty years; and his predecessor, the Rev. Thomas Morgan, was the minister for sixty years. Not less significant is the fact, as attested by the present minister, that during those 160 years the church has enjoyed uninterrupted peace and harmony. Mr. Williams during the fifty years of his ministry, has received above fifteen hundred into church fellowship."

The detail of Penry's progress, from the time that he was admitted to Peterhouse College, Cambridge, until he was suddenly taken to the place of execution, near the second mile stone on the Kent Road, where he suffered as a martyr in the defence of the gospel—the whole detail occupies near 300 pages. The pith of the story may be given in few words; John Penry was, in early life, called by divine grace, to a saving knowledge of the person, the grace, and the glorious gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: he lived in days when clergymen, and curates, and professing christians were not altogether angels; consequently, as a pure, zealous, and determined defender of the faith, and promoter of all that was Godlike and good, he met with many and with mighty foes, who, ultimately stopped his career, by taking from him his life.

How mysterious are these things! In our present weak state, we can only commence a notice of the good man's career, and the times in which he lived, which we do by giving the following penographical portrait of him after his conversion, and on his leaving college. Mr. Waddington says:—

"Penry declined the offer of ordination, and contented himself

with the ordinary license of University preacher. Fluent in address, and exceedingly earnest, his ministry excited considerable attention. He might have risen to preferment if he could have given up what were deemed his strange peculiarities. But he had counted the cost. The truth, to him, was more precious than life! and he was willing to accept with it the dowry of persecution. 'As for the Church of God,' he says, 'into which I have been begotten, through the word preached by means of my abode in England in these peaceable days of Her Highness, I have wholly dedicated myself to seek the flourishing estate thereof by labouring to beautify the same, both in plucking up by the roots these filthy Italian weeds, wherewith it is now miserably deformed, and planting therein whatsoever might be for the comeliness of God's orchard.'

"The seal of the reformer, at the same time, was subordinate to his plans and purposes as an evangelist. From the period of his conversion, to the latest hour of life, the heart of Penry was set on the salvation of his countrymen. The moral condition of Wales was deplorable in the extreme. For thirty years, the reformation had been nominally established in England, yet with little or no moral advantage to the principality. The Scriptures were not wholly translated into the native tongue, and very inadequate provision was made for the religious instruction of the people. Penry was the 'first that publicly laboured to have the blessed seed of the Gospel sown in those barren mountains.' While a student, and as such little known, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with various districts.

"In his visits to Breconshire, he was quietly active in the dissemination of the Gospel, and to this day four Churches in the neighbourhood of Llangamarch trace their origin to his personal efforts. He might have continued these private exertions for some time, without interruption; but his concern for the evangelization of the whole country waxed so intense, that he could not withhold the public utterance of the sentiments awakened by the contemplation of its moral wretchedness. Before he left Oxford, he resolved therefore to issue a treatise he had prepared on this all-absorbing subject. A few passages selected from the opening address will shew the spirit of the writer:—

"'To all that mourn in Zion, until they see Jerusalem in perfect beauty, and, namely, to my fathers and brethren of the Church of England, grace, mercy, and love in the Lord Jesus be multiplied.

"'It hath been the just complaint (beloved in the Lord) of the godly in all ages, that God's eternal and blessed verity, unto whom the very heavens themselves should stoop and give obeisance, hath

been of that small reckoning and account in the eyes of the most part of our great men; as they valued it to be but a mere loss of time to yield any attendance thereupon. Hence it cometh to pass, that the truth being at any time to be countenanced, none very often are found in the train thereof, but the most contemptible and refuse of men; and because these also being guilty unto themselves of great infirmities (and foul sins many times), and not ignorant that affliction is the sequel of earnest and sincere profession, do pull their necks from the yoke, and their shoulders from the burden; the Lord is constrained very severely to deal with them before they can be gotten to go on His message. And, which is far more lamentable, inasmuch as the drowsy and careless security, the cold and frozen affections of the godly themselves, in most weighty affairs, is never wanting—their careful diligence and earnest zeal poured with hearty and vehement prayers always desired. The Lord suffereth His own cause to contract some spot from their sinful hands. These considerations, beloved, but especially the latter, kept me back a great while from this action, which I have now, by the goodness of God, brought to this pass you see. It would be a grievous wound unto me, all my life long, if the dignity of a cause, worthy to have the shoulders of all princes under the cope of heaven for its footstool, should be any whit diminished by my foul hands, which notwithstanding I protest to have washed as far as their stains would permit.

“ But I am not a little comforted—two ways. First—that the Lord knoweth, He thrust me almost against my will hereunto, and forasmuch as I see the honor of Jesus Christ (in whose countenance God the Father hath lovingly winked at my sins, and whose is all that I have) standeth before the progress of the word preached among us. My silence—though to the danger of my life, shall not betray His honour. Is not He a God? Will he not be religiously worshipped? Will He not have their religion framed according to His own mind? Hath He not regard whether His true service be yielded Him or not? If He have, woe be unto that conscience that knoweth this and keepeth it secret, or is slack in the promoting thereof. Seeing it pleased Him—who also separated me from my mother's womb—to stir me up hereunto, I doubt not but He will give that success of my labours that may be most to His glory. Surely, by His assistance, I neither can nor will be slack. The dignity of the cause I hope will be regarded. If not, importance must take no denial in the matter of our God.

“ My second comfort is—that what effect soever shall ensue my pains—I seek not my own, but their's whom it concerneth,—viz., my parents and brethren, according to the flesh, whose state is so miser-

able at this day, that I think it were great indiscreetness for me to spare any speech that were likely to prevail. Nay, I would to God my life could win them the preaching of the Gospel. Our sickness is at the heart—it must not be dallied with—either present remedy or undoubted perdition.’

“In tears and with a trembling hand—Penry discloses the ‘scars of spiritual misery’ by which the fair form of his native land was so sadly disfigured. ‘Thousands of our people’—he says, ‘know Jesus Christ to be neither God nor man—priest nor prophet—almost never heard of him—O desolate and forlorn condition!’ Preaching itself, in many parts, is quite unknown. In some places, a sermon is read once in three months. Superstition of the most drivelling nature, alone keeps the mass of the population from a blank and cheerless atheism.

“This mournful condition of the people the Evangelical patriot traces mainly to non-residence, and unpreaching ministers—ignorant of the native language, and altogether unacquainted with the truths of the Gospel. Penry expresses his strong conviction, that for these complicated and deeply rooted evils, no remedy can be found in any political expedient. ‘A conscience,’ he says, ‘must be wrought in the people;’ without this, their social regeneration is an impossibility. The Gospel alone, he contends, can meet the exigency—the Gospel preached in the mother tongue, and by men who have felt its power.”

These few words are enough to shew the character of the man of whom we have much more to say.

## THE GREAT PHYSICIAN; THE BALM IN GILEAD.

(From “*Asleep in Jesus*,” by S. Adams. Aylott & Co.)

“THE harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt, I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?” (Jeremiah vii. 20—22.

Well might the prophet continue his prophecy, and say, “Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.” The people of God were then in a very sad condition; with them the harvest was truly past, the summer ended, the balm

and the Physician wanting, and the wound in a most dangerous condition. But we shall find, that though they may be cast away, it is not for ever; for saith God, "A small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee." When the summer is ended, man looks for the ingathering of his labours—he expects to reap the corn which he not long since laboured to place in the ground. So God, after death, or at the end of the summer, will require us to give an account of the deeds done in the body.

The balm here, I take to mean the gospel, and the Physician, Christ. From whence comes this great Physician? "Behold," saith the prophet, "the bright and morning star,"—not the bright and evening star, but the bright and morning star—not the sign of future night, but the omen of a future day—this is the great Physician in his infancy, for, as he lay in his mother's arms at Bethlehem "the wise men from the East saw the star and rejoiced"—they felt its healing influences. We will hear what the prophet says again, "Behold the day spring from on high hath visited us"—this is the great Physician in his childhood. We shall find him now arguing with the doctors at Jerusalem, hearing and asking them questions. What is said in Malachi?—"To you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings"—now we see Christ in his manhood. We have traced him from his infancy. We have seen him first as a star, then as the day-spring, and, last of all, as the Sun, whose light eclipses all light. We must now follow him to that day when the Sun seemed ashamed to show its light, but rolled himself in dark clouds; the earth shook and trembled exceedingly, to see the Son of God suspended between the heaven and the earth; the rocks rent in sunder; the veil of the Holy of Holies was torn in twain; and Jesus, with a loud voice, as if carrying the echo of the earthquake back, exclaimed, "It is finished!" Jesus died! And so this sun of ours set behind the scarlet clouds, and its ruddy beams were fast declining, which, like the blood of bullocks and rams, all ceased, when Christ our Mediator died. The shadows of evening draw on. We see a few pious persons engaged in wrapping up the body of the Saviour, and carefully placed it in a tomb. Here they left him. The moon was rising behind them, and, like the gospel, sent in its refulgent light through the earth, which will shine through the darkness of this world, till that morning without a cloud, when we shall rise to "meet the Lord in the air." We

will now look at the Church as seeking this great Physician, when she says, "By night on my bed, I sought him whom my soul loveth?" I sought him, but I found him not." This does not discourage her. She rises from her couch, and goes about the city—asks the watchman, saying, "Saw ye him who my Lord loveth?" It was but a little that she passed from them that she found him who her soul loved. She would not let him go, but held him till he blessed her. Like Jacob, she said. "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

What a cure to the wound to have the blessing of Christ. It is balm to the wounded, given by this great Physician. How different the Church of Christ uses this balm, when compared to the church of Babylon, as written in Jer. li. 8, 9; "Take her balm for her pain, if so be she may be healed. We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed: *forsake her.*" What an awful annunciation! Who can imagine anything more dreadful than to be forsaken of God? To read over this chapter in Jeremiah, we see the curse God has pronounced on her for her conduct. He will make her a "desolation without an inhabitant; a dwelling-place for dragons; till a millstone shall be hanged about her, and she be cast headlong into the bottomless pit." Thus will end the mother of harlots: her place will no more be known, save with the devil and his angels. On account of her abominations, the earth shall be renewed by fire—refitted for Christ and his chosen people—his redeemed race—those who have come out of great tribulation and persecution, to spend a happy eternity with him.

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### THE SAFE WAY TO HEAVEN.

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WHEN Jacob was on his journey to Padan-Aram, when he came to lie down at night, he had but an hard pillow. Indeed many times it is hardest with the outward man, when it is best with the inward man. He had a stone for his pillow, but a cordial for his soul: a ladder that reached from heaven to earth.

This ladder hath six glorious rounds, that make a believer to ascend up to the enjoyment of God, his birth, his life and doctrine, his death and resurrection, his ascension and intercession. Christ is that ladder that reacheth from heaven to earth; the saint's salvation is begun, carried on, and finished in, and through, and by him; he is the author and finisher of our faith, we are elected, in him.



Eph. i. 1. Christ is *principium et caput electionis*, he is the first elect, in whom, and for whom all others are elected. God elected Christ to be head of the body, all the members chosen in him, he is made all to the believing soul, from first to last, he "is made of God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." 1. Cor. i. 30.

It was a figurative discovery of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose deity and humanity was set forth by this ladder.

This ladder may be considered, either 1, Literally, and so it is represented to Jacob, the providence of God, who, though he dwells in heaven, extends his care and government to the earth, and particularly makes use of the angels as ministering spirits for the good of his people; and these angels do not appear idle or standing still, but always in motion, either ascending to God to receive his commands, or descending to earth for the execution of them; which was a most seasonable vision for Jacob in his sad and sorrowful condition; that though he was forsaken and persecuted by men, and forced to fly away secretly for fear of his life, yet he neither was nor should be neglected or forsaken of God in his whole journey. Or, Mystically, and so it represents Jesus Christ; by whom heaven and earth are united, who is called the way to heaven, which this ladder was, who as the head of angels, is perpetually sending them forth, either to God, or from God, to minister to the heirs of salvation.

"And he dreamed a dream, and behold, a ladder set upon earth, and the top of it reached up to heaven, and behold the angels of God ascending and descending," Gen. xxviii. 11. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night. It is best tarrying, though night, when Christ is present; because the sun was set. When outward comforts go down, and Christ arises, it is a blessed change. "And he took of the stones of the place, and put them for his pillow." It is a blessed lodging where Christ is. "And lay down in that place to sleep." Well may a soul sleep quiet when Christ is present with him. "And he dreamed a dream, and behold a ladder set upon earth, and the top of it reached to heaven." This must be Jesus Christ figuratively.

For First, His protection was ready, though this was but a dream. God did visit his people in dreams of old, before Christ was manifest in the flesh. Jesus Christ, whose humanity was set forth, who humbled himself to the death of the cross, he came from heaven to

earth, he was truly God, truly man. "And behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it." Still there are always ministering spirits about the heirs of salvation, still they kept the rounds of the ladder; they are ready to serve God, if they are sent a thousand miles, yea, millions of miles, to the saints, showing still only, that a soul in Christ hath protection, and guardian angels to attend upon him, he hath the chariots of God to accompany him. Psalm lxxviii. 17. O believer, what are you Christ's? And have you so many angels waiting on you daily? Where is your thankfulness, where is your heart-love to God? Psalm xxxiv. "The angel of the Lord encamps round about those that fear him." Have you angels waiting and attending on you? Angels ascending and descending for your good? You are in a safe condition. Believing souls, have you not found this ladder many times, when you have been in trouble, and under desertion? Have you not found your hearts hard, your comforts dead, your souls cast down? Have you not found Jesus Christ the ladder, by which you have ascended up to the Father? Hath he not brought you out of that wilderness condition?

Whosoever thou art that fearest the Lord, be of good courage, take thou no care, neither be faint-hearted, nor make any doubt of the angel's walking, watching, and protection, for most certainly they are about, and by thee, and do carry thee upon their hands. But how, or in what manner, take thou no care; God saith it, therefore it must be sure and certain.

Although now a-days they appear not visibly, nor afford such outward help, yet are these heavenly messengers employed for the safeguard and benefit of the saints. As embroidered cherubims in-vironed the tabernacle, so do those heavenly soldiers guard God's true tabernacle, the church.

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### The Fulness and the Freeness of Gospel Grace.

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It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence, Prov. xix. 11, *i. e.*, it is a manifestation of a property which is an honour to him to be known to have. If it be thus an honour to pass by an offence simply, then the greater the offence is, and the more the offences are which he passeth by, the greater must the glory needs be; because it is a manifestation of such a quality in greater strength and vigour. So it must

argue a more exceeding grace in God to remit many and great sins in man, than to forgive only some few and lesser offences.

1. *Fulness* of his grace. He shews hereby, that there is more grace in him than there can be sin in us, or the whole world. He lets some sinners run mightily upon his score, to manifest that though they are beggared, yet his grace is not. That though they have spent all their stock upon their swinish lusts, yet they have not drained his treasures; no more than the sun is emptied of its strength by exhaling the ill vapours of so many dunghills. This was his design in giving the moral law, *finis operis*; that is, the event of the law was to increase the sin; but *finis operantis*, that is, the object of the agent, was thereby to glorify his grace. "Moreover, the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound," Rom. v. 20. When the law of nature was out of print, and so blurred that it could scarce be read, God brings the moral law (the counterpart of the law of nature) in a new edition into the world; and thereby sin hath new aggravations, as being rebellion against a clearer light, a swelling and breaking over this mighty bank of the law laid in its way. But this was serviceable to the fulness of his grace, which had more abundant matter hereby to work upon, and a larger field to sow its inexhaustible seed in; it did superabound. That grace should rise in its tide higher than sin, and bear it down before it; just as the rolling tide of the sea riseth higher than the streams of the river, and beats them back with all their mud and filth. It was mercy in God to create us; it is *abundant mercy* to make any new creatures, after they had forfeited their happiness, 1 Pet. i. 3; which according to his abundant mercy—according to his much mercy. But it was overflowing, exceeding abundant, more than full grace to make such deformed creatures new creatures, ver. 14 of this chapter.

2. *Freeness* of grace. None can entertain an imagination that Christ should be a debtor to sin, unless in vengeance, much less a debtor to the worst of sinners. But if Christ should only take persons of moral and natural excellencies, men might suspect that Christ were some way or other engaged to them, and that the gift of salvation were limited to the endowments of nature, and the good exercise and use of a man's own will. But when he puts no difference between persons of the least and those of the greatest demerit, but affecting the foulest monsters of sin, as well as the fairest of nature's children, he builds triumphal arches to his grace upon this rubbish, and makes men and angels admiringly gaze upon these infinitely free compassions; when he takes souls full of disease and misery into his arms. For it is manifest hereby, that the God and Lord of nature is no more

bound to his servant (as touching the gift of salvation) when she carries it the most smoothly with him, than when she rebels against him with the highest hand. And that Christ is at perfect liberty from any conditions but that of his own, viz., faith; and that he can and will embrace the dirt and mud, as well as the beauty and varnish of nature, if they believe with the like precious faith.

Therefore, it is frequently God's method in Scripture, just before the offer of pardon, to sum up the sinner's debts, with their aggravations; to convince them of their insolvency to satisfy so large a score, and also to manifest the freeness and vastness of his grace: "But thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob; but thou hast been weary of me, O Israel. Thou hast not brought me the small cattle of thy burnt-offering," &c., "but thou hast made me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities." Isa. xlii. 22, 23, 24. When he had told them how dirtily they had dealt with him, and would have made him a very slave to their corrupt humours; at the conclusion, when they, nor no creature else, but would have expected fireballs of wrath to be flung in their faces, and that God should have dipped his pen in gall, and have writ their mittimus to hell, he dips it in honey, and crosses the debt—"I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins," *ver.* 25. ~~Could there be anything of merit here, when the criminal, instead of favour, could expect nothing but severity, there being nothing but demerit in him?~~

It is so free, that the mercy we abuse, the name we have profaned, the name of which we have deserved wrath, opens its mouth with pleas for us: "But I had pity for mine holy name, which the house of Israel had profaned among the heathen, whither they went," *Ezek.* xxxvi. 21. Not for their sakes. It should be wholly free: for he repeats their profaning of his name four times. This name he would sanctify, *i. e.*, glorify. How? *In cleansing them from their filthiness, ver.* 26. His name, while it pleads for them, mentions their demerits, that grace might appear to be grace indeed, and triumph in its own freeness. Our sins against him cannot deserve more than our sufferings for him; and even they are not worthy of the glory which shall be revealed. *Rom.* viii. 18.

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Faith sees a *leak* in all the world's pleasures—and so he forsakes the sinking wreck, and prefers to swim through a sea of trouble to get safe to heaven at last, rather than by clinging to the world and its sinful and infatuated insensibility, be drawn with it into the gulf of hell at last.—*Major Rowlandson.*

THOUGHTS ON THE DEPARTURE OF HAPPY SAINTS.

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"There is an hour of peaceful rest  
To mourning wand'ers given,  
There is a haven for souls distress'd,  
A balm for every wounded breast:  
'Tis found above—in Heaven.

"Then faith lifts up the tearful eye,  
The heart with anguish riven,  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene—in Heaven!"

OUR chief hindrance to entire resignation is, that we are so much addicted to things present and visible, while eternal realities are as yet so foreign to us, and so little known. But could we take one glance at the condition of a spirit thus departed, we should never regret and lament, as we are apt to do, the decease of relatives and friends; but our grief would rather be on account of the dim-sightedness of weeping survivors.

Surely, when the door of Paradise is opened to let in any of our departed friends, delicious breezes blow through it upon us from that abode of blessedness. And we ought to avail ourselves of such refreshing influence; we ought to let it quicken us in following after those who have gone before us, rather than wish those friends back again to a world like this. Who could ever think of congratulating any that have been enjoying heavenly rest for ten, a hundred, or a thousand years together, upon their having to return back again to the perils and dangers of this present life? Why, then, should we regard it as an affliction that any one of our number has escaped from such perils, and is only entered into perfect peace and security? If a vacancy has been made in the family circle, let it also be remembered that another vacancy has been filled up in Heaven. The nearer we in this world are approaching the end of all things, the more welcome should be the thought of dying, because every departing Christian finds that the multitude of the blessed is increasingly out-numbering the militant remnant, and because the whole family of God are thus successively gathering in, that we may be all together for ever with the Lord.

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## Bible Names and Bible Places,—No. 8.

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AGAIN we take for our meditation the beautiful interpretation of this name of BEZALEEL—namely, *in the shadow of God*. In concluding our last article, we referred the reader to the 91st Psalm, that he may there see something of the safe and blessed state, the honorable and dignified position of that soul who is hidden in this Eternal Shadow. Hast thou looked into that Psalm, reader? It may be thou hast, and hast seen much more in it than I can shew thee; and yet I may see some hidden treasure there which thou hast not. Let us look at it again, then; for it is too full ever to exhaust, and some things in it needs must be choice to the Christian's heart at all times. And one is, that whoso dwelleth in the shadow of God, is one "*who dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High*." But, sayest thou, that Psalm belongs to Christ—it was written prophetically of him. Yes, Christian, I know it belongs to Christ first; but if thou art a believer in Christ, thou art bone of Christ's bones, flesh of Christ's flesh, a member of Christ's body; so that what belongs to Christ—as he stands in the secret place of God, as the Head and Husband of the church, as "*the First-born of many brethren*,"—belongs to thee too. Was Christ set up of God the Father from everlasting, as Head of his body the church? It was that he might redeem his bride, the church: "*That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy, and without blemish*." A church which should be to the glory of God the Father, that by her the Father might be glorified in the Son, and that by the redemption of his bride, he might lift up and exalt his glory above all which the highest heavens had ever seen.

Or, was he set up in the secret purpose, or secret place of the mind of Deity, as the High Priest of God? It was that by his own sacrifice and blood he might make an atonement for the sins of those who, with himself, were dwelling in the "secret place of the MOST HIGH;" and so in every character which he has assumed for his body the church. Keep thine eye here, believer; for it is by keeping the eye of thy faith upon the eternal union between Christ and his church, and the Father's choice of thee in him, that thou suckest honey out of these truths, to mollify thy wounded heart, and wine to cheer thy fainting spirit.

I will suppose, then, that thou art one who from everlasting hast, with Christ, been dwelling in "*the secret place of the Most High*," and that at this moment thou art "*abiding under the shadow of the Almighty*;" that thou hast said of the LORD, "*He is my Refuge and my Fortress; my God*." Also, that thou hast come to this holy determination, "*In him will I trust*." Consider, then, for a moment,

what blessed things are spoken of thee. The Psalmist, while meditating upon them, exclaims, with wonder and astonishment, "*Glorious things are spoken of thee, Sion, city of our God.*" And truly they are glorious beyond all description, if we look no farther than this one short Psalm. He that is a citizen of Zion, as hath already been said, is abiding under the shadow of the Almighty; like Bezaleel, he is hidden "*in the shadow of God,*" and the Holy Ghost hath said of him, "*Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler.*" Yes, believer, God will surely deliver thee from the snare of that infernal old fowler, satan. No matter how deep laid his snares are—how cunningly they are twisted together—how vigilantly he watches them. The word of God concerning thee is, "*Surely he shall deliver thee.*" O, that word "*surely!*" how much of comfort and consolation there is in it! It is a strong word, an expressive word; it is God, with ardour and vehemency declaring his full determination to deliver. "*Surely he shall deliver thee.*" Whatever be the sacrifice, whatever the cost, whatever the trouble he is at to do it, yet surely, "thy God shall deliver thee." And not only shall he deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, which includes his every temptation, persecution, fiery darts, grievous assaults, &c., but he shall deliver thee from "*the noisome pestilence.*"

The pestilence here spoken of, is, doubtless, the pestilence of sin; for no pestilence can be so noisome, so infectious, so baneful as this; this hath poisoned and slain the whole human race, and made man more loathsome than all reptiles. The stench of it hath reached even to the clouds, it hath thrown wide the gates of perdition, barred up the portals of life and immortality, and kindled into a flame, the devouring wrath of God. But, oh, blessed words! for from all its direful consequences, he hath said, "*Surely he shall deliver thee.*" But how shall he deliver thee? In justice, in righteousness, and in mercy. His beloved Son being a shield and defence for thee, he shall deliver thee too, out of the reach of its cursed dominion. "It shall not have dominion over thee." He shall hide thee in his shadow, and there shalt thou abide—abide closely and safely. He shall cover thee with his feathers, that is, he will draw thee closely to his breast, and hide thee in the warmest, tenderest place of his affections, and, as it were, cover thee with himself.

Look, Christian, as the hen calleth her chickens under her, not only when danger is nigh, but out of love, she calls them often to her, and covers them with herself; not with her wings alone, but with her breast; nay, her whole body, which she spreads and stretches out over them, that she may warm and nourish them with her own heat, cheer them with her peculiar note, and shelter them too from cold and

danger. So the Lord, he often calls his children to him when no apparent danger is nigh; for he loves to have them near him, loves to cover them with the wings of his mercy, loves to fold and hide them in his bosom, loves to hear their voice, to see their countenance; and sweetly indeed does he talk to them, while they thus abide in his shadow; and sweet and endearing are the names by which he calls them—nothing less than his love, his dove, friends, brethren, sisters, his spouse, and undefiled one. And again he spreads the broad wings of his mercy over them, and bids them to put their trust there. He bids them, too, to tell out all their complaints to him, to make known all their wants, to open their mouth wide, and he will fill it; to ask not little, but much; and to encourage them in asking, he tells them that he will be glorified thereby.

Happy Christian! who art thus favored. May it be thy portion, dear reader, and mine too, to be a Bezaleel, indeed and of a truth: a soul hidden *in the shadow of God*.

AUTHOR OF "THE CLOSET COMPANION."

### HE SAVED A SINNER LIKE ME!

THE terrors of curse by the law,  
 My conscience impress'd with dismay;  
 But transient, like thunder, their awe  
 Soon passed evanescent away:  
 Yet God had in mercy design'd  
 My soul from destruction to free;  
 In union with Jesus combin'd,  
*He saved a sinner like me!*

A harden'd transgressor I grew,  
 And ran the broad road with swift pace;  
 Yea, should—were it possible—too,  
 Have outsin'd my fix'd day of grace:  
 But though I rebell'd with delight,  
 From Jesus I never could flee;  
 My life was still dear in his sight—  
*He saved a sinner like me!*

If Jesus to love me had fail'd,  
 While yet in rebellion I liv'd,  
 Then Satan and sin had prevail'd,  
 And in him I ne'er had believed;  
 But 'twas his free purpose and grace,  
 That I his salvation should see,  
 Though none was by nature more base—  
*He saved a sinner like me!*



At length the day dawn'd from on high,  
Which did my own guiltiness shew ;  
The Spirit constrain'd me to cry,  
" Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ?"  
I then fancied works could not fail  
From sin and the curse to set free ;  
For Jesus did not then reveal,  
*He saved a sinner like me !*

I labour'd, by duties and forms,  
My conscience to keep at its ease,  
Not knowing that deeds of vile worms,  
The all-seeing eye can ne'er please :  
But soon my corruptions again  
O'erwhelmed like waves of the sea ;  
Yet Jesus protected me then—  
*He saved a sinner like me !*

No power could sever my soul  
From Jesus, my unchanging Friend,  
" My Lord, and my God," and my all,  
Who ever my life did defend ;  
And who, as his word doth declare,  
My Guardian and Shepherd will be,  
Since, with him his glory to share,  
*He saved a sinner like me !*

Now taught by the Spirit Divine,  
Redemption in Jesus to know ;  
I on him, by faith, can recline,  
Who for me fulfill'd the whole law ;  
Preserved and called by him,  
In whom all perfections agree,  
His mercy shall e'er be my theme—  
*He saved a sinner like me !*

But while in the body I dwell,  
My warfare, I know, can ne'er cease ;  
Yet trust that my Captain will quell  
The rage of all foes to my peace ;  
Ere long I shall quit this vile clod,  
And at Jesus' throne bow the knee,  
And sing with the chosen of God,  
*He saved a sinner like me !*

RUSSELL.

# Cheering Words for Seeking Souls.

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## THE MARTYRDOM OF JAMES RENWICK, THE LAST OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

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"We come now to the last of the Covenanting martyrs. James Guthrie had been the first minister who had suffered in the cause—James Renwick was the last. He may be called the Malachi among those modern minor prophets. He is described as a little fair-haired man, with a comely countenance, and great unction and sweetness of address. His letters, which are published, give evidence of learning, ardent piety, and something which verges on genius. In one of them, for instance, he speaks of the muirs and mosses of Scotland being *flowered* with martyrs. He speaks repeatedly of Luther in the loftiest terms, and seems quite familiar with his writings. His last letter closes thus, 'I go to your God and my God. Death to me is as a bed to the weary.' He had a singular history. When a child of two years old, he of his own accord tried to pray. Some years later he was tortured with doubts as to the being of a God. Once, looking at the mountains surrounding Glencairn, in Nithsdale, the parish of his birth, he cried out, 'If these were all devouring furnaces of burning brimstone, I would be content to go through them all to be assured that there was a God.' These doubts passed away, and, like Chalmers at one period of his life, he seems to have passed some entire years in devout solitary contemplation of the works and being of a God. He was sent to the university, where he supported himself by teaching gentlemen's sons. In July, 1681, when only nineteen years of age, he saw David Cargill executed in Edinburgh: an event which sent him home a 'sadder and a wiser man.' His mind was forthwith made up to connect himself with the extreme section of the Covenanters. After visiting Holland, and receiving license

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there to preach, he returned and added the weight of his youthful scholarship, ardour, and eloquence, to the Cameronian cause. His preaching gave a new impulse to the fading energies of the party. His beautiful boyish appearance—the fire which shone on his eyes and cheeks—his ‘pleasant melting voice’—the ‘seraphic enlargement’ of his speech, served to unite in him the charms of a bridegroom and the energies of an apostle. Peden and he were close friends. He spent two memorable nights with John Brown, the Ayreshire carrier. One chill dark November night, a thin, travel-worn stranger entered John Brown’s hut at Priesthill. His shoes were worn off his feet—his plaid hung dripping around him—John Brown himself was absent—the good wife looked at him with a certain suspicion, and it was left to her little daughter Janet to do, as well as she could, the offices of hospitality to the uninvited and unexpected guest; yet so carefully did the child take off his plaid, and so tenderly place him in the corner next the fire, that the stranger burst into tears, and into a blessing on the ‘bairn.’ At this juncture Brown himself returned; he recognized Renwick, and a night of plaintive, yet joyous, talk and reminiscences succeeded. After a day and another night of the same mutual intercourse, refreshed and strengthened, he parted from John Brown to meet no more on earth, and went on his way. For years he led a wandering life, preaching whenever he could find an opportunity to the ‘puir hill folk.’ After the Sanguhar declaration against the authority of James, which he penned, he became the object of unmitigated persecution; a reward of one hundred pounds was offered for his head, and fifteen distinct searches were made for him. Once he escaped by throwing himself into a hole on the side of a hill which was protected from view by a heap of stones. His activity at this time was amazing. With all the rapidity of enthusiasm did he pass from parish to parish, baptizing, catechizing, preaching, protesting against King James and his July Indulgence. Like that glorious monk in the ‘Roman,’ he became ‘a polyglot of prophets’—a ‘manifold infection’ of earnest and solitary protest. At length his health began to fail, he could no longer mount or ride on horseback, and had to be carried to the place where he was to preach. Yet once there, recognizing an audience of the right kind, and feeling the fresh breeze of the mountain on his fevered forehead, he revived, he strengthened, he was enlarged, he poured out the emo-

tions of his heart and the wrongs of his party in a very sea of eloquence, and the dying 'boy,' Renwick, was felt to be inspired. In him soul triumphed over body, and seemed when it reached its climax, to lift up the frail frame in scorn, and to say, 'What proportion between *this* instrument and *that* effect?' 'Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord.'

"At length, in February, 1688, having come to Edinburgh, he was discovered in the Castlehill by a tide-waiter who was searching for smuggled goods, and who stumbled on a nobler sort of contraband. He tried to escape at a back-door and fired a pistol which drove back his enemies, but in running down a street lost his hat, was recognized, and secured. He was treated on the whole with marvellous lenity. The blood-suckers seemed weary of their work. They were, besides, deeply impressed by his youth and his appearance. A grim Burley, a dark Hackstoun, or a grey-haired Blackadder, would have found no favour in their eyes. But this delicate, beautiful, and brave youth they were very much inclined to spare. They would had he made the slightest concession. But his mind was made up. He seemed, also, weary of life, and speaks of being a 'broken-hearted man.' He was dying, too, at any rate, and perhaps wished to die with a public testimony upon his lips, and with Edinburgh and Scotland looking on. Perhaps, indeed, long wandering, and anxiety and sickness and solitude, had somewhat affected his fine mind. Nevertheless, at the justiciary, he behaved with uncommon courage and calmness; and his answers to his judges were sharp and ready in the extreme. When asked, for instance, if he had taught it to be unlawful to pay cess to his present majesty, he owned he had; and added, 'Would it have been thought lawful for the Jews, in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, to have brought every one a coal to augment the flame of the furnace to devour the three children, if so they had been required by the tyrant?' He was found guilty, and condemned to execution on the following Friday. He was asked if he would like longer time, but seemed rather anxious than otherwise to be at the end of his journey. He was, however, reprieved for a few days, during which time he was visited both by episcopalians and papists, who used every effort to move his resolution, and to induce him to petition for life, but in vain. Bishop Paterson was very kind, and left at last in grief that 'such a pretty lad should be of such principles.'

An impudent popish priest who had intruded on him, was repulsed with manly indignation, so that it became a proverb in the Tolbooth, '*Begone!*' as Renwick said to the priests.' With his mother and sisters, who were in the town, he held many and most affecting interviews. The fatal morning at last came, and Renwick bravely girded up his loins to meet it. When he heard the drums beating for the guard, he fell into an extacy, and said, 'Tis the welcome warning to my marriage—the bridegroom is coming—I am ready—I am ready.' He was asked whether he would like a minister with him at the last, but declined, saying, 'I want none with me but this one man,' pointing to one of his friends. He went forth to the scaffold as he would have gone to a bridal—as one in a transport of joy.'

"There seemed a presentiment in Edinburgh that this was to be the last of the martyrdoms, and that Renwick was to be the last of his noble kindred. His fame, too, had of late years been peculiarly blazed abroad, as one who was keeping alive the embers of Cameronianism by his single breath, and evading the keenest pursuit. Never, accordingly, had there been such a crowd assembled in the Grassmarket as on that day. We can easily realize the scene. Faces, doubtless, were there, clad in the ghastly smiles of a triumph which was felt to be short—others looking on with stern, silent disapprobation and concentrated rage—some openly weeping, and protesting against the deed—and here and there flitting among the throng, the cloaked figures and disguised countenances of men, who, though in danger of the same doom, could not help venturing out from their hiding-places, to see their comrade or spiritual father die. But, whatever were the feelings or the words of the multitude, all was reduced to dumb show by the stormy music of the drums, which extinguished, so far as the people were concerned, the last words of the martyr. Unappalled, he mounted the scaffold. He first sang Psalm ciii., and then read Revelations xix.—a chapter describing the *avatar* of the avenger of Christian blood, whose name is Faithful and True, and whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and which might well seem prophetic of the deliverance of the Scottish Church, which was at hand. He then prayed; and thousands who could not hear his words must have been deeply moved at the expression of his upturned countenance, which had become 'like the face of an angel.' It was the 18th of

February, and clouds were darkening the sun as he said, 'I shall soon be above these clouds; then shall I enjoy Thee, and glorify Thee without interruption or intermission for ever.' He next addressed the people, renewing his testimony against the various corruptions of the period. At the top of the ladder he prayed again, and at length expired with the words in his mouth, 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit; for thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth.' He was just twenty-six years of age.

"And thus had martyrdom borne its last pale flower, and the deep sigh of the multitude said, 'It is done!'" An era had passed away with that intrepid spirit, and a new time, less glorious indeed, but marked by less troubled and afflicting elements, was about to succeed."

### Bible Names and Bible Places.—No. 9.

#### ABIEZER.

ON looking for a Bible name to close up the year with, our eye fell upon this name of Abiezer—the interpretation of which is, *The father of help*; or, *My father is my help*. And we thought, surely this may be said at the end of the year by every believer; and his prayer, too, at the beginning of the ensuing year should be, O, my Father! help! help me this year also; yea, help me more abundantly, or give me more abundant grace to honor thee in every relation of life, to shew forth thy praise in every circumstance; and so to glorify thee more this year than in any preceding year in which I have been honored to serve thee—the covenant God of my soul. But, Christian, look back for a moment upon the year which is about to drop its last month into eternity; and doubtless thou wilt be constrained to cry out, My Father hath indeed been my Help—my Help and my Defence—my Support and my God—my Saviour and my All. And not this year only, but from the moment in which he said unto me, "Live," hath he proved himself to be the *helping God*, the *upholding God*, and the *mighty God* to my oft astonished soul. And well mayest thou say this: for how, at the first, hadst thou fled from the wrath to come, if thy Father, by his Spirit, had not helped thee to flee? And how hadst thou known the way, or indeed how had there been a way, if God thy Father had not cast up a new and living way for thee, in the Person of his well beloved Son—through the rent veil of whose flesh thou now hast free access unto the Father by the Spirit of the Eternal God.

*Through the rent veil of his flesh!* Stupendous thought! Believer, hast thou considered this when thou hast approached unto a throne of grace? Hast thou considered, I ask thee, that thy approach unto that throne, and thy free access unto the Father there, hath been obtained by the precious blood of the Son of God? But for that blood, there had been no throne of grace open to thee; but for that blood, God had never met thee at the mercy-seat, to bless and save thee; and but for that blood, the portals of eternal glory would never admit thee into the regions of the blessed. O, believer! it is because this precious blood is sprinkled upon thee, that the destroying angel of the bottomless pit cannot drag thee to his dungeon of darkness and woe; for he has no power over the life of that soul upon whom the blood of the everlasting covenant—even the blood of the Son of God—is sprinkled; and if thy hopes of salvation are centred here, “the gates (the powers) of hell shall not prevail against thee.”

Let the solemn thought, that that blood first opened and still keeps open the way to God—and that that blood is thine only passport to heaven, endear a dying Christ to thy soul. And in thy every approach to his dear feet, let thine heart remember at what an immense sacrifice thy Father hath so helped thee. Or dost thou consider what thou and thy fathers were in the Adam fall? and what place ye stood—or rather, wallowed—in, and from which dreadful place thou hadst sunk into eternal misery, if the hand of thy Father had not “*laid help upon One that is mighty*,” even Jesus the Lord, and by him helped thee—yea, lifted thee “out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay” into which thou hadst sunk, and but for his help, by the sacrifice of his Darling, in whom his soul delighted, had sunk to rise no more? O, lose not sight of this—believer! that it was at the expence of the life of his *Beloved*, his *Darling* of darlings, that thy Father helped thee! It was by wounding him, bruising him, putting him to grief, in a word—it was by “making his soul an offering for sin,” that he saved thee.

Oh, how boundless was thy Father’s love, in that while thou wast “dead in trespasses and sins,” laying at the very brink of perdition, without hope and without God—nay, an enemy to God, and by wicked works far off from God—in that then he sent forth his only begotten Son to suffer and to die for thee, that he may expiate and do away thy sin “in his own body on the tree;” and in that the inestimable privilege is granted unto thee of bringing him as thy perfect and sufficient Sacrifice, the invaluable merits of which secures to thee help, health and strength to hold on thy way, and ultimately to achieve the final victory over sin and satan, death and hell—and by

which, too, an abundant entrance shall be ministered unto thee into the kingdom of God! Lift up thy voice, believer, and sing with the Psalmist, "The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me," and with the church at large. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

But by whose help didst thou stand, when "the fiery darts of the wicked one" were hurled at thee? By whom didst thou overcome him when he entangled thy unwary feet in that intricate and deep laid snare? What hand upheld thee when he tried his strongest means, and set his every engine to work to tempt, to buffet, to assault and to afflict thee, if haply he might overthrow thee, and cause thee to bring disgrace upon the honor of thy God? Ah, Christian! did not the hand of thy Father help thee then? And that secret fall of thine, which thou dost still lament and mourn over before thy God in secret, and which the tender love of thy Father covered and concealed, both from the eye of the church and the world, whose hand helped thee and lifted thee up then, and set thee upon thy feet by the sealing home a sweet promise to thy soul, by a fresh manifestation of his love, and by his Spirit again bearing witness with thine that thou wert his child? And hath he not often helped thee by encouraging thee to trust him, when, according to sense and feeling, there has been as it were no ground for hope or trust at all? But even then he hath helped thee to trust, telling thee, there is mercy with him that he might be feared. And who hath helped thee from time to time to study by Divine faith the character of the Eternal God, and from the knowledge which his Holy Spirit hath taught thee of it, to cast thine all, both for time and eternity, into his dear hands? O, it is thy Father which hath helped thee in all these things! he hath helped thee by his Spirit; he hath helped thee by his grace; he hath helped thee by his Son. Trust him, then, O believer! yea, trust him for evermore. Pour out thine heart before him, and thou shalt not fail to find that God is a Refuge for thee. He hath helped thee this year through, by supplying both thy temporal and spiritual wants. Day by day his bounteous hand hath fed thee and preserved thee; and by the breath of his mouth, even the Spirit of God, hath he "held thy soul in life, and hath not suffered thy feet to be moved." Praise him! then; praise him! evermore! let the end of the year with thee be praise and thanksgiving; and the beginning of the next, if spared till then, be spent at a throne of grace in supplication and prayer, both for thyself, and the humble

AUTHOR OF "BIBLE NAMES," AND THE "CLOSEST COMPANION."

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## THE

**Christian's Work in the Bitter Waters of Affliction.**

I RECEIVED my dear friend's epistle, and it proves what was said by the Lord of the vineyard long since, that "in the world ye shall have tribulation." You have heard that your friend was ill, which, indeed was the case; you have heard also that he had given intimation since he was in some measure recovered, of visiting you once more: but I am sorry to tell my friend that on Sunday morning in the chapel, I was affected with something of the same kind as before, though not so violently; a dizziness before my eyes, attended with great prostration of strength, so that with difficulty I went through my discourse. But it appears, by one on whom I can depend, that though I was weak, and my voice low, God's word was not so to some; I am nothing, God is all. I was somewhat recovered in the afternoon but faint, and my head is still very weak. I cannot, as yet, say anything about coming to Providence chapel, as I intended when I wrote to my son, but I mean to give him a line respecting it before next Lord's-day.

In these days of affliction there are many things to consider, and I find, by yours, you have been doing the same as myself—looking over the path you have come, and the help you have received; and looking out for the house that is above, and whether the vessel of mercy is in condition for the inheritance. It seems needful to know how we came in at the wicket-gate at the head of the way; for all real pilgrims enter in at the strait gate, and tread the narrow path, which the ignorant and unclean have never trodden. I was a considerable time before I found the gate, and long before I was satisfied that I entered in thereat; but I have this to say, this gate of life was discovered to me from above, or I should never have found it. I could by no means, or any power in myself, discover it; such blindness was upon my eyes. I could see my sin,—the justice of God,—and feel his wrath revealed against me; but Christ I could not see. This gate was discovered by degrees, first by one scripture and then by another, as God and man in one person to fulfil the law and satisfy divine justice, or no salvation for me: and, after this sight, pressed sore by unbelief, lest in him I should never believe, so after all be damned as an unbeliever of the gospel. The efficacy of His blood I felt in my conscience purging the dreadful guilt of sin under which I lay, which sin, in the same sense and sight, has never come back to this day; and, when my interest was made manifest in this Saviour of sinners, I said, it was enough! I suppose I was then fairly entered in at the

gate of life. O then I could have cast (with the twenty-four elders around the throne) the crown at his feet, and sung Hallelujah! but in a while, or process of time, my love grew cold, sensations of this kind wore off, the world with her much fair speech came, my fleshly part sighed with the alluring charm, and I slid back as a backsliding heifer. But O the faithfulness of God! he put the yoke again upon my neck, and brought me back; or suppose I rather say, drew me from that state, and would not leave me there.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray, but in faithfulness hast thou afflicted me, for since I have learned to keep thy word:" David says thus. I said above that I supposed I had, before this, entered the gate; but how soon did I get in By-path meadows! and it is a great wonder that I was not drowned in destruction and perdition! However, this I know, I pierced myself through with many sorrows. But that which brought me sensibly into the path of life again, as I hope, was the discovery of a crucified Saviour, whom I had so long alighted and injured by my heart-idolatry. This discovery broke my heart, and killed me to self and sin and all the world; and won my affections and soul to himself, and made me loathe myself in dust and ashes; and the worst names for such a sinner that could be formed in the mind of man were applied to myself. I have thought at times this was Godly sorrow that worketh repentance; that is, such has is never to be repented of. In those days all of Christ was sweet to me; as also this passage, "I will heal their backslidings and love them freely;" and also, from the best evidence, I thought I was the merchantman that had found the pearl of great price, and sold all, for I cared about nothing else. I also thought I understood these words: "and I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to me;" and with Paul, "Have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord? I could then, with Mary, sit at all day at his feet, and receive his words. I had in those days as I walked in this way of pilgrims who had entered this gate, converse with them that were gone before, and saw that by the Spirit we were all baptised in to one body, and made all to drink into one spirit. I also thought in those days, and since, at times, that when the heart is circumcised to love God, we are one Spirit with him; we love what he loves, think highly of all things that he commends, and disapprove of all that he disapproves: and could wish to be perfect in the image of his Son for ever; say, is it not so? I cannot tell you here all that I could say; but after all my goings in, and goings out, I am but of little faith, and dark and cloudy days do I pass through, and think often if I had any real faith at all I should have more faith than I have; and so am ready to conclude against myself, and fears rise upon this, with Bunyan's Christian, "If I should die in the

river!" However, hope at times springs up that whenever I die, I shall die in the faith of Christ, and that this will be my case I cannot quite give up; for when God called me to the fellowship of his Son, he called me to his eternal kingdom and glory: and I even hope I shall sit down in that kingdom with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; and the good company of prophets and apostles, though one of the least of the least.

My head feels weak in writing this, but, my dear friend, if We see ourselves bye and bye with Him whom we love, O the joy.

### STRENGTH EQUAL TO THE DAY.

"As thy days so shall thy strength be." Deuteronomy xxxiii. 25.

Ye timid saints, fresh courage take,  
Thy God, he never can forsake;  
He will support and comfort thee,  
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Should Satan tempt thee with his lies,  
Look forward, yonder is the prize;  
And soon you shall your Saviour see,  
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Should troubles oft thy soul assail,  
Rejoice, thy Jesus shall prevail;  
From every snare, he'll set thee free,  
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Should friends all fail, and foes arise,  
Thou hast a friend above the skies;  
His love is great, his love is free,  
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

And when the messenger shall come,  
To call thy ransomed spirit home;  
Thy Jesus then will be with thee,  
And as thy days thy strength shall be.

And when you bow before that throne,  
Where sin and sorrow is unknown,  
With all the ransomed throng you'll sing,  
That as thy days thy strength has been.

*Stegney.*

FRANCIS GREEN.

## Cheering Words for the End of 1854.

AN!—when I thought of the many and the dreadfully solemn events connected with the year in which this volume has been published—the slaughters at the seat of war—the desolations of the pestilence at home—and the dark and sickly season through which I have been passing—I wondered how it could be possible for me to close this eventful period of time with anything of a cheering or pleasing nature! So gloomy—so fearful—so unbelieving—and so sad has often, of late, been my condition of mind, that I would rather sit close and brood over my dark history—my frequently desolate path, than go forth in converse with even any of the Lord's dear loving saints.

But such a state of things becometh not a man of God. And I desire to be very thankful that in the midst of all my melancholy forebodings, and heart-felt despondencies—my blessed Lord (for I must call him *mine*)—has been better to me than all my fears. Three blessed things I have been favored to realize. First—the mercy-seat has been a little opened to me; and sometimes in secret prayer I have been helped to pour out my heart to God in faith and in fervent desires. Secondly—the Word of God has been a little opened to me—and I have gone up, from time to time—and spoken in the Lord's name; and there I have been most wonderfully helped. The third blessing is this—the hearts of the Lord's people have been opened to plead for me—and also to receive the testimonies I have had to deliver. I must therefore say, "*Goodness and mercy have followed me still.*"

But, my readers will say, "*What are the cheering words with which you wish to close up the year 1854? Where shall we find them? And, in what sense have they been cheering?*"

The words which to me have been cheering, are written at the end of Psalm xcii. I was in my little study somewhat depressed, when these words softly spoke in my soul—"TO SHEW THAT THE LORD IS UPRIGHT." This led me to turn to the Psalm—and there I saw, and read, and sweetly felt these precious words—"Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing; to shew that the Lord is upright. HE

IS MY ROCK, *and there is no unrighteousness in him.*" Here consider, I. The Persons spoken of. II. The peculiarity of the promises made for them. III. The manifestation of Jehovah's faithfulness, as seen in the fruit-bearings of his people; and their assurance of interest in him, their Refuge and Eternal Rest.

1. The persons spoken of—"Those that be planted in the house of the Lord." This is a most expressive description of the condition of the true and the living saints of God—they are not mere hearers of the word—not mere gazers at ordinances—not mere conformists to creeds and ceremonies. No—they are rooted, and grounded, and established in all that is vital, essential, and saving, connected with the church of the living God. "*Plants of the Father's right-hand planting,*" are those who have been taken out of nature's darkness—out of satan's service—and out of all false ways—and are put into Christ, into the covenant, into the gospel, into the hearts of God's living elect—by a heaven-born faith, by a spiritual life, and by a vital union, whereby they come to have a saving knowledge of things Divine, and an omnipotent power to preserve them and to increase them with all the increase of God.

The promises made to these persons are very precious—I believe many of the Lord's people greatly fear two evils—*barrenness—and a falling away.* These promises are a guarantee to every living plant in God's holy sanctuary that they shall *go on to bear fruit even unto the end*; and that because the everlasting, the never-failing, the ever-flowing FOUNTAIN OF LIFE—the God of all grace—dwelleth in them.

The immutability of Jehovah's faithfulness shall be manifested in the abidance, in the perseverance, and in the ultimate perfection and glorification of all who are called savingly to believe in the Lord Christ for life and salvation. They shall prove him to be to thee A ROCK to build on—to hide in—and to be reclined upon, for ever and ever. Amen.

Dear readers—I am too weak to write more. If "CHEERING WORDS" are useful to you, help to circulate them among others—and do not forget to pray for your afflicted Servant, and I hope Friend in the gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

1, South Street, Upper Grange Road, Bermondsey.

December, 1854.

# CHEERING WORDS

FOR

1856.

VOLUME VI.

LONDON: PARTRIDGE AND CO.,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

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1856.

ROBERT BARKER & Co., Printers, 182, Dover Road.

## PREFACE.

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"He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven, there shall no evil touch thee.—Job. v. 19.

FOR six long years, it has been my privilege and pleasure to act as editor to this little work ; but here my office closes :—the work having, of necessity, passed out of my hands, the Proprietor thinks, he can furnish matter more suited to the times, and to the title, than what I have done, wherefore, not only the Proprietorship, but the Editorship with myself here comes to an end. I must confess this little work has not had the attention it deserved ; but, in the midst of difficulties and dangers, it has lived ; and I have always endeavoured to give in it, such words, and such evidences of the wondrous grace of God, as I hoped might be useful both to sinner and to saint. Every one that considers the *cost* of producing a work of this kind, and the low price at which it has been sold, must be quite sure, that its Editorship and Proprietorship cannot possibly be remunerative ; but the reverse. Nevertheless, our circulation was rising ; and in course of time, by perseverance, improvement, and the Lord's blessing, it might have been permanently useful, and self-supporting. It has been my lot, however, to see Disappointment written on almost all my efforts ; but I will hope that, in other hands, "CHERRING WORDS" may yet become a standard, an established, and a welcome little monthly, amid the masses of religious publications which now are flying through this Protestant land, and its Colonies. Little "CHERRING WORDS" has been a pet publication of mine ; and my separation from it, is certainly a grief to me :—but all things beneath the sun must have an end ; and, in closing my labours in this work, I feel grateful to the Lord,—He having, as I hope put it into my heart to



commence and to circulate a work of this kind. I, also, feel thankful for the fact that while tens of thousands of this little messenger have been circulated, I am not aware that it ever yet contained anything but what has been more or less acceptable to spiritual and to seeking minds; and although I know not what its future course may be, still, I hope its "Cheering Words" will always be drawn from the pure fountain of Eternal Life, and of Everlasting Love; or be fetched from that land of Holy Gospel Liberty, where the fruits of the Spirit alone can be found.

To those kind friends who have furnished papers for "Cheering Words," I desire to express most unfeigned thanks: they have oft-times refreshed my spirit, and enriched the pages of these volumes; "they shall in no wise lose their reward."

And now, dear reader, in saying farewell; with what words more substantially cheering can I leave thee, than the words which stand at the head of this brief Preface? As I reluctantly, and, with a heavy heart, sat down to write this Preface; that striking passage spoke to my heart "He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee." A multitude and a perfection of afflictions, are there anticipated, "in the world ye must have tribulation;" but to the Godly man, the promise is absolutely certain. The God whom he seeks and serves, will deliver, and protect: so that nothing that can be really an evil—apostacy, final separation from God, or banishment from his kingdom—shall ever touch him.

Dear Reader—Farewell—I hope, still, in some way or other to be useful to Zion, and so long as life shall last, to be enabled to subscribe myself her faithful and devoted servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

2, Eldon Place, Upper Grange Road, Bermondsey,  
November 28th, 1856.

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# CHEERING WORDS

VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1856.

No. 58.

## ALL'S WELL.

N commencing this Sixth Volume of "CHEERING WORDS," our eyes have truly been up unto the Lord for direction—and for a blessing. During the whole course of our labours in connection with this work, we never trod in paths more trying—we had never heavier burdens to bear—nor thicker clouds around our heads: still; we are spared: still; we love the Truth—we love the Lord; we love His ways; we love His people too, *when*, His image they wear; *when*, His Spirit they breathe; *when*, in His ways they walk; and *when* in His house they pray and praise together. Still, also, we may say, our desires are to know the Lord, to serve His cause, to be useful in his vineyard;—to be faithful unto death, and then "to finish our course WITH JOY."

Of ourselves we say no more now—only, remembering the promise—"the desire of the righteous shall be granted"—we say to all who sincerely *desire* those mercies promised by a righteous Redeemer, FEAR NOT—for such at last shall say—"ALL'S WELL."

Price One-Halfpenny; Or 10 copies for 4d.

We entreat our readers—every one—to do their utmost to circulate this little book, and so help us, at last to say, "ALL'S WELL."

Two soldiers were in converse together. The one a convicted, broken-hearted seeker. The other a believing friend and follower of Jesus.

A few words which passed between them, shall be the close of our very brief address, this year: and in this abrupt manner, we must leave the soldiers and our readers together.

The poor seeking, heart-smitten soldier said—

"Can there be hope for such a wretch as I am? Tell me, tell me then, if you can, *what must I do to be saved?*"

The other replied—

"Ah! *now* friend you are awakened to your awful condition, and see your perfect helplessness. Now you feel your need of a Saviour. But where is an all-sufficient Saviour to be met with? God will be satisfied with nothing short of *perfect obedience*: therefore *man* cannot be that Saviour, and God, who cannot lie, declares that he will enforce the full penalty of sin, 'The soul that sinneth, it *shall* die,' Ezekiel xviii. 4."

"Then there is no hope for me! I hear you say."

"Yes, comrade, you need not despair, God has devised means whereby his banished ones might be brought back to him, but he only helps those who feel as you do, that they *need* his help, *not* those who think they have done anything to deserve it. 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' *Now*, friend, you are in a state to embrace the Gospel."

"The Gospel! you say; I hear people talking about the Gospel—the Gospel—what is the Gospel?"

"I'll tell you, comrade. The word signifies 'glad tidings,' 'good news,' and when you have heard what the Gospel is, *and received it into your heart*, you will indeed say it is *glorious news*."

"Well then, more than 1800 years ago, God, the Son, actually came on earth, took our very form and nature on himself, and as *Man* strictly kept the whole law. Now this *righteous Man*, Jesus Christ—the God-Man—Emmanuel, which by interpretation is, God with us,—the only *righteous* man, 'The Lord our Righteousness,' in his stupendous love, gave himself up as an antonement for *our sins*; and as *Man* paid the penalty incurred by us—for 'the Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all';—He, the second Adam, by his obedience unto

### CHEERING WORDS FROM INFANT LIPS.

death, thus satisfying the spiritual law, the breach of which by the first Adam, brought death into the world. The agony of his sufferings and the nature and extent of his endurance, we can now form no idea of, but we shall know hereafter ; although an attentive perusal of the 22nd Psalm, will give us some conception of what it is to be forsaken of God.

"Now, this gracious Redeemer does not ask what kind of lives we have led ; whether we are profligate, or, what men call moral ; or whether our sins be 'red like crimson;' for in his sight we are all alike *great sinners*, although man may choose to palliate and talk of *little sins*. He will that we surrender ourselves entirely to him ; that we be bent to him in prayer, and mentally acknowledge that we are sinners, perfectly helpless sinners, totally unworthy of his mercy ; nevertheless, with *faith* in him, and what he has done and suffered for us ; and he promises us full, free, and unconditional pardon and salvation ; saying, as he does by his apostle, '*If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead thou shalt be saved.*' All our sins are then blotted out with his blood : and by his grace, through faith in him, at the judgment day we shall stand as if we had never sinned ; not clothed in the filthy rags of our own righteousness, but in the robe of his justifying righteousness—for His righteousness will be imputed unto us."

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### CHEERING WORDS FROM INFANT LIPS.

A REMARKABLE ACCOUNT OF A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER,

*Written by her Father.*

I had a daughter named Martha, whom the Lord was pleased to quicken by his Spirit, and call with an effectual calling, at the age of five years. Her experience and spiritual conversation were made useful to myself ; her heavenly birth appeared in the following way ; an old disciple of Jesus was praying in my house, with many friends beside the family, and while the servant of the Lord appeared to be in the spirit of prayer, the child Martha said, "Something speaks within me, saying, *give me thy heart*;" adding, a second time, "It speaks to me again, *give me thy heart*." These friends all appeared to be in a sweet frame of spirit, and yet filled with wonder at the child's simple declaration.

One of the brethren mentioned the Lord calling Samuel, prior to Samuel's knowing the voice of the Lord ; and then addressed the child, saying, "It may be that it is the Lord that has called you by

the voice of love." The child replied, "If it was the Lord, I think I should feel my sins forgiven." And then said, "I will now pray;" upon which she fell down upon her knees before the Lord amongst all the friends, and said in prayer, "O Lord, take my heart and make it thine for ever." All the friends present acknowledged that it was a time of love to all their souls, and joyfully believed that God had verified his own word, by being in the midst of them. The next morning, the child took the Bible in her hands, opened it, and fell upon her knees before the Lord, saying, "Let all this precious book be written in my heart." She then read those words, "Truly my soul waiteth upon God," adding "O! how sweet are those words." When she rose up from her knees, she immediately collected all her toys, and brought them together in order to put them into the fire, saying, "Little children who love the Lord Jesus Christ, should have nothing to do with idols," adding, "I have done with such trifling things." She then committed them to the flames, which she said was the proper place for idols; from that morning to the day on which she fell asleep in Jesus, she was never seen trifling.

Her growth in natural and spiritual knowledge was obvious to all who knew her. She became truly familiar with the Holy Scriptures, and was helped to converse about the things of God with freedom and spiritual delight.

Her affability and spirituality rendered her amiable to all who knew the power of internal Christianity. That she delighted in prayer appeared to a demonstration to all who knew her. She took great delight in conversing about the invaluable pleasure and privilege of communion and fellowship with God, through the Lord Jesus Christ. She was partial to retirement and knew the sweetness of those words, "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chamber, and shut the door about thee; hide thyself, as it were for a little moment." She was helped to watch over the family with duty, affection, wisdom, and gravity. She would never suffer any unprofitable conversation to go forward without reprehension. She was gradually brought to have a humiliating sensibility of the peccability of her own nature, and of her own imbecility. Whenever I went out of doors, she dropped some sweet words, such as these, "I hope you will be helped to be looking unto Jesus, and I hope I shall be helped to pray for you, that you may be kept from evil." When friends came to my house, she would sit down and watch over their conversation, and if any subject was introduced contrary to the Gospel of Christ, her manner was to ask them a few plain, simple questions, such as these, "Do you profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you think that your conversation is becoming the gospel of Christ? Do you feel that you love Christ in

your heart?" adding, "the hope of the hypocrite shall perish, but those who love the Lord will be ever thinking about him:" for "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Her sympathy with the distressed people of God, was truly great. Her manner was to sit down with them, and read to them some promises, such as appeared suitable to their state and situation, and then to make some remarks on the goodness of the Lord, in making such sweet promises to his mourning and disconsolate children; after which she prayed with them. She was blessed with the gift of expression in gospel language in conversation, and at the throne of grace. She frequently made remarks on afflictive providences, saying "Oh! how good is God unto me in sparing my parents, and granting me food and raiment while other poor children are in want." Friends frequently gave her money, but she was never known to spend one penny on herself, all that was given her she gave away to such objects as appeared to be distressed, and many a time offered to go without food herself, that it might be given to others, who appeared to be in real want; thus did her bowels of compassion run over to the indigent and afflicted.

When she entered the ninth year of her age, it was the pleasure of God to bring her body into a declining state, which ended in her removal.

During her long affliction she was truly heavenly-minded and spiritual. When she was first taken, she said she felt in herself that her sickness would be unto death; and therefore strove, in an argumentative and pathetic way, to reconcile her parents to the unerring dispensations of Providence. Her wisdom in divine things was far greater than my understanding. She was enabled to say with pleasure that she was crucified unto the world, and the world unto her. She knew that her life was hidden with Christ in God. She gloried in the Redeemer's righteousness, sacrifice, and atonement. The thoughts of dissolution were delightful to her soul. She frequently said that she wished to be with Christ in the eternal state of vision. She was kept in a patient, waiting frame of mind, in pleasant submission to the will of God.

About four months before her death, her mind was much exercised with fiery shafts from the adversary which her faith was helped to repel in the strength of Jesus. She desired me to come to her bedside every evening for upwards of three months, to relate to me how it had been with her through the day, and said, "Father, you know what to praise God for on my account, and how to pray suitably to my situation;" adding, "but don't pray for my life, but that my will may be lost in the will of God." In the midst of this visitation I was called to leave the North to reside in London, which gave great joy



to my daughter; for she said, "In a little time my redeemed soul will be for ever with the Lord, and my body laid to rest with the dust of the saints."

About six weeks before her death many friends came to see her, and to pray with her; after which I said, "You see there is no possibility of her recovery." After the friends were gone she said to me "Father, I am sorry you speak so unadvisedly with your lips; you know that all things are possible with God, and that there is nothing too hard for the Lord." But at the same time, she said, she was fully persuaded that she was near the end of her pilgrimage—adding, "God hath willed everything for the best." She was kept calm, patient, and comfortable. The name of Jesus was, unto her soul, like ointment poured forth, while she was waiting for her peaceful dismission. The morning that she died, she called me to her bed-side, and put her arms round my neck, and kissed me, and thanked me for all my paternal care—adding, "You have been a kind father." She further said, "I hope you will be kept from grieving about me; all is well; and in a little time we shall meet where there is neither sin nor sorrow, in a state of rest and perfect glory, never more to part."

Thus died in the Lord, Martha, my daughter, aged nine years and four months; and, like the gathered rose, leaving a fragrance behind evidencing that she was born of God, and saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.—*Zion's Casket*, Jan., 1837.

CHILDREN taught to read the Bible,  
In this highly-favoured land!

Teach the children, Lord, to prize it!

May it prove the children's friend!

*Favoured children!*

Who its truths can comprehend.

May this sacred Revelation,

Well instruct the youthful mind,

To escape the world's temptation,

And its evils leave behind.

*Happy children!*

Who can this true wisdom find.

Hark! those children now in glory,

How they sing of Jesus there.

'Twas his grace that made them holy;

Yes, before they entered there.

*Blessed children!*

Taken from the evil here.

CHEERING WORDS PICKED UP IN THE STREETS.

*To the Editor of Cheering Words.*

SIR,—I take the liberty of trespassing on your attention, hoping thereby (under the blessing of the eternal God) to cheer the heart of some soul in Zion. It has been the practice with me for years frequently to pick up scraps of paper that have reading on them, which I see as I pass through the streets. Passing along Whitechapel Road lately, I picked up a dirty bit of paper that appeared to have been printed at least a century; it was the lower half of a leaf, and contained (to me) the following sweet and truthful words:—

What mean these jealousies and fears ?

As if the Lord was loth to save,  
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears;  
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.

Does he want slaves to grace his throne ?

Or rules he with an iron rod ?  
Loves he the deep despairing groan ?  
Is he a tyrant or a God ?

Not all the sins which we have wrought  
So much his tender bowels grieve,  
As this unkind, injurious thought,  
That he's unwilling to forgive.

At the bottom corner I found these words, "Watt's Lyrics." Well, I thought, the dear old Doctor knew "the truth as it is in Jesus;" there can be no doubt, or he never could have peened so truthfully our measurings and thoughts of God, as they, alas! frequently are, and what God really is—a God pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin; slow to anger, plentiful in mercy, rejoicing not in the death of a sinner, yet by no means clearing the guilty; who sent his beloved Son with a message of mercy and truth—"whose blood cleanseth us from all sin." Now should this be thought worthy a corner in *Cheering Words*, may it cheer the soul of some weakling, and I will give thanks.

17, Old Church Road, Stepney.

G. BUTLER.

"To serve God, and to promote his glory, is the highest honor and happiness, and the noblest employ of man. To believe in Jesus as the Sent One of the Father, is the command and will of God; and to do His will, is all that angels aspire to accomplish."

MR. SPURGEON  
ON THE  
DEATH-BED SAYINGS OF SOME EMINENT SAINTS.

---

(*To the Editor of Cheering Words.*)

DEAR SIR,—I have lately fallen in with some solid and sedate Christians who find great fault with what they call “the improper and unbecoming carriage of Mr. Spurgeon in the pulpit.” This mistaken species of opposition I wish to descant upon in a future number of your work: but the closing up of matters prevents it now. Only this I may say—that Rowland Hill, with his deep native wit, was not John Owen, with his grave demeanour, and deeply solid tone; John Berridge was not John Bunyan; Ralph Erskine was not Rutherford; the stately, the solemn, the apparently unusually humble Brooks, of Brighton, was not the lively and energetic James Wells, of the Borough. Ministers, and Christian men, of all classes, have their different make of mind. Nature has many moulds, in which the minds of men are cast. The *variety of mind*, and the amazing difference between the *tendency* of men’s spirits, is one of the brightest displays of Divine wisdom. Is it not a pity that because Mrs. Deeply-double-tone has not a buoyancy of spirit like Mr. Naturally-Elastic; or that because Mr. Hagar-under-the-yoke cannot rejoice and be cheerful like Mr. Gracious-Christ-embracer, that therefore one should condemn the other? O, let it not be! But on this, if you will permit, another time much more. The following solemn contrast between death-bed scenes, and the saints’ happy sayings, must not even be taken as an unalterable rule. No; death, and life, in all men, is very, very different. Nevertheless, you will, I think, agree, that Mr. Spurgeon has here given us both solemn and cheering words. He was preaching on the death of the Christian, when he said—

And now comes a sweet thought, that death to the Christian is always *acceptable*:—“Thou shalt *come* to thy grave.” Old Caryl makes this remark on this verse:—“a willingness and a cheerful-

ness to die. Thou shalt *come*, thou shalt not be dragged or hurried to thy grave, as it is said of the foolish rich man, Luke xii. This night shall thy soul be taken from thee. But thou shalt come to thy grave, thou shalt die quietly and smilingly, as it were, thou shalt go to thy grave, as it were upon thine own feet, and rather walk, than be carried in thy sepulchre." The wicked man, when he dies, is driven to his grave, but the Christian *comes* to his grave. Let me tell you a parable.—Behold two men sat together in the same house: when Death came to each of them. He said to one, "Thou shalt die." The man looked at him—tears suffused his eyes, and tremblingly he said, "O Death, I cannot, I will not die." He sought out a physician, and said to him, "I am sick, for Death hath looked upon me. His eyes have paled my cheeks, and I fear I must depart. Physician, there is my wealth, give me health and let me live." The physician took his wealth, but gave him not his health, with all his skill. The man changed his physician, and tried another, and thought that perhaps he might spin out the thread of life a little longer. But, alas! Death came and said, "I have given thee time to try thy varied excuses, come with me; thou shalt die." And he bound him hand and foot, and made him go to that dark land of shades. As the man went he clutched at every side-post by the way; but Death, with iron hands, still pulled him on. There was not a tree that grew along the way but he tried to grasp it, but Death said, "Come on! thou art my captive, and thou shalt die." And unwillingly, as the laggard schoolboy, who goeth slowly to school, so did he trace the road with Death. He did not *come* to his grave, but Death fetched him to it:—the grave came to him.

But Death said to the other man, "I am come for thee." He smilingly replied, "Ah, Death; I know thee, I have seen thee many a time. I have held communion with thee. Thou art my Master's servant, thou hast come to fetch me home. Go, tell my Master I am ready; whenever he pleases. Death, I am ready to go with thee." And together they went along the road, and held sweet company. Death said to him, "I have worn these skeleton-bones to frighten wicked men; but I am not frightful. I will let thee see myself. The hand that wrote upon Belshazzar's wall was terrible because no man saw anything but the hand; but," said Death, "I will shew thee my whole body." Men have only seen my bony hand, and have been terrified." And as they went along

Death ungirded himself to let the Christian see his body; and he smiled, for it was the body of an angel. He had wings of cherubs, and a body glorious as Gabriel. The Christian said to him, "Thou art not what I thought thou wast: I will cheerfully go with thee." At last Death touched the believer with his hand,—it was even as when the mother doth in sport smite her child a moment. The child loves that loving pinch upon the arm, for it is a proof of affection. So did Death put his finger on the man's pulse, and stopped it for a moment, and the Christian found himself by Death's kind finger changed into a spirit; yea, found himself brother to the angels; his body had been etherealized, his soul purified, and he himself was in heaven. You tell me this is only a parable; but let me give you some facts that shall back it up. I will tell you some of the death-bed sayings of dying saints, and shew you that, to them, Death has been an agreeable visitant, of whom they were not afraid. You will not disbelieve dying men. It were ill to act the hypocrite's part at such a time. When the play is over men will take off the mask: and so with these men when they come to die—they stand out in solemn unclothed reality.

First, let me tell you what Dr. Owen said,—that celebrated prince of Calvinists. While his works are to be found, I am not afraid that men shall lack arguments to defend the Gospel of Free-grace. A friend called to tell Dr. Owen that he had put to press his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." There was a momentary gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, "I am glad to hear it. Oh!" said he, "the long-wished for time has come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I ever have done, or was capable of doing in this world."

But, you may say, this man was a mere theologian, let us hear a poet speak.

George Herbert, after some severe struggles, and having requested his wife and nieces, who were weeping in extreme anguish, to leave the room, he committed his will to Mr. Woodnott's care, crying out, "I am ready to die—Lord forsake me not now my strength faileth; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Lord Jesus. And now, Lord, receive my soul." Then he laid himself back and breathed out his life to God. Thus the poet dies. That glorious fancy of his, that might have pictured gloomy things if it had pleased, was only filled with rapturous sight of angels. As he

used to say himself, "Methinks I hear the church bells of heaven ringing." And methinks he did hear them when he came near the river Jordan.

"But," you will say, "one was a theologian, and the other a poet—it might have been all fancy." Now learn what an active man, a missionary, said—Brainard.

He said, "I am almost in eternity. I long to be there. My work is done. I have done with all my friends. All the world is now nothing to me. Oh, to be in heaven, to praise and glorify God with his holy angels!" That is what Brainard said. He who counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and went among wild untutored Indians to preach the Gospel.

But it is possible you may say, "These were men of ages gone by." Now you shall have men of modern times.

And first, hear what the great and eminent Scotch preacher, Haldane, said. He raised himself a little, and distinctly repeated these words, "When Christ who is our life shall appear, then we shall appear with him in glory." He was then asked if he thought he was going home. He answered, "Perhaps not quite yet." Mrs. Haldane affectionately said, "Then you will not leave us very soon." He replied with a smile, "To depart and to be with Christ is far better." On being asked if he felt much peace and happiness, he twice repeated, "Exceeding great and precious promises." He then said, "But I must rise." Mrs. Haldane said, "You are not able to get up." He smiled, and answered, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with his likeness." She said, "Is that what rising up you meant?" He replied, "Yes, that is the rising I meant. I must rise!"

And now, what said Howard—the great philanthropist, the man who while possessing true religion, and being the most eminent and distinguished of Christians, would from his plain common sense mode of acting, never be suspected of being a fanatic and an enthusiast? A few days before his death, when the symptoms of his disease began to assume a most alarming appearance, he said to Admiral Priestman, "You endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me. I always look forward to it with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure."

But perhaps you may say, "We never knew any of these people. We should like to hear of somebody whom we did know." Well, you shall hear of one whom you have heard me affectionately mention. He was not of our denomination, but he was a very prince in Israel—I refer to Joseph Irons. Many of you heard the sweet and blessed things that proceeded out of his lips, and will perhaps be able to verify what is said of him. At intervals he repeated short portions of Scripture, and select sentences. Such as "How long, Lord?" "Come Lord Jesus!" "I long to go home, to be at rest." Seeing his dear wife shed tears, he said, "Do not weep for me; I am waiting for that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." After a pause, to recover his breath, he added, "He that hath preserved me thus far, will never leave, or forsake me. Fear not: all is well. Christ is precious. I am going home, for I am a shock of corn fully ripe." Now this is a man you did know, many of you. And to prove the fact that I have asserted, that to a Christian, death is acceptable, come when it may. I am sure I can say, with many of my brethren here, that could I now have the greatest favour conferred on me that mortals could desire, I would ask that I might die. I never wish to have the choice given to me; but to die is the happiest thing man can have, because it is to lose anxiety, it is to slay care, it is to have the peculiar sleep of the beloved. To the Christian, then, death must be acceptable.

The above is extracted from the Park Street Pulpit, published by Messrs. Alabaster & Passmore, 34, Wilson Street, Finsbury, price 1d.

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### OF GOD AND GLORY: THE BURIAL OF A BABE IN CHRIST.

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A SWEET little memoir of "FREDERIC STARLING," has been published by Houlston and Stoneman. It is called, "THE BABE IN CHRIST." It is a parental memoir of a fond, and much-loved child—in whose little soul it is believed JESUS, the Friend of sinners was revealed.

Of his dying days we have a minute detail. But the account of his burial has struck us as that which must be

interesting and cheering. We give it as it stands: because it breathes a cheerful spirit of resignation, and of praise to God in the midst of sorrow:

The Lord gave us great quietness of spirit, and enabled us so to realize the eternal gain of our dear child, that we failed, for a time, to feel our own exceeding loss. But we had sorrow as well as joy. Faith rejoiced — nature wept. Nature said, had we but known such a thing, we should have done so and so — had we but done that, such a result might have followed; but faith said *all*, even the minutest details, were well known beforehand by our heavenly Father, and so watched over by him, that had it been well for the child, well for us, and for his glory, he would have stayed the progress of disease, and recovered our child. Here was the comfort of our hearts. In conjecturing and looking at circumstances, we found only sorrow. The comfort of love—God's love—was indeed balm to our souls; and is so still, whenever the gush of parental feelings opens the wound afresh; and will be until we see the end of all sorrow, in those regions where we soon shall meet him again with the

“ Many dear children who're gathering there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

If, while he lived, intelligence and sweetness marked his countenance, they were still manifest when death had seized upon the “clay tenement.” He appeared much older than he was, while his placid, intelligent look, in connection with his long white garment, suggested the idea of his being a young student. Well, he had learned, and delighted in what he learned, of “glory,” and of “God” here, and now he is gone, where his knowledge is perfected; yet still “to graduate in glory and in love.”

The sympathy of saints was pleasant, when with hope and gladness we commended him to the Lord; and very consolatory when, having taken him to himself, we sorrowed over his early removal. Many and kind were the expressions of that sympathy, both personally, and by letters, as well as in the attendance at the interment of the body at Highgate Cemetery, where it rests until “the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God” shall be heard; and “the dead in Christ shall rise first, and we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.”



In the little chapel, which was filled on the occasion, the following hymn was sung :

Go and search the tomb of Jesus,  
Where the Lord of glory lay :  
Jesus is not there, but risen,  
And has borne our sins away :  
It is finished—  
Captive leads captivity.  
Could not all our sins retain him,  
Prisoned in the guarded cave ?  
No ! he conquered death in dying,  
By his cross he spoiled the grave :  
Lo ! he's risen !  
Yea, the Lord is risen indeed.

Matt. xix. 13—15 was read, and a few remarks made ; especially, it was observed, that this dear babe had found all that was worth seeking or worth having in the world — all that he came in the world for — he had found Christ. Prayer and thanksgiving were offered by two Christian brethren. The precious remains were then borne to the grave by two “devout men.” Again prayer was offered, commending the sorrowing parents to him who is the God of all comfort. Another hymn was sung before we retired—

“A little while” our Lord shall come,  
And we shall wander here no more ;  
He'll take us to our Father's home,  
Where he for us is gone before—  
To dwell with him, to seek his face,  
And sing the glories of his grace.  
“A little while” he'll come again—  
Let us the precious hours redeem.  
Our only grief to give him pain,  
Our joy to serve and follow him :  
Watching and ready may we be  
As those that long their Lord to see.  
“A little while,” 'twill soon be past,  
Why should we shun the promised cross ?  
O let us in his footsteps haste,  
Counting for him all else but loss :  
Oh ! how will recompense his smile,  
The sufferings of this “little while.”

"A little while"—come, Saviour, come!  
 For thee thy bride has tarried long:  
 Take thy poor, wearied pilgrims home,  
 To sing the new eternal song,  
 To see thy glory, and to be  
 In everything conformed to thee!

It had been the earnest wish of dear Freddy's mother, expressed to the Lord in prayer, within a fortnight of his removal, that if the life of her child were spared, it might be spent in the service of God. She could desire nothing higher; her cry for him was, that he might

-----"tell to sinners round,  
 What a dear Saviour he had found;  
 Might point to his redeeming blood,  
 And say, Behold the way to God."

Well, "he being dead, yet speaketh;" babe as he was, he heard of the love of Jesus, and his heart was won by the simple tale; *he believed* the good news, that Jesus had died for sinners, and in his brief life, and short illness, we have seen the happy result.

### THE EVERLASTING COVENANT.

A SWEET CORDIAL FOR A DROOPING SAINT.

(Continued from page 180, Vol. 5.)

In resuming the labours of another year, we cannot do better than endeavour to direct the minds unto, and stay the hearts of our readers upon, *the* EVERLASTING COVENANT; a volume of splendid sermons on great and glorious gospel subjects, having been lent us by Mr. Spurgeon, we are taking therefrom, good old Benjamin Keach's discourse on the words of David written in 2 Samuel xxiii. 5: "*Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting Covenant,*" &c., &c.

The introductory portions we have given. We are now come to the preacher's divisions of the subject: so that we cannot reckon upon getting fairly into the subject until next month.

In the words are Three Parts.

1. Something supposed, or taken for granted, wherein is im-

ployed David's great grief and trouble; viz., "Although my house be not so with God."

2. Something asserted, which signifies his faith and confidence in God, "Yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure."

3. A comfortable inference, or conclusion from thence; "for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he make it not to grow."

And from hence I shall observe Three Points of Doctrine:

1. Doct. That darkness, troubles, and afflictions, with a decay of grace, or spiritual liveliness, may attend the state of Christians sometimes, while in his life; which they cannot but acknowledge and mourn under the sight and sense of.

2. Doct. That God hath made with true believers a blessed and well ordered covenant.

3. Doct. That the covenant of grace which is made with believers in Christ, is an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure, and is the only spring or fountain of their salvation, hope, desire and consolation, both in life and death.

It is the last proposition or point of doctrine I shall now prosecute, judging it may most fitly answer that which was the chief design and end of our honoured brother deceased, in choosing this text to be opened at his funeral, from whence he doubtless found so much comfort under those grievous afflictions and trials in his life, and also at the time of his death.

Four things I purpose to do.

First, Shew you what this covenant is, and with whom it was primarily made, and for whom.

Secondly, Open the excellent nature of the covenant of grace.

Thirdly, Shew how all a believer's salvation, hope, desire and consolation in life and death, lies in this covenant.

Fourthly, Shall make some application of it.

Beloved, this covenant was primarily made with Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the blessed Trinity, as Mediator, and as the Root, common Head and Representative of all the elect, or all that the Father hath given to Christ, we read of two covenants, an old, and a new, a first and a second, a covenant of works, and a covenant of grace.

(To be continued.)

# CHEERING WORDS

VOL. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1856.

No. 59.

## The Ministry of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon Defended BY A CHRISTIAN LADY.

*To the Editor of Cheering Words.*



EAR SIR. — I was in company the other evening with a friend who handed me the following note. It was designed for publication; and if, by its being freely given to the Christian public, you consider any misunderstanding can be removed, I am quite sure you will feel a pleasure in giving the thousands of your readers an opportunity of helping the removal.

No honest Christian man can ever be reconciled to a determined and constant perversion, or keeping back, of any portion of Divine truth. Neither can he cordially accept that ministry which mixes, muddles, or fouls in any measure, the pure streams of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST. At the same time, I as firmly believe that the majority of the true living children of God, (who have passed through the different stages of the soul's up-growing into its spiritual and glorious HEAD,) will most charitably consider that a young mind, full of activity and zeal, may make many a sudden and apparently uncomely dash into the mysterious fields, laws, and

Price One-Halfpenny; or 10 copies for 4d.

by-ways of our most illimitable phraseology — a mind flying fast on the wings of strong confidence, and attracted by the revelations and discoveries of Heaven's most sublime and indescribable beauties, on the one hand; and stimulated by the miseries of mankind, and the merciless death-blows of Satan, on the other, may very often be either driven or drawn into an atmosphere that is not congenial either with the refreshing and vigorous gales of the new covenant, or with the soft, southern breezes of the Holy Spirit in the secret and solemn kingdom of grace in the new-born soul. A benevolent and enlarged Christian sympathy will *forgive* and *forget* the occasional *seeming* departures from the strict letter of truth; because there will always, in the man, be found, that wherever such a mind may wander for the moment, still, it brings the bread of life, the grapes of Eschol, the Paschal Lamb, and leads you on to the feast of fat things, by our God prepared, where you eat and drink, and rejoice together.

In such a spirit "JUSTITIA" appears to write. She says—

"SIR,—The young and talented Baptist minister, C. H. Spurgeon, has been so much misrepresented, that I cannot refrain for entering my protest against the false and scandalous reports which are but too often circulated and believed, concerning him. His prayers in particular have been described as *profane* and *blasphemous*; allow me to assert that such a statement is *utterly false*. Blasphemous and profane! I think those who use such words had better refer to their dictionaries, as, surely they cannot correctly understand the meaning of the words they utter. Blasphemous and profane! No, far from it; they are the outpourings of a fervent and earnest spirit, well calculated to express the wants and necessities of human nature, and whilst they possess all the simplicity of a child addressing its father, they combine the reverence befitting a fallen creature supplicating at the throne of his Maker.

"Nor is this all; Mr Spurgeon has been accused of "theatrical attitudes." This charge also, is perfectly untrue. True, he does not remain motionless in the pulpit, mumbling over some cold and insipid manuscript sermon; but be it remembered, there is a vast difference between 'theatrical attitudes,' and an appropriate and graceful action: the one would be both unsuitable and improper in a place of

worship, while the other helps to fix the attention of the hearers, and gives additional weight and emphasis to the discourse.

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"Mr. Spurgeon shows himself to be a true gentleman, by utterly disregarding all the calumnies and invectives of his opponents. Time will, I doubt not, show how disinterested and sincere have been his labours in the cause of Christ, and how false and groundless have been the imputations cast upon his character, with the view of injuring his fame, and damaging his popularity.

"I have myself heard Mr. Spurgeon more than once, and have also perused most of his published discourses, and can safely assert that never have his sentiments or his language been such as to call forth the severe and unjust censure, which many of his critics have thought fit to employ. That he may still continue with unabated zeal and energy in the great work which he has undertaken, and prove to the world, by the purity of his conduct, the excellency of that gospel which he so nobly defends, is the sincere wish, and fervent prayer of

"JUSTITIA."

We must all acknowledge, Mr. Editor, that "Justitia" has written nobly, and I think, correctly; but no stronger proof of the genuineness of a man's spirit, the purity of his motive, and the value of his zeal, can be found, than is to be found in the general tenor of his ministry—the course of his life—and the success attending his labours. Let me see that, in the main, a man's ministry is in accordance with Divine revelation—that his general deportment is that which becomes the gospel of Christ,—and that sinners are really converted, and saints truly comforted and established, — and I must be the last to hold that man in suspicion or fear. I have been requested to notice one thing—it is this—"the failure of other churches, while Mr. Spurgeon's church has risen." "A pastor of a Baptist church in the metropolis," says—"No less than five or six churches have fallen into decay, while Park Street has been rising up. Mr. Charles Smith, of Shoreditch, has left his chapel; Mr. Alldis has gone from Maze Pond; while Church Street, Parish Street, Unicorn Yard, Crosby Row, and others I might name, have greatly diminished." I am

sorry any church should wane away, but a strong current of universal excitement such as has flowed into Park Street, and the Surrey Tabernacle, of late, must of necessity, in a measure, affect other places for a time. But let us hope both Park Street and the Surrey Tabernacle will so overflow with multitudes of deeply convinced and really anxious souls, that all the places before named will presently be filled to the very brim; and their pastors standing in liberty, usefulness, and joy.

Forgive this digression — for digression it is; my present object being to notice a handsome volume which Mr. James Paul has recently published, entitled "*The Pulpit Library*; or Sermons, &c., by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon." At the end of this volume, dear sir, there is printed *verbatim*, one of Mr. Spurgeon's prayers. I feel in my heart, a secret objection to the trade of taking men's prayers, and printing them; but here is one of the most extraordinary prayers that ever I heard or read. If any man questions the existence of Divine life in Mr. Spurgeon's soul — if any one holds in doubt the earnestness and sincerity of his spirit before God in the ministry of the word, I should beseech such an unconvinced mind to read this prayer. I will quote a passage or two. In the first place, we have a deep outpouring of heart confession. He prayed—

"To night, Lord, we feel almost ashamed to come to thy throne, when we consider what we have been. Thy servant in the pulpit does not divide himself from his people; but we would all of us together come before thy throne, O Lord. We are a set of wicked wretches; we have all of us broken thy laws; we have every one of us violated thy statutes: from our very early youth, we indulged in our own self-will; from childhood, we went astray. We can recollect, almost as soon as we saw the light, how our angry passions and wilful tempers rose. And, oh! good God! thou knowest how we have disgraced ourselves; how some in thy presence have defiled their bodies, and dishonoured themselves by all kinds of wickedness and sin; and even those of us who have been moral and upright before mankind, oh! how faulty has our heart been! how inwardly depraved! how

utterly impure; We dare not look to our own thoughts: we feel it would be almost a hell to us to think our own thoughts over again, they have been so dreadful, so terrific. We thank thee, we are not obliged to confess them to our fellow-creatures: for sure no creature's ear could hold the torrent of blackness and filthiness that must be poured into it. Lord, we are wicked; Lord, we are guilty—we deserve condign punishment. If the pit should open now, and if the whole of us should go down alive into it, we should have no reason to complain of thy justice. Others may think themselves good and excellent; but we would not—we dare not. We are obliged to take the very humblest language; and we only find fault with words, that they are not strong enough, and deep enough, and black enough, to express our guiltiness. O God, our God, we cannot exaggerate ourselves before thee; that were impossible. We have been as bad as we could be; and it has only been a wondrous restraint which has preserved us from being even worse. O our God! our God! our God! sweep us not away; cut us not down. Though now we stand trembling in thine house of prayer, fearing lest thy hot wrath should swallow us up quick; yet have mercy upon us, we beseech thee, for his dear name's sake, who of old suffered for the sins of all the elect; and grant unto us, O God, that through his blood and wounds, through his merits and atonement, we may find a refuge and a ransom, a shield and a hiding-place.

I know I must not now occupy more of your space this time. Expect to hear again, from

“AN ISRAELITISH CAPTIVE IN BABYLON.”

### THE EVERLASTING COVENANT.

#### A SWEET CORDIAL FOR A DROOPING SAINT.

We have introduced this subject from Benjamin Keach's discourse, in our last number. We omit a long controversy (not essentially useful to our readers,) and come to the part where he says:

11.—I shall open the excellent nature of this glorious and everlasting covenant.

1. 'Tis, you have heard, all of grace, as it respecteth us, though Jesus Christ paid dear for it; He procured all the blessings of it for us, by His merits, *i. e.* by his perfect obedience and suffering: “for by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is



the gift of God; (Ephs. ii. 8.) not of works, lest any man should boast: for we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, (ii. 10.) not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy he saved us." (Titus iii. 5.)

2. 'Tis as it appears from hence, an absolute, and not a conditional covenant; nor if we do this and that, *viz.* get a new heart, and perform the condition of gospel holiness and obedience, we shall have pardon and be justified: no, but otherwise: "he that worketh not but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 5.) All is freely of grace through Christ's merit: "I will take away the heart of stone, and give them a heart of flesh, a new heart I will give them, and a new spirit I will put within them: I will be their God, and they shall be my people."

Now it is questioned, (saith Reverend Cotton,) whether the promise wherein the Lord giveth himself, be absolute or conditional? Faith to receive Christ is ever upon an absolute promise. If you will say, it is a promise to a condition, what kind of condition was it? There is no condition before faith, but a condition of misery, a lost condition; or if a gracious condition, it is a condition subsequent, not pre-existent, no condition before it, whereby a man can close with Christ: and if it was a condition after faith unto which the promise was made, then faith was before; and thatsoever followeth conversion, is no ground of faith, but a fruit and effect of it: therefore I say, our first coming to Christ cannot be upon a conditional, but an absolute promise.

And indeed (saith he) if ever the Lord minister comfort unto any man, true comfort upon good grounds, it is built upon a promise of free grace, if the witness be unto justification received, it is true indeed, a gracious qualification and a promise to it, may give a good evidence of its aposteriori: Cotton's Treatise of the New Covenant, p. 56, 57. And again (he saith) God doth give himself in working faith, before faith can be there, and therefore it is the fruit of the Spirit that faith is wrought in the soul, and this faith doth receive the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ himself by his Spirit, and doth receive also justification and adoption. Again (saith he) a man is passive in his regeneration as in generation only the Lord giveth us His Spirit, and that doth unite us unto Christ, which is received by faith, together with justification; and yet by the act of believing we are justified, (also Gal. ii. 20.) that is manifested to be justified in our own consciences, p. 55. Thus saith Mr. Cotton.

What are we able to do, when dead in sin and trespasses? Can we believe before the habit is infused from whence the act proceedeth? Move before we have life or are quickened?

3. It is a well ordered covenant; for that covenant that is ordered in all things, is well ordered, &c. But to make this further manifest I shall shew you that it is well ordered. 1, in respect to God (I mean) for His glory, in all His glorious attributes. 2, it is well ordered in respect to the glory, clear revelation, and manifestation of the three Persons in the Godhead, that bear witness in heaven, the Father, the Word and the Spirit. These three are one in essence, yet three subsistances. 3, it is well ordered to confound and destroy the grand works, and designs of the devil. 4, it is well ordered in respect to God's holy law, that the sanction and honor of the law might not be lost or suffer the least eclipse. 5, and lastly, it is well ordered for our good. A little briefly to each of these.

(To be continued.)

#### THE OLD SHEPHERDESS TO WHOM CHRIST WAS PRECIOUS

"*The Gospel Magazine*" for January, quotes from "*The Evangelical Spectator*," the following beautiful narrative.

"Margaret Graham was nearly one hundred years of age. In early life, she had learned to love the Word of God, and, being regenerated, was brought to repentance, and saving faith, in the Lord Jesus Christ. She had been for many years a follower of the Lamb of God, and a lover of the truth as it is in Him, but advanced age had left her blind, and nearly deaf; unable to walk or stand, except when supported by others; she was carried to bed at night, apparently unconscious where she was going; spent the hours of the day in her arm-chair, wrapped up in flannel; ate and drank but little; and never spoke, unless spoken to; and then the low mutterings of her voice rendered what she said unintelligible to her friends.

"Her pastor had long ceased to visit her, under an impression that she was incapable of deriving any consolation from his visits; but one evening, when walking with two friends near her lonely cottage, one of them said, 'Let us go and visit the old shepherdess.' We found her in her arm-chair, and apparently in good health, though she sat motionless. The pastor drew his chair near her, and raising his voice, said,

" 'You are still in the body?'

" No reply.

" He then raised his voice to a still higher pitch, and said,

" 'How are you?'

" No reply.

" 'Do you not know me? if you do, move your hand.'

" No reply.

" 'Here we have, (he said,) a specimen of human nature in the last stage of decay; and it is a most affecting sight, as it reminds us of the possible state to which we may be reduced.'

" 'Perhaps, (a friend said,) if you make some reference to Jesus Christ, the spirit will awake from its mental lethargy; and we may have a proof that faith outlives the loss of the senses, and the decay of the passions; and maintains the ascendancy, even when the intellect seems incapable of exercising the faculty of thinking.'

" He then said, in a still louder tone—

" 'Is Christ precious to your soul?'

" There was now an involuntary movement through her whole frame, her countenance suddenly glowed with an inimitable smile, and, extending her hand, she said,

" 'Is that my revered pastor? I am glad you have called to see me once more. Is Christ precious to my soul! Yes, *unspeakably*. It is a long while since I thought on you. My thoughts are now all *fixed on Christ*. I can't think on any *other* subject than his death and his intercession. My fellowship with him is now undisturbed; and I long to see him, when I shall be like him.'

" 'Your mind does not now wander back to the scenes of your youthful days?'

" No reply.

" Do you recollect the decease of your husband, or when you used to sit reading your Bible in the front of your cottage?'

" No reply.

" He then repeated his former question, 'Is Christ precious to your soul?' when she again broke forth in a most impassioned speech—

" 'Yes he is precious. I feel his love shed abroad in my heart. I long to see him, when I shall be like him. *"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning. I say, more than they that watch for the morning."*

" 'You trust in him?'

" No reply.

" 'You still trust in Christ for salvation, as you were enabled to do when you first believed?'

"I trust in Christ for a full, free, and complete salvation."

"Shall I pray with you?"

"No reply. Indeed, though various questions were proposed to her, in a distinct and audible tone, yet unless the name of Christ was introduced, they excited no attention, her mind having become dissociated from every other subject of meditation.

"What a striking illustration does this venerable saint supply," said the pastor, 'of the Apostle's expression, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."'

### THE SWEEP.

*[The following lines were composed by a Chimney-sweep, who knew the Lord, and were often repeated by him.]*

A CHIMNEY-SWEEP! how black the skin,  
But blacker far it is within,  
This secret, then, the sweep does know,  
Though black as hell, as white as snow.

Water will wash and cleanse the skin,  
But O, 'tis blood must cleanse within;  
That blood that ran on Calvary's tree,  
Though but a sweep, 'twas shed for me.

While through the street, 'tis 'sweep,' I cry,  
But oft within, a heavy sigh;  
A smutty sweep, but O, within  
A den of unclean beasts is seen.

Though but a sweep, I oft-times weep,  
That Christ should own me as his sheep;  
And on the cross should bleed and die  
For such a smutty sweep as I.

What matters it, dear Lord, to me,  
Though I a chimney-sweep should be—  
If through thy blood I'm freed from all  
The sin that issued from the fall?

## THE SWEEP.

A chimney-sweep of low degree,  
Yet lov'd by all the sacred Three ;  
Electing love, what tongue can tell ?  
Though lov'd of God, deserving hell.

I envy not the rich man's gold,  
If I on Christ but lay my hold ;  
There's something more I seek to win ;  
'Tis Christ in me, and I in him.

Though but a sweep, can I forget,  
The word that my dear Jesus spoke,  
When on the brink of hell I stood :  
" I have redeemed thee by my blood ?"

'Tis all of grace, the sweep must say,  
That he was led to Christ the Way ;  
If ever one has cause to bless,  
Sure 'tis the sweep, through sovereign grace.

In bygone days, with curses foul,  
I've call'd damnation on my soul ;  
Then who has greater cause to say,  
'Tis Christ the Truth, the Life, the Way ?

Let none despise the smutty sweep,  
But rather with him let them weep ;  
That Christ should own me for a son,  
And for my life lay down his own.

Though black without, 'tis worse within ;  
'Tis nothing but a mass of sin ;  
Yet after all, I'm white and fair,  
More comely than the roses are.

Comely I am, through God's dear Son ;  
He has on me his robes put on ;  
Which makes a sweep, when led to see,  
Oft times to say, Why me, why me ?

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**CHRISTIANITY IN LIFE AND IN DEATH.**  
 A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION OF  
 THE GRACE AND THE GLORY OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

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We gladly insert the following solid and interesting record, extracted from a lengthened memoir in the shilling part of *The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for January, 1856. It proves to demonstration that the Lord has a people that fear and love him among all sections of the professing church.

Pastor Peter M'Owan, writing of George Fishwick, Esq., of Springfield, near Garstang, says—

"George Fishwick was born near Burnley, on May 18th, 1789. He was brought up under strict family discipline, and in regular attendance on the services of the Established Church. In early life he was active, energetic, affectionate, buoyant in spirit, cheerful and obliging in disposition. Although preserved from outward immorality, he remained a stranger to the power of godliness till after he and his elder brother entered into business on their own account. This was in 1809. Followed by a mother's prayers, and guided by a gracious Providence, these young men pitched their tent at Scorton; and, soon after, they were both brought to a knowledge of 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'

"'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation;' and great results are often accomplished by feeble instruments. A poor woman, a member of the Methodist communion, having obtained employment for her children in the mill of the Messrs. Fishwick, opened her house for a class-meeting. As this was deemed by many an innovation quite heretical, persecution followed; but the woman and her few praying neighbours found protection at the hands of their young masters. A request was subsequently made, for permission to preach in the village. The man who carried the letter containing this letter was so impressed with the importance of his errand, that he repeatedly turned aside from the road to pray that God would go with him, and give him good success. His prayer was doubtless heard, though the answer was delayed; Mr. Fishwick's brother not thinking it meet at that time to give his consent. Not long after, this brother was taken ill; and, returning to the parental roof in hope of solace and cure, was there visited by a few truly Christian friends, who prayed with him, and pointed him to 'the Lamb of

God which taketh away the sin of the world.' The invalid obtained salvation, and died in hope of the glory of God; but not before he had signified his wish that the inhibition against preaching at Scorton might be annulled. This dying request was not only granted, but Mr. George Fishwick and his sister Sarah resolved to attend and bear for themselves. The Word was applied with power. Miss Sarah Fishwick became, first, an earnest seeker of salvation, and then a happy and exemplary believer in the Lord Jesus. This lady, her brother, and several of their sisters, were the firstfruits of a rich harvest, which is still in course of being reaped in that locality. After fostering the infant cause at Scorton some time, Miss Sarah became the wife of the Rev. Thomas Stead, and was a true help-meet to him during his long and laborious ministry.

"Mr. Fishwick's convictions of sin were pungent, and he deeply mourned his lost and ruined condition by nature and practice. He became a diligent student of the Bible; but neither penitence nor orthodoxy can save. His sister had embraced not only the truth, but the Saviour whom the truth represents. She had also joined the sect 'everywhere spoken against,' and had thus placed a great gulf between herself and the friendship of the world. Believing on Christ, she had found peace with God, and had entered into the liberty of his children. These blessings her brother needed; but for the master of extensive works to become a Methodist then, and in that place, was, in the estimation of many, to be an enemy to the crown,—a nondescript in religion and manners,—a kind of outlaw from respectable society. The sacrifices Mr. Fishwick had to make were, therefore, not inconsiderable; but a conviction of duty prevailed. Though derided by the 'wise and prudent,' he chose 'rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.' God honoured his decision and self-denial. Light was poured into his mind, illustrating the gospel method of salvation, which he now saw to be the wisdom of God, and the power of God; and it was not long before he found the pearl of forgiveness. From that day, the Friend of sinners—the atoning Lamb of God—became the object of his highest, deepest, profoundest love; and he manifested this love by keeping his commandments. He came boldly out in his great Master's cause, and unflinchingly took his stand among those who esteemed 'the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.' He set up an altar for God in his house; and, whoever might be his visitors, the servants were called, the Scriptures were read, and prayer was offered, morning and evening, to the God of the families of the whole earth. By

reproving sin, by witnessing against prevalent error, and by endeavouring to bring all with whom he had intercourse to Christ, he became 'a burning and shining light.' The doctrine of salvation by grace through faith, implying the forgiveness of sins, and the renovation of the heart by the indwelling Spirit of God, had broke upon his mind with all the force of a new discovery. To him religion no longer appeared a dry, formal, tedious exercise—a galling bondage. No! it had become an inward life: a life of blissful fellowship with God, of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The love of God, as manifested in Christ Jesus, was the foundation of his own hope, and it became the great centre-truth which he urged on the consideration and acceptance of others. \* \* \*

"The mild seriousness of his manner, the importunity and intercessory power of his prayers, his searching enquiries into the state of those who had become remiss, his painstaking methods with the young, his tenderness to such as mourned in Zion, and his radiant joy when any found peace with God, are all vividly impressed upon the memory of not a few who remain. He was 'like a tree planted by the rivers of water,' bringing forth 'his fruit in his season,' his leaf did not wither, and whatsoever he did was made to prosper. The day of eternity alone will reveal how many were made to rejoice in his shadow.

"In the year 1819, Mr. Fishwick married Miss Crane, only daughter of Roger Crane, Esq., of Preston; a lady in every respect worthy of his choice, and one who ceaselessly devoted the energies of a cultivated mind to the welfare of her household, of the village, and of the church of God. By this union his happiness and usefulness were greatly increased. He found in Mrs. Fishwick a safe counsellor, a helper of his joy, and a prompter to his zeal. Though much had been done for the comfort of the villagers before her coming, that glad event may be said to have formed a new era in their history. Through her agency new schemes of usefulness were originated. The indigent shared her bounty, and the sick profited by her medical skill.

"The Sabbath stood high in Mr. Fishwick's esteem. He regarded it as one of the most merciful institutions which God has given to man. It was honourable in his sight, and he occupied its hours in 'works of faith and charity,' and 'secret intercourse with God.' Though frequently called from home, he made it his aim to spend the blessed day in the quiet solemnities of his village worship. The morning prayer-meeting was to him 'a season of grace and sweet delight,' from which he was rarely absent, winter or summer. It was a time for stripping off the coil of worldly thoughts and anxieties



and the soul attuned to sabbatic duties, and attempered for sabbatic pleasures. His closet witnessed his fervent wrestling with God for a blessing upon ordinances, and for the prosperity of Zion.

We pass over many years ; and come to his last days—

“Slowly at first, but surely, did disease with resistless grasp lay hold on Mr. Fishwick’s manly frame. Surrounded by all that could make life desirable, with a heart longing to work for God and for the good of man, it was no small trial to recede, step by step, from active, holy service ; but grace enabled him to bow to his heavenly Father’s will. ‘*It shall be well with the righteous* ;’—on this un-failing truth he had long reposed, and now, he clung to it with firm and unshrinking reliance. When disease pressed most heavily, and when wearisome days and nights in long succession were appointed unto him, no complaining was heard in his chamber, but, on the contrary, thanksgiving, and the voice of praise. ‘How well it is I have not religion to seek now ! I am in the Lord’s hands, and He will do what is best.’—These and like expressions frequently fell from his lips. Midnight hours of restless suffering were often beguiled by reading of psalms and hymns, or by silent intercourse with God. Prayer was as his ‘vital breath,’—his ‘native air.’

“On Tuesday the 17th of October, his beloved friend and brother-in-law, William Hopwood, Esq., of Burnley, came a second time to mourn with him, and comfort him. Tender sympathy and fervent prayers were, in this instance, specially helpful to the dying saint and his afflicted family ; and were kindly continued till death ‘broke the vital chain.’ Wednesday, the 18th, looking with much tenderness on his sorrowing attendants, he quoted the words of his adorable Lord, ‘I ascend unto my Father and your Father ; and to my God, and your God.’ He then bade each farewell, in terms of wisdom and love, as the case of each required. During this scene, his countenance was irradiated with hope and holy joy. The veil between mortal and immortal life seemed, to his triumphant spirit, partially withdrawn. It was as if he were already catching the harp-notes of another sphere—already listening to ‘blest voices uttering joy.’ Many of his attached servants were admitted to take a last look of their dear and honoured master. To each he stretched out his hand, and gave, as he was able, a parting blessing. All felt that the Angel of the Covenant was there. The room seemed like a temple hallowed by the Divine presence. It was a sanctuary of peace, and love, and holy triumph. God, who had preserved his life, was shedding glory on his final hour. A dear friend said, ‘You are now in the valley, but you fear no evil. *No* ; (he quickly rejoined,) *the victory—the*

victory—through the blood of the Lamb! 'Then, looking upwards as if heaven were opened to his view, he said, '*A glorious prospect! A noble army!* I wish I could speak better.' At another time a beloved relative said, 'You are going to leave us, but you are going home.' 'Yes!' he replied, '*a blessed home, and we shall not be long separated.*' He again took an affecting leave of his son, and breathed such a benediction as only a dying Christian parent can bestow. Early on Thursday, the 19th, he sank into a placid slumber, from which he woke up at intervals; when, though the powers of language failed, he distinctly recognised each present. Passages of Scripture, and portions of his favourite hymns, were quoted to cheer him in the lone, dread vale. When 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' was whispered in his ear, he drank in each word, and gently nodded assent. In the evening, his nephew, Mr. F. Stead, prayed at his bedside—not for life but for an easy and triumphant death. Every heart was bowed before the Lord; and, though sorrowful, all present rejoiced, knowing that death to the sufferer would be gain. It seemed as if the angelic convoy had already arrived. The faithful word certifies, 'At eventide it shall be light;' and truly, in this instance, it was so. The sorrowing worshippers had scarcely risen from their knees, when Mr. Fishwick, with a placid smile resting on his countenance, resigned his meet spirit into the hands of his Redeemer, Oct. 19th, 1854.—'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.'"

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#### THE DYING MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

As we range over a multitude of books, every day coming into our hands, we seek diligently for such papers as contain faithful and cheering words, calculated to encourage and to edify the seeking and the spiritual family.

"The Scottish Christian Journal"—(published by Thomas Grant, an enterprising and successful bookseller in Edinburgh) contains "a tale of the persecution" about Magdalene Nisbet. In this tale, we have pretty stories of Magdalene's father, her mother, and her home. We can only give the mother's death: but we are promised some interesting facts respecting Magdalene's subsequent days.

"MAGDALENE NISBET was an only child, and from her infancy, she was trained in the fear of the Lord. Her parents' instructions were not lost upon her; for she grew up, even from childhood, attentive to religious duties, and ripening under the radiance of the Holy Ghost, in spiritual life, and beauty, and fruitfulness. How strong, and experimental, and active her piety was, her mother found, when on the death of her husband, she listened to the voice of her daughter affectionately and happily comforting her mother's heart, and drying

her mother's tears! That sweet, rich voice murmuring with the music of Jehovah's promises to the widow and the fatherless, shed the joy of heavenly consolation through the heart of the bereaved wife; and the house and garden of Primrose-Bras, and the walks by the banks of the Whiteadder, which, at the husband's death, seemed to sink under a gloom that could never be illuminated, began to beam with lights called down from heaven by the voice of his Christian daughter. While, however, the spirit of the mother was comforted, her body was clearly sinking under the shocks of disease. Mother and daughter were aware, long before the day of death came, that inevitable death was in the mother's cup. The dark day came! Magdalene Nisbet sat weeping by the bedside of her mother, listening to her dying counsels.

"'Magdalene' said the feeble voice, 'draw the curtain, and let me once more, ere I die, see the wavelets of the Whiteadder, and the high summit of Cockburn-Law. Beautiful, beautiful scenes, associated with the happiest days of my life, when—but why should I weep, for I shall soon see my glorified husband in the kingdom of heaven? But, alas! thou, my poor lamb, shalt be left behind, with no earthly friend, and in what, I fear, shall prove evil days for God's people in these unhappy lands.'

"'Mother,' replied the daughter, 'weep not for me! God will care for me, even according to his promise, 'Leave thy fatherless children upon me, I will preserve them alive.'"

"'True, Magdalene,' rejoined the mother; 'but I fear your uncle. How unlike your father is that man! Harsh, cruel,—but it befits me not on my deathbed, to say more. Only, O my God, save thou my child from the spoiler and the wronger.'

"'My dear mother,' said Magdalene, weeping, 'perplex not yourself with apprehensions concerning me. My God and Saviour will be my shield. God, who delivered Jacob from Esau, can deliver me from my uncle, should he dare to be unkind. You know that I fear God, and that God will "withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly." Weep not then, dear mother, for me; but continue to commit me, in your prayers, to "the eternal God, who is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms, and he shall thrust out the enemy from before me and shall say, Destroy!"'

"A few days after this, Mrs. Nisbet died, and was buried in the old church-yard at Preston, upon the hill near by the winding Whiteadder; and her daughter Magdalene was left alone, in so far as earthly friends were concerned, to enter into a dark cloud, in which, as we shall see, while she was tried by the wickedness of man, she was upheld by the grace of God."

# CHEERING WORDS

VOL. VI.

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NO. 60.

## "NOT GUILTY!"

OR,

CHEERING WORDS FOR THE FATHERLESS BOY;

A TRUE AMERICAN TALE.

“THE Word of God is the best pleader for the guilty,” said I to myself, as the tear started from my eye, and my heart was inwardly moved, on reading the following beautifully touching narrative, in the columns of *The Freeman*, a religious weekly paper, published in London and in Leeds, by Messrs Heaton & Son, the eminent evangelical publishers of the north. *The Freeman* is, decidedly, one of the very best weekly papers that is to be found in this kingdom. The style is pure—the articles are deeply interesting—and the whole intelligence of the week so condensed, as to render it a most superior medium of information, and household companion for tens of thousands of families in this country, where there are, God be thanked, a large host who favour his righteous cause. I sincerely wish *The Freeman* great success; and in order to render mutual service to its proprietors, and my readers, I quote the following simple, but most powerful incident. I hope it may prove a good lesson to masters, to counsellors,

Price One-Halfpenny; or 10 copies for 4d.

and to poor tempted lads who walk in the midst of this world of sin and sorrow.

"T. S. Arthurr," the writer, says—

We were once spending a few days, during the spring, in a beautiful inland country town in Pennsylvania. It was assize week, and, to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of a village life, we stepped into the Court-house where the assizes were being held.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad and pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting great interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene, to enquire of the offence of the prisoner, and learned that he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon opened, and, by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile of youth had banished from his face, and now it seemed more to express the cares of the aged. His young sister,—a bright eyed girl, had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief which his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case made us acquainted with the circumstances of the loss, the amount of which was but a shilling,—no more.

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly, and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed where, from its very position, the lad would ofteneest see it, least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He was, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance.

The shilling was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased with it. But, while returning home to gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by his being arrested for theft, a crime the nature of which he scarcely knew. These circumstances were substantiated by several of his employer's workmen, who had been parties to the plot. A barrister urged upon the jury the necessity of making this "little rogue" an example to others by punishment. His address had great effect upon all who heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother, and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry, and none looked as if they cared for, or expected, aught else than a conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling as if in fiend-like exultation over the misery he had brought upon that poor, though once happy trio.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy, and the youthful appearance of the counsel who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement, as we learnt that it was the young man's maiden plea, his first address. He appeared greatly confused, and reached to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible which had been used to solemnise the ceremony. This movement was received with general laughter and taunting remarks, among which we heard a harsh fellow, close by us, cry out, "He forgets where he is,—thinking to take hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible."

The remark made the young barrister flush with anger; and turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them it was no mistake—saying, "Justice wants no other book." His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves; and amidst a breathless silence he read to the jury this sentence—"Lead us not into temptation." A minute of unbroken silence again followed, and again he read—"Lead us not into temptation."

We felt our heart throb at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking, and the jurymen mutually exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its

moral to their hearts. Then followed an address, which, for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence, was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear, of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful; the mother, smiled again; and before its conclusion there was not an eye in court that was not moist; the speech affecting to that degree which, caused tears, holding its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased, and those happy words, "NOT GUILTY," came from the foreman, they passed, like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip; the austere dignity of the court was forgotten; and not a voice was there that did not join the acclamations that hailed the lad's release.

The barrister's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favourite, and now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances; and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how very much greater is the criminality of the tempter than of the tempted!

T. S. ARTHUR.

## "MY TEACHER,"

BEING

## THE HAPPY EXPERIENCE AND DEATH

OF

## A SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRL.

CATHERINE P.— was for several years a scholar in the Abbey Sunday-school, but always appeared very dull of comprehension and of a retiring disposition. On the last Sabbath morning she attended school, I chose for our subject of reading and conversation, Isaiah lv., and asked her some important questions, to which, to my surprise, she replied. Shortly after this, I heard that she was confined to a bed of affliction;

and on the Lord's-day morning I visited her, and saw that she was fast hastening to eternity. I said to her, "Catherine, you have been in the Sunday-school for a long time; I hope you have not forgotten the instructions you have received there?" She replied, "I think a great deal about them." I said,— "Have you any hope of going to heaven?" She answered, "Yes." I said, "In what way do you expect to go there?" She replied, "Through Jesus Christ." I then remarked, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; but he only saves those who *feel* themselves to be such. Do you feel yourself to be a sinner, and have you ever been enabled to go to the Lord in prayer as such?" To this she made no reply; but listened with great attention to all the remarks which I made; but being very weak, and unable to speak much, I shortly withdrew and returned again to school.

On the day following, (Monday), she expressed a strong desire to see me. I visited her about two o'clock in the afternoon, and asked her, why she had sent for me, and what it was she wanted to tell me? She said, "I wanted to tell you that my sins are pardoned." I said, "What makes you think so?" She said, "Because I prayed to God." I said, "Do you think, dear, that the Lord has heard your prayer?" She answered, "Yes." I then asked, "Do you think, my dear girl, that we shall be saved because we deserve the mercy of God?" She replied, "No." I said, "Have you any other hope but Christ?" She said, "No." I then said, "You can sing with the poet—

"Other refuge have I none;  
Thine my helpless soul on thee."

She answered, "Yes." I then spoke to her of the publican, and how he obtained mercy, and asked, "In what character he came before the Lord.—Did he come professing his own goodness?" She answered, "No." I said, "In what manner did he come?" She replied, "*Humbly*." I said, "Yes, he



felt himself to be such an unworthy sinner, that he could not so much as look up, but smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' And do you think, dear, that you need mercy as much as he did?" Looking very earnestly and with much emphasis, she said, "I am sure of it." I said, "This is now a time of trouble, and the Lord says, in Psalm 1. 15, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble;' you know the remainder of that verse—do you not?" Her countenance brightened and beamed with delight as she answered, "Yes." I then finished the verse, "I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me," to which she listened with deep attention. She was longing to see me all the day, and frequently exclaimed, "My Teacher!" A neighbour asked her, "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" She said, "Yes; my teacher talked to me so sweetly, and desired me to pray; and I prayed to God, and he has pardoned my sins." Her mother said to her, "My dear, do you think that your sins are pardoned?" "I am sure of it," she replied; "I am sure I shall go to heaven; I shall soon meet my sister there;" (alluding to one who died three years before). Noticing her mother weeping, she said, "Do not fret, pray to God as I have done, and you will come to heaven too." To a neighbour she said, "Oh, Mrs. B., I have been so happy all night in prayer to God; how sweet is that portion, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth.' My teacher read that chapter the last time I was at school." Her friend asked her if she should read it? She answered, "Yes; you will find it in Isaiah." The friend read the portion, to which she listened with deep attention.

On the Saturday before her death, when the first symptoms of danger appeared, a friend said to her, "I hope you are prepared for death," she replied, "I do not want to die." The friend, "But should you not like to die, and go to Jesus, having a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better?" She answered, "I love my mother." But on the Monday following she smiled and said, "I told you before

that I loved my mother, but I do not mind dying now, for my sins are pardoned. It is far better,—it is far better,—what is that portion?" The friend said, "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better, is that it, dear?" She answered, "Yes." A neighbour asked her, just before her departure, "Is Christ still precious to you?" "Oh! yes," she replied.

She continued in a peaceful and happy frame of mind, until about six in the evening, when her happy spirit took its flight, in the seventeenth year of her age. She was interred, on the following Sunday afternoon, in the North East London Cemetery, followed by her class, and her death was improved on the evening of the same day, when the following beautiful hymn, composed by Mr. Joseph Irons, was sung:—

Yes, she is gone—she is gone to be  
For ever with the Eternal Three,

Her mansion is above;  
Chosen, redeemed, and sanctified,  
She dwells with Jesus crucified;  
Absorbed in covenant love.

Her flesh and spirit war no more,  
The conflict is for ever o'er,  
Exchanged for endless rest;  
Nor doubts, nor fears, nor sins annoy,  
Wrapt up in everlasting joy,  
She is with Jesus blest.

My soul art thou prepared for death?  
Dost thou not live a life of faith,  
In Christ's atoning blood?  
Art thou in spirit born again?  
Then death will be eternal gain,  
And thou shalt live with God.—J. IRONS.

*Bethnal Green Road.*

E. W.

Oh! what happiness is there in a heart weaned from the world and undisturbed by its perplexities; what a relief it is for the child of God to get away from the sin, and lies, and turmoil, and defilements of this life, and to find repose and rest in Jesus, his Son.

# "BUNYAN'S PILGRIM" IN VERSE.

BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.

[Mr. R. ABBOTT, Baptist Minister, of Over, Cambs., has been moved to transcribe that beautiful piece of holy composition, "JOHN BUNYAN'S PILGRIM VERSIFIED," (as originally written by the eminent George Burder), expressly for CHECKING WORDS. We now commence the work, and hope to continue it each month till complete.]

## MR. BURDER'S PREFACE.

THE energy of genius, unassisted by human culture, has seldom appeared to greater advantage than in the writings of John Bunyan. Able critics have acknowledged that he possessed an original genius, and a poetical one also; and have said, that had he been a master of numbers, he might have composed a poem worthy of Spenser himself. His invention has been compared even to that of Homer; and the *Pilgrim's Progress* is composed in a style enlivened like his by a proper mixture of the dramatic and narrative. It will therefore be readily admitted, that this celebrated work is worthy of a poetic dress; and considering how much it has been admired and how well it has been adapted to that form, it is rather surprising that it has not been versified long ago. The Editor conceived that the *Pilgrim* in verse, would be peculiarly acceptable to young person; that it would entertain them more than in prose, and make a more durable impression on their memories. For their further improvement he subjoined Explanatory Notes, intended as a key to the Author's spiritual design, that so the work may not be considered as a novel, intended only to amuse, but as a correct representation of Christian experience, happily expressed under the idea of a Pilgrimage, or a Sacred Journey. And let every reader observe, that he must undertake this pilgrimage, (divinely prompted), if he would escape the dangers that hang over the City of Destruction, and gain admittance into the Celestial City; or, without a figure if he would escape from the wrath to come, and obtain eternal glory. The Editor begs leave to say, that a great number of the following lines were written many years ago, and were then thrown aside; but the little work was resumed, and finished about a year since by the particular desire of his family. He now commits it to the blessing of Him, who, for more than a cen-

ture, has condescended to render the *Pilgrim's Progress* a book of distinguished usefulness to the Christian world. With the humble desire that it may become by the vehicle of verse more extensively useful to the rising generation, I commit it to God's blessing.

Islington, Dec. 17, 1803.

G. B.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," OF MR. J. BUNYAN,

VERSIFIED BY GEORGE BURDEN,

*Author of Village Sermons, &c., Coventry. Second Edition. Third Transcription, by E. A.*

BOOK I.—Christian, an inhabitant of the City of Destruction, being convinced of his sin and danger, is determined to fly from impending ruin; and is directed by Evangelist to the Wicket Gate. His neighbors laugh him to scorn. Plausible accompanies him to the Slough of Despond, but is offended, and returns.

'Twas in the silent watches of the night,  
When airy visions please us, or affright,  
Fast locked in sleep embrace, I dreamed a dream :  
The Pilgrim's Journey was the fruitful theme.  
I thought I saw him in a certain place ;  
From home he turned his pale, affrighted face ;  
Trembling with fear, and clothed with rage, he stood—  
His weeping eyes poured forth a briny flood ;  
His bending back a heavy burden bore ;  
While guilt and grief his bursting bosom tore.  
At times, when able, in his Book he read ;  
He wished for refuge—gladly would have fled.  
" Oh that my soul (he cried) a refuge knew !  
But ah ! I'm lost ; I know not what to do." (a)  
Home he returned, and 'tried to hide his pain :  
Tried to look cheerful—but he tried in vain ;  
His countenance his inward grief bespoke ;  
'Till thus, to give it vent, he silence broke—

(a) This is a figurative description of a convinced sinner ; sensible of his guilt, he is afraid of the wrath of God ; sees his own righteousness as filthy rags ; and weeps on their collection of his miseries. The burden on his back denotes that the remembrance of his sins is grievous, and the burden of them intolerable ; in this condition he exclaims with the Philipian jailor, " What shall I do to be saved ?"

"My dearest wife, and you, my children dear,  
 A wretched man appears before you here;  
 Here, on my heart, a heavy burden lies,  
 And past offences pain my weeping eyes;  
 I've been informed, the City where we dwell,  
 Is doomed to perish in the flames of hell.  
 To sin and satan we have been enslaved:  
 And is it possible we can be saved?" (b)  
 They gazed astonished; and then, whispering, said,  
 "Poor man! he's quite disordered in his head!  
 Get him to bed; the sleep of one good night,  
 May set his poor disordered mind aright."  
 But ah! 'twas not in sleep to quell his fears;  
 The lonely night was spent in sighs and tears:  
 The morn arrived—no consolation came;  
 His guilt, and grief, and fear, were still the same.  
 The family his prayers and tears deride;  
 By turns they ridicule; by turns deride.  
 Thus, driven from his melancholy home,  
 Abroad he goes, in silent fields to roam;  
 There mournfully he walks, with fears beset,  
 Till, happily, Kvangelist he met.  
 "My friend," he kindly asks, "why do you cry?"  
 "Alas!" said Christian, "I'm condemned to die.  
 The anguish of my heart no tongue can tell.  
 I'm doomed to death, to judgment, and to hell."  
 "Then, why stand still?" he said. "Why wilt thou die?  
 Fly from the wrath to come!—This moment fly!"  
 "But ah!" said Christian, "whither must I go?  
 Where fly, to 'scape from hell, and endless woe?"

---

(b) The City of Destruction means the present evil world; which is doomed to destruction by fire. Those who are truly concerned for their own souls, will discover concern for others; but will probably be deemed madmen for their pains. His having no home—or rather, his leaving his home—signifies his turning his back on the world, forsaking its sins and vanities, and becoming a serious Christian. By Kvangelist, is intended a minister of the gospel, who will certainly direct the sinner to Christ alone, signified by the Wicket Gate; and Christ is described in opposition to the wide gate of sin.

"Across the field," said he, "canst thou espy  
A wicket gate? 'Tis thither thou must fly.  
But pray observe to guide thy footsteps right.  
Above the gate, appears a shining light:  
Keep that in view: there knock, and never fear:  
Thy soul shall find a blessed Refuge there."  
'Twas then his neighbors, who had mocked before,  
Assembled round him, running from each door.  
"Come back! come back! thou foolish man! (they say),  
Nor throw thy comforts and thy life away."  
But Christian, on his journey fully bent,  
Stopped both his ears, and only faster went;  
Gladly forsook his house, his babes, his wife,  
And shouted, "Life I seek! eternal life!"  
Two of his quondam friends soon after ran,  
Resolved by force to bring him back again.  
"Come back," they cry, "your foolish scheme forego!"  
To whom, with solemn tone, he answered, "No!  
Destruction's City, once my fav'rite home,  
Is under heaven's most righteous, dreadful doom;  
In flames of wrath that sinful place must burn;  
I cannot, dare not, will not, therefore, turn.  
Rather, my friends, than such a judgment see,  
Let me intreat you, "Come along with me!" (c)  
"With you!" said Obstinate, "and leave my all!  
What would the folks at home such conduct call?"  
"Do come!" said Christian, "little can you leave,  
Compared with what Immanuel hath to give.  
He'll give us all things needful by the way,  
And crowns of gold in realms of endless day.  
If you suspect my word, I pray you look—  
Read for yourself here, in this blessed Book!"  
"None of your Book" said Obstinate "for me!  
Fanatic fool like you I'll never be!

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(c) Few persons become truly serious without meeting with opposition from carnal relations or neighbours; some of these are Obstinate, and despise religion altogether; others are more Pliable, and profess to be religious for a time, but turn back when tribulation or persecution cometh.

Come, neighbour Pliable, we need not stay.  
 Let us go home; let him pursue his way."  
 "But stop! (said Liable,) if this be true  
 That Christian says, what better can we do  
 Than go with him?" "Are you become a fool?  
 (Said Obstinate)—this madman's pleasant fool?  
 Go, if you please, to misery and pain;  
 I, to my native city haste again."  
 "Come, now, (said Pliable,) to me relate  
 The glory of this fine Celestial State.  
 Tell me the pleasant things you have in view;  
 And tell me is your Book about them true?"  
 "'Tis true, (said Christian,) wrote by God on high—  
 The God of grace and truth, who cannot lie.  
 Light, life and joy, are for the righteous sown,  
 And each shall wear a royal robe and crown.  
 Then shall our happy souls with grief have done,  
 And shine resplendent like yon glorious sun."  
 "Charming! (said Pliable,) let's mend our pace,  
 And quickly reach that most delightful place."  
 "To run, (said Christian,) is my heart inclined,  
 But guilt lies heavy on my burdened mind."  
 While thus with heedless steps they onward went,  
 Christian, in talk, to hear his friend intent,  
 At once they fell. Ah! little did we think,  
 So soon in clay and miry mud to sink! (d)  
 "Where are we now? (said Pliable,) is this  
 The charming spot you promised?—this your bliss?  
 May I but once regain the ground I trod,  
 I'll quick return, and leave the toilsome road,"  
 He said; and floundering, forced his passage through,  
 He gained the ground, and home again he flew.  
 But Christian struggled on without his mate,  
 And reached the side towards the Wicket Gate.  
 What cannot grace for helpless sinners do?  
 'Twas Jesus' arm that helped the Pilgrim through.  
 (To be continued every month until finished.)

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(d) By this miry place, or Slough of Despond, is intended that state of mind, in which doubts and fears terribly prevail.

MR. SPURGEON'S MIDNIGHT CRY  
 OR,  
 THE STATE OF ZION DECLARED, AND SEEKING  
 SINNERS ENCOURAGED.

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(To the Editor of Cheering Words.)

DEAR SIR.—I beg to forward you a copy of the "WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE," held at New Park Street Chapel, Monday Night, Dec. 31st, 1856. It forms No. 59, of *The New Park Street Pulpit*,—is published by Messrs Albaster and Passmore, and is I think, a most solemn witness, and a soul-awakening warning. Mr. Spurgeon may be considered legal by some; but his ministry is arousing many thousand in London, and the Country too; and I will hope, dear Sir, the days is not far distant when our most faithful brethren in the ministry, will be convinced that God the Holy Ghost, hath sent him,—and that the ransomed ones,—by his instrumentality—are coming home to God.

Three things I wish you to consider, before you allow your mind to be prejudiced either for or against. In the first place, *some* ministers who were once much moved against him, have heard for themselves, are now entreating him to preach for them. Secondly—Nearly all the churches in Christendom are seeking his aid—not one quarter of whom he can possibly serve. Thirdly—The Christian journals in America, and in the Colonies have all criticised his ministry—and now they are re-printing his sermons—believing that God will work by them. My dear Sir—the full extent of this young man's usefulness cannot be measured. The Lord keep us humble—the Lord keep him faithful—the Lord be merciful to Zion, to Britain, to the world, through him—so prays "An Israelitish Captive in Babylon."

Will you take one or two words from *The Watch Night Service*?



First—here is a SIN-SMITING WORD. On reading the 90th Psalm, he stopped, and said,—

*"Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance."* Hear that! *"our secret sins."* Some of you bear hell's mark on your forehead. Some of you, like Cain, have the mark of justice on your very brow. Your sins go before-hand with you to judgment. Ah! they are there to-night blabbing out the tale of your sad, sad history. But there are persons here who have *"secret sins."* Ye have not been found out yet. The night was too dark for human eye to see you; the deed was too secret for mortal to behold; but it is set somewhere. Just as we set a stone in a golden ring, so has God set your *"secret sins in the light of His countenance."* Your sins are this night before the eyes of the infinite Jehovah.

Secondly—here is a CHURCH-AROUSING WORD. His text was Lam. ii. 19. Of the present state of Zion, he said—

Jeremiah, the weeping prophet, had wept his eyes dry for the elain of the daughter of his people; and when he had done all he could himself to pour out tears for poor Jerusalem, he then begged Jerusalem to weep for herself. Methinks I might become a Jeremy to-night, and weep as he, for surely the church at large is in almost as evila condition. Oh Zion, how hast thou been veiled in a cloud, and hdw is thy honor trodden in the dust! Arise, ye sons of Zion, and weep for your mother, yea weep bitterly, for she hath given herself to other lovers, and forsaken the Lord that bought her. I bear witness this night, in the midst of this solemn assembly, that the church at large is wickedly departing from the living God; she is leaving the truth which was once her glory, and she is mixing herself among the nations. Ah! beloved, it were well if Zion now could sometimes weep; it were well if there were more who would lay to heart the wound of the daughter of my people. How hath the city become a harlot! Zion is under a cloud. Her ministers preach not with the energy and fire that anciently dwell on the lips of God's servants, neieher is pure and undefiled doctrine proclaimed in her streets. Where are the evangelists who with earnest hearts traversed the land with the gospel on their lips? Where are her apostolic preachers who everywhere declare the good tidings of salvation? Alas for the idle shepherds! Alas for the slumbering ministers! Weep sore, Oh Zion! weep thee sore, until another reformation comes to sweep thy floor. Weep thee, Zion: weep until he shall come whose

fan is in his hand, who shall thoroughly purge his floor; for the time is coming when judgment must begin at the house of God.

Thirdly—here are a few **CHEERING WORDS FOR SEEKING SOULS**; and knowing how much you like them, I hope you will not leave them out.

In the course of his sermon, he said—

*It is not too late to cry to the Lord*; for if the sun be set, and the watches of the night have commenced their round, the mercy seat is open. No shop is open so late as the House of Mercy. The devil has two tricks with men. Sometimes he puts their clock a little backwards, and he says, "Stop! there is time enough yet!" and when that does not answer, he turns the hands on, and he cries out, "too late! too late!" Old man, has the devil said, "It is too late?" Convinced sinner, has satan said, "It is too late?" Troubled, distressed one, has the thought risen in thy soul—a bitter and a dark one—"It is too late?" It is not. Within another fifteen minutes, another year shall have come; but if the Spirit of God calls you this year, he will not call you too late in the year.

*We cannot pray too vehemently*, for the text says, "Arise! cry out in the night." God loves earnest prayers. He loves impetuous prayers—vehement prayers. Let a man preach if he dare coldly and slowly, but never let him pray so. God loveth crying-out prayers.

When you go to mercy's gate, let me give you a little advice. Do not go and give a gentle tap, like a lady; do not give a single tap, like a beggar; but take the knocker and rap hard till the very door seems to shake. Rap with all your might! and recollect that God loveth those who knock hard at mercy's gate. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." I picture that scene at midnight which our Saviour mentioned in the parable, and it will suit the present occasion. A certain man wanted some bread; a friend of his on a journey had come to his house and was very faint, and needed bread to eat. So off he went to his next door neighbour and rapped at his door, but no one came. He stood beneath the window and called out his friend's name. His friend answered from the top of the house, where he had been lying asleep—"My wife and children are with me in bed, and I cannot rise and give thee." But the man did not care about that. His poor friend

wanted bread; so he called aloud—"It is bread I want, and bread I must have!" I fancy I see the man lying and sleeping there. He says, "I sha'n't get up. It is very cold to-night. How can you expect me to rise and go down-stairs to get bread for you? I won't! I can't! I shan't!" So he wraps himself up very comfortably again and lays down to sleep once more. What does the man down below do? Oh! I hear him still: "Awake! Sir! I must have it! I will have it! My friend is starving!" "Go home! you fellow! Don't disturb me this time of night!" "I must have bread! Why don't you come down, and let me have it?" says the other; but the friend, vexed and angry, lies down again on his bed. Still at the door comes a heavier and a heavier rap, and the man still shouts,—“Bread, sir! bread! you will not sleep all night till you come down and give it me!” And verily I say unto you, though he will not rise and give it him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as much as he needeth. “Arise! cry out in the night!” and God will hear you, if you cry out with all your souls, and pour out your hearts before him.

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#### REST FOR THE WEARY.

WHEN the world my heart is rending,  
 With its heaviest storm of care,  
 My glad thoughts to God ascending,  
 Find a refuge from despair.  
 There's a hand of mercy near me,  
 Though the waves of trouble lour;  
 There's an hour of rest to cheer me,  
 When the trials of life are o'er.  
 Happy hour! when saints are gaining  
 That bright crown they longed to wear!  
 Not one spot of sin remaining!  
 Not one pang of earthly care!  
 Oh! to rest in peace for ever—  
 Joined with happy souls above—  
 Where no foe my heart can sever  
 From the Saviour whom I love.  
 This the hope that shall sustain me,  
 Till life's pilgrimage be past;  
 Fears may vex, and troubles pain me;  
 I shall reach my home at last.

ELDAD.

# CHEERING WORDS

VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1856.

No. 61.

**ALEXANDER KILHAM; C. H. SPURGEON,**  
AND THE  
CHARGE ON THE BEHALF OF CHILDREN, DELIVERED  
TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.  
BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

*To the Editor of Cheering Words.*

**D**EAR SIR,—It may be, you have never heard—or heard but little—of a man, who once made an immense stir among a Christian community, by the name of ALEXANDER KILHAM. The historian says—“He was a preacher of good standing—he was no half-and-half reformer—he was an honest, ardent and indomitable man.” Methodism, Sir, like most other “isms,” which have been introduced by men, has had its glaring errors, and unhappy mistakes. The founder set up, what has been termed “a close corporation;” and William Cooke, a learned and deep-thinking minister, once said, “*If I must honestly cleave to the Bible, and be true to my own nature, and faithful to my own species, I must UTTERLY REPUDIATE THE DESPOTIC ELEMENT OF WESLEYANISM.*”

Alexander Kilham, Sir, in his day, contended mightily against this “*despotic element.*” What was the consequence? He was tried, censured, and expelled. I must not occupy

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your little pages; but of his life, and of his death, let me say a word. While he lived, nearly all the great men of that body opposed him—suspected him—condemned him—cast him out. He was literally a martyr to the cause of freedom, which so near his heart did lay. You may form some idea of the persecution this man did endure, if you read the following paragraph:

“It was but the other day, that Mr. E——, at a public meeting in Newcastle, bore the following testimony to the worth of Mr. Kilham:—‘I have a confession to make. I make it candidly, honestly, and fearlessly, that I have, in common with many other ministers and people, been brought up in error with regard to Alexander Kilham. In my ignorance, I thought him a mischievous man. I say now, that I was mistaken. Mr. Kilham was the first Reformer. He was sixty years before his times. He had the clearest and most comprehensive views of the great question affecting the interests and liberties of the church. In justice to my present convictions, and in justice to Mr. Kilham and his admirers and followers, I make this confession.’”

Mr. Editor—I am not at all times without my fears respecting some men who now stand in the ministry; but most heartily do I pray that the high approbation of heaven may so rest upon our laborious young friend at New Park Street, as to constrain some to see and acknowledge that their fears of him have been unfounded and false. The ground Mr. Spurgeon has taken—the influence he exercises—the work he is doing—is not a vapour to be laughed at. Holy men of God are listening, watching, waiting, enquiring, and trembling. In chapels, in vestries, in school-rooms, in committees, in the streets, in omnibusses, in all places—I speak that I know—the question is urged again and again—“*What do you think of him?*”

Oh! Mr. Editor! the more I hear, the more I read, the more I see, the more am I compelled to beseech you to let me speak *to him*, and *on his* behalf. To him I would say,—“TAKE HEED TO THYSELF.” On his behalf I would say,—(to all whose consciences may be smitten by these words,)—“Cease, publicly, to pelt him from your pulpits: rather, (if you believe him wrong), pray for him, and plead with him in private.” And may the Great Head of the Church so hold, and honor, and use him, that he may *finish* his course with joy, and, after fifty or sixty years of unmeasured usefulness in bringing sinners to Christ, may his last words, his last moments, his last triumphs, be closely approximating to what the biographer says of Kilham’s departure. Such was the violence of the opposition against him, that the writer says:

“The devoted and pious Kilham was represented as having died by a judgment from heaven. Kilham died by a judgment! Never did a martyr hero expire in greater triumph than did Alexander Kilham. In his dying moments he exclaimed—‘God is love. I am going to my Redeemer. I shall mount up as with eagle’s wings. If I am dying now, tell all the world that Jesus is precious.’ When his spirit was just departing, he exclaimed—‘What I have done in regard to the Connexion, so far from repenting of it, I rejoice in it at this moment. Oh, that I had done it more faithfully!’”

These remarks, dear Sir, have forced themselves from my mind while reviewing “*A Sermon addressed to Sunday School Teachers, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon;*” and published by Alabaster and Passmore. In that discourse the teachers of Sunday Schools certainly have lessons laid down before them; and I venture to ask you, through your little messenger, to lay before ministers, churches, and Sunday School Teachers, just a sentence or two, which I here quote, and which I will

leave to speak for themselves ; while I remain, as ever, your's  
in the pathway of sorrow,

AN ISRAELITISH CAPTIVE IN BABYLON.

The following paragraphs are picked out for the serious consideration of all who wish to see our churches walking in usefulness and honor. The preacher remarked :

" We have heard it said by some that children cannot understand the great mysteries of religion. We even know some Sunday-school teachers who cautiously avoid mentioning the great doctrines of the gospel, because they think the children are not prepared to receive them. Alas ! the same mistake has crept into the pulpit, for it is currently believed, among a certain class of preachers, that many of the doctrines of the word of God, although true, are not fit to be taught to the people, since they would pervert them to their own destruction. Away with such priestcraft ! Whatever my God has revealed ought to be preached. Whatever he has revealed, if I am not capable of understanding it, I will still believe, and preach it. I do hold that there is no doctrine of the word of God which a child, if he be capable of salvation, is not capable of receiving. I would have children taught all the great doctrines of truth without a solitary exception, that they may in their after days hold fast by them. I can bear witness that children *can* understand the Scriptures, for I am sure when but a child I could have discussed many a knotty point of controversial theology, having heard both sides of the question freely stated among my father's circle of friends.

" Throughout the churches I have noticed a kind of abhorrence of anything like early, child-like piety. We are frightened at the idea of a little boy loving Christ ; and if we hear of a little girl following the Saviour, we say it is a youthful fancy, an early impression that will die away. My dear friends, I beseech you, never treat infant piety with suspicion. It is a tender plant—don't brush it too hard. I heard a tale some time ago, which I believe to be perfectly authen-

tic. A dear little girl, some five or six years old, a true lover of Jesus, requested of her mother that she might join the church. The mother told her she was too young. The poor little thing was grieved exceedingly; and after awhile the mother, who saw that piety was in her heart, spoke to the minister on the subject. The minister talked to the child, and said to the mother, 'I am thoroughly convinced of her piety, but I cannot take her into the church, she is too young. When the child heard that, a strange gloom passed over her face; and the next morning, when her mother went to her little bed, she lay with a pearly tear or two on each eye, dead for very grief; her heart was broken, because she could not follow her Saviour, and do as he had bidden her. I would not have murdered that child for a world! Take care how you treat young piety. Be tender of it. Believe that children can be saved as much as yourselves.'

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#### THE DEATH OF AN OMNIBUS PROPRIETOR.

[THE following case is from *The London City Missionary Magazine*. It reflects great credit on the persevering efforts of the missionary. We can but wish that all ministers and missionaries, all preachers and visitors, could exercise a zeal equal to that here recorded. In the course of his report, the Missionary writes as follows:—]

I proceed to record the circumstances connected with my visits to a Mr. —, omnibus proprietor, who resided in the mews. I first heard of his illness early in the month of December last. I made several attempts to get an interview with him, but both he and his family were alike opposed to my visit, or, indeed, to that of any one else—as others had made a similar attempt, but failed. Having, however, learned that he was in dying circumstances, I resolved, after much prayer, that I would make another effort to see him. Accordingly I went to his abode, and was received by the mother, a woman of nearly eighty years of age, whom I entreated to



allow me to see her son, and pressed on her the awful position of his dying soul. It pleased God that my words at length so far produced an effect on her, that she shed tears, and I, at length, through her, got access to the dying man's room. He was about thirty-three years of age, in the last stage of consumption. Having informed him, in as kind a manner as I could, of the object of my visit, I at once spoke to him of Christ, and his willingness to save sinners; and, having read a few verses, I succeeded in gaining his attention, but all I could get from him was, "I have a hope." I prayed with him. To shew the condition of the people about him, I may mention that, although the man was apparently dying, and I was solemnly speaking to him, they were engaged in talking and laughing, in one corner of the room, during the whole time I was in their presence. On leaving I addressed some pointed remarks to them.

Continuing my visits almost daily, I was soon enabled to discover that the dying man had been living wholly regardless of the concerns of his soul, and when speaking to him on affliction, he observed, I cannot see how it can be good to be afflicted: it may be, but I have not found it so; but if I am wrong, I hope to be set right. You seem to feel some anxiety about me—I do not know why. There is something strange about the matter, but I am now willing to listen to you, which, I confess, I was not disposed to do when I first saw you."

I did not perceive any particular benefit arising from my visits, except it might be in removing prejudices from his mind, till after three weeks' almost daily visitation. At this time I began to entertain more hope that good was being effected. It was then evident that he had been seriously affected by what I had said on a previous visit, and he observed, among other things, "I have been anxious to see you; your remarks, on your last visit, have seriously affected my

mind. I am too weak to tell you all I desire to do ; but this I know, *you have led me to feel I am a sinner, and to look to Christ for salvation.* I hope I may be spared a little time longer, that I may the better be prepared for that death which must soon come."

I read a part of the 14th of St. John to him, to which he listened most devoutly, and he was under deep emotions while I prayed for him.

I still continued to have increasingly satisfactory interviews with him.

On the last occasion of my calling on him, I found several persons at his bedside weeping. I addressed him thus, "My dear brother, your time is short; you cannot live long; I hope you have made Christ your only Refuge. I trust you have sought for pardon through the merits of the Redeemer." He fixed his eyes upon me, and said feebly, "You have been a good friend to me. I thank you for all you have done for me. *I am looking to Christ alone, as the hope of salvation.* I know I am dying. I pray that those about me may profit by what they witness in these my dying moments." I prayed by his bedside only an hour before he died.

The case proved one of much trial to me, both in mind and body, as, on leaving his room a few days before his decease, I was taken suddenly ill, which arose, I believe, from the anxiety I felt for his spiritual welfare, together with the confined state of the apartment in which he lay,—a small room over a stable, in which were several horses.

I visited the deceased about six weeks, and that almost daily, and I cannot but entertain some feeble hope that my labors were, at least, not altogether in vain.

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It is refreshing to get alone with God. How happy it is to have all our thoughts swallowed up in the world of spirits; to feel one's self a serious stranger in this world, seeking through it the best and surest road to the heavenly Jerusalem.

# THE BLACK MAN'S PRAYER:

OR,

## ANOTHER WRESTLING JACOB.

IN "*The Church*" for April, we have a striking account of the revival of an American church which had sunk into a low state—so low that the prayer meeting was almost deserted. One of the leading members of this church had a black servant—an old man—they called him "*Uncle Joe*." He was a good Christian—an earnest lover of the Saviour. Joe never deserted the prayer meeting; as the following extract will shew. Things were got so low, that at one meeting,

Joe was the only male member of the church present, four young ladies being the remainder of the audience. Joe's heart was stirred within him, and when some half-hour had passed, after the usual time for meeting to commence, Joe got up, and with great diffidence, said,—

"I came here dis evening 'specting to meet Massa Jesus here and some of de brederen. Massa Jesus come, but de brederen not here; and it *too bad* no body come to speak to Massa Jesus when he so good and take the trouble to come and see what we want, and send it to us; and if de ladies 'scuse me, I try and talk a little to de Lord 'fore we go 'way.

One of the girls signified their consent to his proposition, and he knelt down and prayed earnestly for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit upon the church and community; and then calling the young ladies each by name, implored blessings upon them, as he supposed they needed; also named families and individuals not present, and presented their case to God.

When Joe concluded half-an-hour had passed away, but it was not time to dismiss meeting, and after a few moments' reflection, he said modestly:

"Polite people don't send company away till time to go home, 'specially if dey like de guests! and as Massa Jesus is the Great Guest here to night, we better treat him well till time to go home. I can't read or sing. If de ladies read a chapter and sing a hymn, I try and pray once more."

The ladies declined, so Joe prayed again, and wept much, because there was no one present to pronounce the parting blessing, which the Lord had come down to bestow upon his people. The young ladies went away quite indignant at Joe's impertinence in calling their names in prayer, and manifested their resentment by declaring they would not attend the next meeting; but two of their companions went to see Joe "perform," as they contemptuously said. As they, with Joe, were all that were present, he proceeded much as before, and beginning much earlier, prayed three times. These girls also felt insulted by Joe's ignorance, and went home angry because of their ill-treatment. Rumour now charged Joe with having broken up the prayer-meetings of the church; and the half-dead members, glad to have an excuse for neglect of duty, felt no scruples about circulating the story of Uncle Joe's rudeness.

Being entirely ignorant of what was reported of him, Joe persevered in going every meeting night, and prayed, and prayed, and talked, and wept before the Lord, till time to go home. At length Deacon Baldwin heard of Joe's doings. He lived a mile from Joe's home, on the road to the chapel. Being disabled by a chronic disease, he had not attended a night meeting for several years. He determined, however, to know for himself what Joe was about; and, watching for him as he was on his way to meeting, called him to assist him into his carriage, and drive him to meeting. Joe's joy at having the deacon to meeting, amounted to ecstasy; "for" said he "dis is de first answer de Lord send to my prayers; and *now I know he will send all de rest.*" The deacon said his infirmities would forbid his occupying all the time, and Joe must assist all he could;

Joe's previous labors had kindled a flame in his heart which had consumed all his fear of man, and he went forward readily. After a season of prayer, deacon B. entered into a devotional conversation with Joe, respecting the spiritual interests of the church and community; and Joe, with all sincerity and simplicity, related the trial he had endured, and the anguish of heart he had experienced, from the low state of religion, and expressed his sense of insufficiency in himself to do any thing to help the church, or to do any good; but when nobody came to pray, he felt so bad that Master Jesus had nobody to wait on him, that he had come to be waiter.

Deacon B.—“Be waiter, Joe, what do you mean? what does the Lord bid you do?”

Joe.—“Oh, master, he say, ‘Joe, what you come here for?’ I say, ‘Lord Jesus, I come to see you here, and see what you want me do.’ He say, ‘Joe, I come here to see what the church wants,—what you want; can you tell me?’ Den I fall down on my knees and pray; den I wait, and see if any body else come to pray: and when nobody come, den I think about all de brederen and sisters, and de parson dat live two mile off, and don't come,—den I think, and see if I pray for all the things we need, den I pray again once or twice, and when nine o'clock come I go home and cry all night, cause all de gentlemen and ladies stay home, and nobody come to wait on Master Jesus, but poor old Joe.”

Deacon B.—“How long is it since any other member of the church has attended one of these prayer meetings?”

Joe.—“About tree weeks.”

Deacon B.—“Do you feel lonely, and get discouraged, coming here and praying all alone?”

Joe.—“Oh no, Deacon; de Lord Jesus good company. He always come early to meetin'; he never get tired, or sleepy, or want to go home 'fore meetin's out.”

Deacon B.—“So, it is three weeks since there has been any one here but you, Joe?”

Joe.—"O no, Deacon; de last time, I begin to think, de Lord send nothin down yet, and he never will, if nobody come to pray but poor old Joe: den I fall on my face and groan and cry loud—I can't speak no more. Den Master Jesus say, 'Joe, why you cast down? why thy heart disquiet in you? hope in God; you shall yet praise him.' When the great King speak to me, den I get up quick, and his train fill de temple; den I cover my face with my hands, and keep silent. He says again, 'Delight dyself in de Lord, and he *will* give dee de desire of dy heart;'; so I go home, and praise God all night till daylight."

Deacon B.—"Well, Joe, I hope you do not forget to confess the sins of the church, and plead with God for pardon?"

We have not room for all the narrative—but its conclusion shews that in answer to poor Joe's prayers several young men were converted, joined to the church, and proved indeed the work to be genuine: and a great revival ensued. The circulation of this interesting fact, will, we hope, be useful in the midst of our drowsy churches at home.

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**BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED.**

BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.

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*(Continued from page 48.)*

Book 11.—Christian is turned out of the way by Mr. Worldly Wiseman, but is recovered by Evangelist. Proceeds to the Wicket Gate, and is kindly received.

Poor Christian having thus escaped his fright,  
Directs his course towards the shining light,  
When lo! a man of gentle form appears,  
Kindly inquires the reason of his tears,  
Pities the sorrows of his burdened state,  
And asks if good advice would come too late?  
Condemns th' advice Evangelist had given,  
And vainly boasts an easier way to heaven.  
"Desist, (says he,) nor spend your time and breath,  
In that dread way that leads to pain and death,

'Twas reading that strange book that made you sad,  
 Beshrew the book, it drives its thousands mad!  
 My counsel take. Yon pleasant village see;  
 Delightful spot! 'Tis called Morality!  
 Thither with all convenient speed repair,  
 That honest man, Legality, dwells there,  
 Apply to him, you'll get a speedy cure,  
 Nor evermore fanatic fears endure,  
 There live in credit—live in pleasure there,  
 Nor shame, nor persecution, ever fear."<sup>(a)</sup>  
 Then Christian paused, "If this, (said he,) be true,  
 There's little more to suffer, or to do."  
 He turn'd aside, to see the place he saw,  
 And seek salvation by the moral law,  
 But ah! no ease he found, his fears were higher;  
 The mount he pass'd shot forth devouring fire,  
 Mount Sinai filled his very soul with dread,  
 It seem'd just falling, on his guilty head.  
 'Twas then his conscience, pressed with guilt and fear;  
 Just then, he saw Evangelist appear.  
 "Christian, what business have you here? (he cry'd)  
 What lying knave has turn'd your feet aside?  
 'Twas Worldly Wiseman, rightly is he named,  
 'Twas he, the way of righteousness defam'd,  
 I know he hates the doctrines of the cross:  
 For which the saint must count his gain but loss,  
 By his advice, your case is rendered worse,  
 For all who trust the law, incur the curse;  
 Abhor the counsel, go not more astray,  
 But turn your feet into the narrow way;  
 Thus, only thus, your sins shall be forgiv'n,  
 And you shall find the path that leads to heaven."  
 Christian, thus caution'd by his Gospel guide,  
 Pursues his way and dreads to turn aside,

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(a) Mr. Worldly Wiseman, represents teachers of mere morality, who dislike the doctrines of the Gospel. Christian, through his advice, forsakes the right way for a time.

Looks eagerly to see the Wicket Gate,  
 And sadly fears lest he should come too late;  
 When lo! the wish'd for gate appears in sight,  
 Crown'd with resplendent rays of light.  
 Above was written, "Knock, and never fear,  
 The man who knocks shall surely enter here."  
 He knock'd and listen'd, then he knock'd again,  
 Meanwhile his bosom heav'd with anxious pain,  
 "Will he, (said Pilgrim) will the Lord on high,  
 Admittance grant to such a wretch as I?  
 O! would he deign to open mercy's door,  
 My happy soul should praise him evermore."  
 At length he hears a voice, distinct and grave,  
 "Who's there without, and pray what would you have?"  
 "A sinner, Sir, (he answered,) that's my name,  
 Sorely oppress'd with guilt, and fear, and shame,  
 This is the way I'm told to flee from sin,  
 O! will you let a burden'd sinner in?"  
 "I will, with all my heart, (Good-will replied,)  
 It was for burden'd sinners Jesus died; (b)  
 Be quick, come in, from yonder Castle wall,  
 See, how the showers of poisoned arrows fall.  
 'Tis thus that Satan, filled with rage, annoys  
 The soul that flies to Christ for endless joys,  
 Now you are safe, dismiss your every fear,  
 The enemy of souls can't reach you here."  
 Then Christian lifted up his grateful voice,  
 And said, "My Lord, I tremble and rejoice.  
 O! what am I? Why should I see thy face?  
 O free, distinguishing, and sovereign grace!  
 But for that mighty grace I still had been,  
 A hardened rebel, perishing in sin,  
 And now again, lest I should go astray,  
 Direct me how to keep the heavenly way.

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(b) Great encouragement is given to godly penitents. Satan envies those who enter by Christ.



To whom, with look serene, and accent grave,  
 Good-will this admirable counsel gave,  
 "Shun every crooked path, your road is straight,  
 Straight as a rule can draw it, from this Gate.  
 False ways are broad, the narrow is the true,  
 Be sure, remember this, your journey through;  
 A friendly house will soon appear in sight,  
 And yield divine instruction and delight.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE ATONEMENT.

*"We have now received the atonement."* Romans v. 11.

Oh my soul can this be true, that thou hast received the atonement? And that not notionally only but in the energy and power of the same?

In faith and holy reliance of one utterly undone, without it. Think again, Oh my soul of this immense immunity. Thanks for ever, thanks be unto thee, heavenly Paraclete, for working in the deep feeling necessity of this eternal satisfaction to injured Justice, on behalf of the church; for, thou wast as carnally independent in thy suppositiously meritorious works, as thou wast ignorant of the ineffable virtue of Christ's one efficient sacrifice. Lord, in conscience, self pollution, and condemnation from nature's guilt, and practical offensiveness, through sin, to thine amazing purity, I lie in deep abasement of soul; but oh, unutterable grace! not one stain in all that mass of impurity—not one sin in all that aggregate of condemnation, but what was considered in and covered over with the atonement of the Godman-Mediator. No claim hast thou, Oh my soul, apart from the everlasting covenant, sealed by the blood of Jesus; for any of the large benefits arising out of this once offered expiatory sacrifice! Still, many many times hast thou had to come to God, with the felt pressure of newly contracted sin; yet, can'st thou say, the Lord turned a deaf ear to thy cry? Did he ultimately send thee away without a new manifestation of the cleansing and justifying tendency of that blood? So far from this, out of these depths of soul trouble and exercise, hast thou not found renewed sweetness of the application of the blood of sprinkling! Lord, make me to hate all sin more and more; also to love, more ardently thy dear Son! By whom through faith, we have received the atonement.

*December 3, 1853.*

ROBERT ABBOTT.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S DESIRE.

I'm a child of Adam's race;  
 And oh! how dreadful is my case!  
 I'm ruined in the fall!  
 Sin, death, and hell, upon me stare,  
 And fill my soul with dark despair—  
 That cup of bitter gall.  
 Fain would I fly from this dark cage,  
 That I might flee from satan's rage;  
 But sin doth hold me fast.  
 I try to fly, but cannot move;  
 I try my greatest strength to prove;  
 But all is vain at last.  
 What can I do? Where can I go?  
 My sins deserve eternal woe;  
 They're dark, and black as hell.  
 Whene'er I try to paint them o'er,  
 They look much blacker than before:  
 How large they seem to swell.  
 Sometimes I've said, "I'll try to mend;"  
 And thus upon my works depend;  
 But soon I've had a fall.  
 I've been afraid for grace to pray,  
 To drag me out of satan's way:  
 These things to me were gall.  
 Satan hath said, "How can you pray?  
 Since you still walk in such a way,  
 You sin, and then repent.  
 For you to pray, 'tis all in vain;  
 Your sins upon you still remain;  
 To hell you must be sent."  
 How this distressed my weary soul!  
 To think that sin had such control  
 O'er my poor sinful heart.  
 Satan's advice I could not take;  
 The thought of it my soul would shake;  
 With prayer I could not part.  
 A great desire I had within,  
 To be made free from death and sin,  
 And feed on food Divine.  
 This great desire from Jesus came;  
 Blest be his great and holy name!

It was a blessed sign !  
 I, of my filthy rags, was stripped,  
 (In which my soul had oft been whipped),  
 And clothed in robes Divine.  
 In my good works I'd sought relief,  
 And thus my soul was full of grief,  
 Which made me oft repine.  
 'Twas Jesus made me see and feel  
 That he alone my sins could heal,  
 And make me fit for heaven.  
 Before, I tried the law to keep,  
 Which only made me sigh and weep ;  
 No comfort then was given.  
 But when my soul was made to fly  
 To Christ, who lives and reigns on high,  
 Then I some comfort found.  
 My soul was blest with heavenly joys ;  
 And worldly things seemed foolish toys ;  
 I trod on heavenly ground.  
 I thought I never more should fear ;  
 No more should shed a briny tear ;  
 So great was my delight.  
 O ! how deceived was sinful I !  
 For satan came again to try,  
 And see if I could fight.  
 I felt myself so weak and frail ;  
 My strength I found of no avail ;  
 To Christ for strength I cried ;  
 And oh ! how sweet his voice to me !  
 For, " As thy day, thy strength shall be,"  
 Was by his power applied.  
 P'rhaps some poor souls may be afraid  
 Their debt of sin has ne'er been paid :  
 'Tis satan tells them so.  
 If Jesus Christ were not their Friend,  
 He such desires would never send ;  
 Their safety this doth shew.  
 Such say they wish to love him more  
 Than ever they have done before,  
 And thus to heaven aspire.  
 If so, their souls are born again ;  
 Christ's blood hath wash'd out every stain ;  
 'Tis proved by their desire.

S. TIPPETT.

# CHEERING WORDS

VOL. VI.

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No. 61.

NARRAPUT CHRISTIAN,  
"THE MAN THAT WILL LEAD ME TO JESUS."



HE supernatural, the invisible, the sovereign Work of THE HOLY SPIRIT doth sometimes produce such amazingly wonderful effects, that we can scarcely credit, or understand them! The Bible is full of such records. We could enumerate instances clearly proving that the Holy Spirit doth not unfrequently work effectually upon the hearts of sinners who have not the public, the appointed means through which most times grace is made to flow. None of the ransomed shall be lost because they have not the means. The Spirit of God does honor them;—He can do without them.

The following beautiful narrative (copied from "*The Sunday School Teacher's Magazine, and Journal of Education*," for March, is a LIVING FACT, illustrative of the saving, and secret work of THE SPIRIT OF GOD in the heart—of His provision of a well qualified Instrumentality—and of the certainty of that divine and precious promise—"All that the Father giveth me, shall come unto me; and him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out." Read this, if, this month, you can read nothing more.

A LITTLE Hindoo girl was one summer's afternoon playing before the door of her father's bungalow, when she was carried off, taken

Price One-Halfpenny; or 10 copies for 4d.

to Calcutta, and sold as a slave. She was a sweet and beautiful little girl, and the lady who bought her soon began to love her very much, and she thought she would not make her a slave. She had no children of her own, and she liked to have a little girl to play with her and amuse her. She loved her more and more, and as she grew older, she made her her companion.

When this little girl was stolen from her father, she was too young to have learned his religion. The lady who bought her was a Mohammedan, and she brought the little girl up as a Mohammedan too. Thus she lived till she was sixteen years old, and then all at once it came into her mind, she knew not how or why, that she was a sinner, and needed salvation. She was in great distress of mind, and went to her kind mistress for comfort, but she could not tell her of her Saviour. All the lady could do was to try to amuse her, and make her forget her troubles; she hired rope-dancers, jugglers, serpent-charmers, and tried all the sports of which the natives of India are fond, to give her pleasure; these were of no use, and the little girl remained as miserable as ever. Her mistress, deeply grieved at the distress of one whom she loved dearly, next sent for a Mohammedan priest. He had never felt the want of a Saviour, and he could not understand the girl's distress. However, he took her under his care, and did his best. He taught her a long string of prayers in Arabic, a language which she did not understand. She learned the long hard words which had no meaning to her, and she repeated them five times a day, and each time she repeated them, she turned towards Mecca, the birth-place of Mohammed, and bowed her face to the ground.

Did the poor girl find comfort in these dark words and idle ceremonies? No; she felt that there was no forgiveness, no salvation in these. When she had tried these prayers for three long years, the thought struck her that perhaps all the sorrow of mind was a punishment for having left the faith of her fathers, and become a

Mohammedan. She set out directly in search of a brahmin or Hindoo priest, and entreated him to receive her back into the Hindoo church. How do you think the brahmin answered her? He cursed her in the name of his god. She told him how unhappy she was, and how long she had suffered, and begged him to pity her, but he would not listen. She offered him a large sum of money, and then he was ready to do any thing; so she put herself under his direction, and went again and again. He told her to take an offering of flowers and fruit, morning and evening, to a certain goddess who was some way out, and once a week to offer a kid of the goats as a bloody sacrifice.

In India people have a language of flowers. Each flower means something; and when you go into a temple, and see the flowers which have been laid on the altar, you may often tell what petitions have been offered. The flowers she brought as her offering signified a bleeding heart. Oh, there was One who would not have refused such an offering! He only could have healed her broken heart, but she knew him not. For a long, long time, did she carry flowers and fruit, morning and evening; and once a week offer a kid of the goats, and sprinkle the blood on herself and on the altar; but she found that "the blood of goats could not take away her sins;" and very often she cried out in her deep distress, "O! I shall die! and what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?" At last she became ill through the distress of her mind; and her mistress, with deep sorrow watched her beloved companion sinking into an early grave.

One day, as she sat alone in her room, thinking, and longing, and weeping, as her custom was, a beggar came to the door and asked alms. Her heart was so full that I suppose she spoke of what she wanted to all whom she met, in the hope that some might guide her. She began talking to the beggar, and used a word which means salvation. The man started and said, "I think I have

heard that word before." "Where! oh! where have you heard it?" she eagerly asked. "Tell me where can I find that which I want, and for which I am dying, I shall soon die, and oh, what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?" The man told her the name of a charitable institution, where once a week two thousand poor natives were supplied with rice, and before the rice was given out, some Christian teacher used to speak to them. "I have heard it there, (he said), and they tell of one Jesus Christ who can give salvation." "O! where is he? Take me to him!" The man cared nothing about this salvation himself. He thought she was mad, and he was going away; but she would not suffer him to depart till he had given an answer; she dreaded lest she should miss that prize which now seemed almost within her reach. "Well, (he said), I can tell you of a man who will lead you to Jesus;" and he directed her to that part of the town where Narraput Christian lived.

Who was Narraput Christian? He was once a rich and proud brahmin, but he had given up all his riches and honours to become a humble disciple of Jesus; and he was now an assistant missionary and preacher to his countrymen. This was the man of whom the beggar spoke.

The Hindoo girl gave the beggar a trifle, and that very evening she set out in search of Narraput Christian, the man who would lead her to Jesus. She went from house to house, and inquired of every one she met, where Narraput Christian, the man who would lead her to Jesus, lived? but no one would tell her. It grew late and dark, and she began to be afraid of being seen out at that hour. Her heart was nearly broken, for she thought she must return as she came, and die without obtaining salvation. She was just turning to go home, when she saw a man walking along the road. She thought she would try once more; so she asked him the same question, Where Narraput Christian lived, the man who would lead her

to Jesus? To her great joy, he pointed her to the house, and when she reached it, she met Narraput himself coming out at the door. She fell at his feet in tears, and wringing her hands in anguish, she asked, "Are you Narraput Christian, the man who can lead me to Jesus? O! take me to him! I shall die; and what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?" Narraput did not receive her as the Hindoo priest had done; he raised her kindly from the ground, and led her kindly into the house, where his family were met at their evening meal. "My dear young friend, (he said), sit down and tell me all." She told him her history, and as soon as she had done, she rose and said, "Now, Sir, take me to Jesus. You know where he is. O! take me to him!" Ah! if Jesus had been on earth, how willingly would he have received the poor wanderer! She thought he was on earth, and that she might go to him at once; but Narraput knew that though he was not here, he was just as able to pity and welcome her from his mercy-throne in heaven; so he only said, "Let us pray." All knelt down, and as he prayed, the poor Hindoo felt that she had found that which she had so long wanted.

## *"The Preacher whom Paul would Approve!"*

OR, THE

**SCOTCH MINISTER'S VISIT TO NEW PARK ST. CHAPEL;**

AND HIS

**THOUGHTS AND VIEWS OF MR. SPURGEON'S MINISTRY.**

*To the Editor of Cheering Words.*

You know, dear Sir, that ministers generally, are not disposed to speak either favourably or impartially of their brethren;—more cruel criticism, nor more serious mischief is seldom exercised or effected by any, than by ministers when they venture to sit in judgment upon those who are



labouring in the same field. I have furnished you with the impartial and faithful testimony of a Scotchman, living on the quiet Northern Coast—and I feel persuaded your readers will thank you for presenting them with the same.

It is—it must be—of much importance to the whole Christian community—(seeing Mr. Spurgeon ministers to tens of thousands in country and in town—) to know the result of a sober and careful investigation of his ministry. A hasty—or a determined opposition, may be right, or it may be wrong:—the safest course is an intelligent, an impartial, a scriptural, and a steady inquiry into the case. Such, I feel certain you are pursuing,—and therefore will not reject the following, which is copied from *The Glasgow Herald*, of April the 18th. I am, dear Sir, in the living hope of the gospel,

#### AN ISRAELITISH CAPTIVE IN BABYLON.

SIR, — When Mr. Spurgeon was in Glasgow, the fame of his eloquence had reached me in my seclusion here, by the shores of the sounding sea, the noise of whose waves delight me more than the “din of cities,” or the tumult of the people. I had heard him “spoken against” by some, but spoken of by others as a preacher of remarkable popularity. But being one of those who judge for themselves, I did not attach much importance to what I heard of Mr. Spurgeon and his popularity in Glasgow. One of his printed sermons, however, having fallen in my way, I had no sooner read a few paragraphs of it, than I said, “Here at last is a preacher to my mind — one whom not only I, but whom Paul himself, I am persuaded, were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own.” I forget what was the subject of the discourse; but I remember well of saying to myself, “I would rather have been the author of that sermon than of all the sermons, or volumes of sermons published in my day.”

After this, I heard little, and thought little, about Mr. Spurgeon. Having been, however, in London on the last Sabbath in March, and having been unexpectedly released from an engagement to preach, I thought I could not do better than go and hear for myself. Along with two young

friends, see me, then, early on the beautiful morning of that beautiful Sabbath-day, when as yet there were few people in the streets, and all the "mighty heart" of that great city was "lying still," on my way from Islington to New Park Street Chapel, a distance of nearly four miles. We arrived at the chapel about eleven, but found that the service had commenced a quarter before eleven. The church was filled, and there were crowds of people at the gate. Seeing one of the doorkeepers, I went up to him and said I was from Scotland, and having come so far, I really must get in. He asked me from what part of Scotland, and I told him Glasgow. He said, "Come, follow me, I must get you in." He led the way into a wing of the building, fitted up, and evidently used as a school; and here we found seats; and though, from the crowd which choked the doors and passages, we did not see the preacher very well, we heard him distinctly. When we entered, he was expounding, as is his custom, a portion of the Scriptures. The passage expounded was Exodus xiv., which contains an account of the Israelites at the Red Sea—a passage of Scripture peculiarly interesting to me, having stood on its shore, and sailed on the very spot where the waters were so wondrously divided. The remarks of the preacher on each of the verses were very much in the style of Henry, and were rich and racy. His text was from the 106th Psalm, and the subject of the discourse was the same with that of the chapter he had just expounded—"the Israelites at the Red Sea."

Regarding them as typical of the people of God under the gospel, he said there were two things which he intended to consider. First, their difficulties; secondly, their resources. Their difficulties, he said, were occasioned by three things—first, the Red Sea before them; second, the Egyptians behind them; and third, the weakness of their faith. These difficulties were in the way, he said, of believers—first, the Red Sea

of trials—trials peculiar to them as Christians, and caused by their coming out of Egypt, or their renouncing the world; second, the Egyptians are behind them—sin, satan, and the world, seeking to recover them to their yoke, and, failing this, to harass and distress them. But the greatest difficulty in the way of both was unbelief. Had they trusted in him that was *for* them, they would have made little of all them that were *against* them.

Second, Their resources. These were three—first, the providence of God. He had brought them to the Red Sea; and He who had brought them *to* it, was able and wise enough to bring them *through* it. Second, His covenant, in virtue of which he was under engagement to do so, and was bound in honor to do so. Third, the intercession of Moses. He prayed for them, when they knew it not. So Christ prays for his people, and him the Father heareth always; and, in answer to his prayers, delivers, and will continue to deliver them out of all their troubles, &c.

Such was the method of one of the richest and ripest sermons, as regards Christian experience—all the more wonderful as being the sermon of so young a man—I ever heard. It was a sermon far in advance of the experience of many of his hearers; and the preacher evidently felt this. But, notwithstanding this, such was the simplicity of his style, the richness and quaintness of his illustrations, his intense earnestness, and the absolute and admirable naturalness of his delivery—it told upon his audience generally, and told powerfully. Many, most of them, were of the “common people,” and when I looked on their plebeian faces, their hands brown with labour, and, in many cases, their faded attire, I could not help remembering Him of whom it is said,—“And the common people heard him gladly.” Yes, Mr. Spurgeon is the minister of the “common people;” he considers himself, I am told, to be such, and well he may. Happy Lon-

don people, if they but knew their happiness, to have such a minister! But to return to the sermon and its effect upon the audience, and those in particular who were seated, or rather, near to me. I shall not soon forget the varying emotions portrayed in their faces. Oh, those faces. How intensely fixed were they on the preacher—how eager to hear every word that he uttered—how fearful lest they should fail to catch the least! Tears were now to be seen trickling down them; and then, again—pale and care-worn though many of them were—they might be seen beaming with light and joy, and brightening into smiles. One man I noticed in particular. He was evidently of humble rank, but had a noble and intelligent countenance. His face was a perfect study. Every time the preacher said a striking thing, he looked expressively to me, and I looked to him. At the close of the service I could have given him a hearty brotherly shake of the hand, but I lost him in the crowd and did not see him again.

Thus much for the morning. A word or two now about the evening sermon. We were told, if we wanted to get in, to come early, as the crowd would be greater than in the morning. With two friends, I returned about six. To our dismay, when we arrived we found crowds already at the door, waiting for admission. Those only who had tickets were now permitted to enter; as we had none, we almost despaired of getting in. One of my friends, however, knowing how I had got in in the morning, went up to a police officer and told him I was a clergyman from Scotland, and was anxious to be admitted. The police officer hearing this, said, very politely, he would allow us to enter the church, but would not promise us seats. This was all we wanted. One of us (a lady) was kindly favored with a seat; my other friend and myself thought ourselves happy, like Eutychus of old, in being permitted to sit in "a window," with a dense crowd in the passage at our feet. I asked a man near me if

he came regularly. He said, "He did." "Why, then," I asked, "do you not take a seat?" "Seat!" he replied—"such a thing is not to be had for love or money. I got a ticket for leave to stand." The church, I was told, is seated for 1500; but what with the school-room and the passages, which were choke-full, there could not have been fewer in it than 3000. The service commenced with a hymn, which was sung by the congregation standing. Never did I hear such singing; it was like the "voice of many waters," or the roll of thunder. No need was there of an organ in that congregation; the most powerful organ would not have been heard in the loud swell of so many living human voices. Then came the prayer. Phrenologically speaking, I should say veneration is not largely developed in Mr. Spurgeon, yet that prayer was one of the most remarkable and impressive I ever heard. He prayed first for confirmed believers, then for declining ones, then for sundry other conditions. Then there was a pause; after which, he prayed for the unconverted. Some, he said, were present, who were in this state, who in all likelihood would never be in that or any other church again—who were there that night to hear their last sermon—who, ere next Lord's-day, would not be in this world; and where would they be? There was but one place where they would be—in hell! He then said, or rather cried out—"God, God, God! must they perish? Wilt thou not save them, and make that sermon the means of their conversion?" The effect was overwhelming; many wept, and I am not ashamed to say I was one of them. The text was in Psalms cxxvi. 1, 2, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing." The subject raised from the text was the "joy of the young convert."

Some of the sketches, and that in particular of a slave newly emancipated, drunk with joy that he was free, was equal

to anything ever drawn by a Dickens or any of our great masters of fiction. Equally fine was that of the sick man restored to health, and going forth for the first time after his recovery to take his walk in the streets of London. But it would be impossible to mention all the fine touches of nature in that sermon, which made the whole of that vast congregation for the moment "kin."

I am far from thinking Mr. Spurgeon perfect. In this respect he is not like Whitfield, who from the first was as perfect as an orator as he was at the last. In respect of his power over an audience, and a London one in particular, I should say he is not inferior to Whitfield himself. Mr. Spurgeon is a Calvinist, which few of the Dissenting ministers now are. He preaches salvation, not of man's *free will*, but of the Lord's *good will*, which few in London it is to be feared, now do. On all these accounts, we hail the appearance of Mr. Spurgeon with no ordinary delight, and anticipate for him a career of no ordinary usefulness. "Happy are they which stand continually before him, and hear his words of wisdom." As for myself, I shall long remember with delight the day on which I stood among them. A.

Helensburgh, April 14, 1856.

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BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED.

BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.

(Continued from page 86.)

BOOK III.

Christian is profitably entertained at the Interpreter's house.—Loses his burden at the Cross—and is accoutred for his journey.

Then Christian, thanked his friend, and took his leave,  
Encouraged such direction to receive.  
More comfort now he felt than e'er before  
Though yet the burden on his back he bore :

Pursued his way and saw the house appear,  
 Knocked at the gate and found admission there.  
 His friendly host, Interpreter was named,  
 For teaching humble pilgrims justly famed,  
 "Welcome my friend," he said; "here you will find,  
 Objects enow to entertain your mind.  
 First view that picture hung against the wall,  
 That man a Minister of Christ we call,  
 Grave are his looks, to heaven he lifts his eyes,  
 Studies the best of books to make him wise.  
 His back, observe, upon the world he turns,  
 While love to sinners in his bosom burns.  
 By him are many souls to Jesus led,  
 And see, a crown of gold above his head,  
 His work, indeed, is difficult and hard,  
 But heaven will amply all his toils reward;  
 Want you a guide to everlasting bliss?  
 Be sure to choose a minister like this."  
 In the next room behold two children sat,  
 Passion the name of this, Patience of that.  
 O! how did Passion rage, and fume, and fret,  
 Because he could not then his portion get.  
 He grasped it soon, soon got his golden bags,  
 Spent them as soon, and soon was clothed in rags:  
 While Patience sat contented in his chair,  
 And waited quiet till another year,  
 Patience shall have his wealth another day,  
 When Passion's riches are all fled away. (a)  
 Then Christian near a wall observed a fire,  
 Oft dashed with water; yet it burned the higher.  
 The sight amazed him, till on the other side,  
 He saw the flame with secret oil supplied,  
 Thus, Satan tries the work of grace to spoil,  
 Thus, Jesus feeds it with his holy oil.

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(a) Passion and Patience represent carnal and spiritual men; the former seek the gratifications of sense; the latter live by faith, and look for joys to come.

Christian was now by his conductor led  
 Into a room whence cheerful light had fled :  
 An awful spectacle his eyes engage :  
 A man imprison'd in an iron cage ;  
 Pensive he seem'd and sad, while on the ground  
 His gloomy eyes were fix'd, nor looked around.  
 Together folded were his wasted arms,  
 And deep-fetch'd sighs bespoke no small alarms.

"What art thou?" Christian said. In horror cried,  
 "What once I was not," the poor wretch replied :  
 "A fair profession once I seemed to make,  
 But yet my darling lusts could not forsake ;  
 Against the light of conscience did I sin,  
 And that good Spirit, who then worked within ;  
 The Son of God I've crucified again,  
 And spurned his righteousness with proud disdain.  
 Repent I cannot ; here I'm doomed to dwell,  
 Till dreadful vengeance plunge me down to hell :  
 In endless torments there I must remain,  
 Ane never, never taste of ease again."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed the Pilgrim, "let this be  
 A lesson to instruct and caution me."  
 This having seen, one object still remained,  
 And one from which much profit might be gained.  
 This was a man just rising from his bed,  
 Who shook and trembled with the utmost dread :  
 His terror was occasioned by a dream,  
 Which to his mind reality did seem.—  
 He thought the day of judgment now was come,  
 And he about to hear his final doom :  
 And pangs of conscience were a hell begun,  
 For all his crimes stood glaring as the sun :  
 The righteous quickly did the angels find,  
 But left him with the wicked far behind ;  
 The yawning gulf before him opened wide,  
 Where fire and brimstone roll'd a fearful tide.  
 By these and other lessons taught him here,



Christian was led at once to hope and fear ;  
 But still his mind was on his journey bent,  
 And therefore took his leave, and onward went.  
 Up-hill he laboured with his heavy load,  
 But resolutely kept the narrow road.  
 And now deliverance to his soul draws near,  
 Soon he shall lose his burden and his fear.  
 Behold, close by his path a cross he view'd ;  
 Here Christian stopped awhile, and musing stood,  
 Gaz'd on his blessed Lord's accursed tree,  
 And then exclaim'd, " That Saviour died for me !"  
 No sooner had he spoke, than, strange to tell,  
 That moment from his back his burden fell :  
 Reliev'd at once from all his guilt and pain,  
 He wept for joy, then wept and gaz'd again ;  
 His inward gladness burst into a song,  
 And thus he warbled as he went along.  
 " Thus far I came, sore burden'd with my sin,  
 Nor aught could ease the mis'ry I was in,  
 Till I came hither. What a place is this !  
 Here I begin to taste eternal bliss !  
 Must here the burden fall from off my back ?  
 Must here the strings that bind it to me crack ?  
 Blest cross ! blest sepulchre ! but rather, He—  
 The Man that here was put to shame for me !"  
 To aid his joy, three shining forms appear,  
 And words of peace salute his ravished ear,  
 " Pilgrim," said one, " your sins are all forgiven !  
 Now fearless travel on, and safe to heaven ;"  
 " Here drop your filthy rags," another says,  
 " And let this royal robe supply their place."  
 A third his forehead marks, and gives a roll,  
 (The evidences of a gracious soul.)  
 " Read here," says he, " with joy your pardon'd state.  
 And shew it when you reach the heavenly gate." (a)

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(a) Christian here gains, first, a knowledge of the pardon of all his  
 sins ; secondly, the righteousness of God, instead of his own righteou-  
 ness ; the Holy Spirit as a Sanctifier and Comforter ; the seal and evi-  
 dence of his salvation.

# THINGS TO THINK ON.

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DEAR SIR.—In pursuance of a promise made to our little ones, I beg to forward an outline of our very interesting meeting on Lord's-day, 13th inst., when we held a grand review of our young troops connected with the Sunday-school of the Baptist Chapel, Hailsham. We had a full house, and the many friends assembled took great interest in the children. When they were marshalled in order, with their respective officers beside them, I delivered an address from Phil. iv. 8—"Think on these things!"

Think, (1), *What you are*—Sinners, lost and ruined, and need a Saviour.

Think, (2), *Where you are*—In a world full of sin, and dangerous snares.

Think, (3), *Where you are going*—To heaven or hell: eternal misery, or everlasting happiness.

O, children! "Think on these things!"

After which, their youthful voices united in singing the following hymn, written expressly for them. Finding the teachers distribute many copies of CHEERING WORDS as rewards, I told the young folk I should write the Editor, and send their hymn, which if he approved would be printed in their next monthly reward.

Though young in years, I'm used to sin,  
And of it daily drink;  
Jesus alone can make me clean,  
And on *this* truth to think.

I'm in a world of sin and woe,  
As on a dangerous brink!  
O, let me not forget it so!  
But on *these* things to *think*!

I'm going, (when my body dies,)  
 In endless woe to sink,  
 Or up to heaven my soul shall rise !  
 On *this* I'll try to think.

Lord ! give me of thy mercy-streams  
 To know, and freely drink ;  
 To leave my foolish, idle dreams,  
 And on *these things* to think !

*Hailsham.*

CORNELIUS SLIM.

### CHRIST SEEN BY JOHN AT PATMOS,

*"He was clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the breasts with a golden girdle."*

THIS was the dress of a priest,—of a priest under the Old Dispensation. The materials of which the robe and girdle were made, were "gold, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen." Behold here the desire of the Saviour to put his church in remembrance of his priestly office. My soul, ponder again and again, the value of that sacrifice, accepted before God on thy behalf when Jesus "offered himself." Give it no hasty glance, no merely passing thought, but stand still to wonder and adore ! Why art thou so prone to forget this great mystery of love—the presentation of the one offering which perfected for ever them that are sanctified ? Turn again thy wandering feet ; fasten thine eyes upon the bleeding Saviour ; behold the nail-prints and the open side ! Is there not enough to attract thee here, enough to engage the heart and occupy the thoughts while life shall last, *without* the allurements of a perishing world ? Lord, turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and may it always be said, and *truly* said of thy servant—he is looking unto Jesus !

Let not the *golden girdle* be forgotten. When we behold our High Priest thus attired, we may exclaim, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ?"—*Betts' Scripture Localities.*

# CHEERING WORDS

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## THE PREACHERS—

### The Prosperity of Zion—The Glory of England— AND THE PRAYER MEETING.

A REVIEW OF MR. SPURGEON'S SERMON AT BRIGHTON.

*To the Editor of Cheering Words.*

DEAR SIR. — Although I am “An Israelitish Captive in Babylon,” yet I am very fond of CHEERING WORDS— and sometimes I am favoured with a few in the experience of my own soul. The other morning, as I was hurrying off from home with a heavy heart, and a gloomy prospect — my spirit was mercifully overcome by the words of the Baptist, when he cried out — “*Behold the Lamb of God who beareth away the sin of the world:*” and so sweetly did faith realize in me that greatest of all facts, that, for a time, I was filled with holy comfort, and secret joy; — and was prepared in some measure, to enter a little into the beautiful language of the Church, when she said — “*His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the Cedars: His mouth is most sweet, yea, He is altogether lovely.*”

How good it is, *thus* to behold the Lamb of God—and, in faith, to exclaim—“*This is my beloved, and this is my friend, ye daughters of Jerusalem!*”

Price One-Halfpenny; or 10 copies for 4d.

But I have a word to say to you upon another subject. On the 23rd of last April, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon preached two sermons at the re-opening of Windsor Street Chapel, Brighton; and I think there were some excellent features in those discourses which should not be hidden beneath the covers of *The Brighton Pulpit*—a periodical edited and printed by Mr. C. E. Verrall, of that town. I am a curious critic, I know; nevertheless, I feel so holy a love to Divine truth, that wherever I find it, I cannot but heartily rejoice in it; and bid it “a wide welcome” all the world over. I was, the other day in the midst of a group of talking Christians, in a country town where Mr. S. had been; and his subject was the theme. I heard one country parson say—“I never heard such a sermon in all my life before; the text was, ‘*Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus*’—and, (said the good man,) he gave it to us parsons pretty well; in fact, he found us all out; there was not one class of professors, nor one character in Zion, but what he searched out, and shook most powerfully.”

I firmly believe, dear Sir, there is a great work going on; but the exact character of it, I cannot here define. The sermons in Brighton were peculiar for their *discrimination*, and for their *consolation*.

First: as regards the Pulpits and the Preachers of our land, he enunciated some great truths. Speaking of the true Prosperity of Zion, Mr. Spurgeon said:

We do not conceive it to be a sign of a church's prosperity when the congregation is *large*. We love to see people throng to hear God's Word, and to hear assembled multitudes about about the praises of Jehovah, but when we see these things, we do not take it for granted that the church is prosperous. We know concerning some places, we would pray God would empty every seat of them, for there is in them a going away to Rome, a wandering from the fundamental principles of God's Word;—the church may be full, crammed to its very doors, but there is a desolating blight therein. There may be more prosperity in a place, where but six of God's people meet together, than where thousands congregate to worship God, in a way which they think to be right, but which is not in

accordance with His sacred word. \* \* \* Nor do we think that a church is necessarily prosperous, because the minister is exceedingly eloquent. The tendency of the present day is intellectual preaching. We hold it to be a wrong thing, that intellectual rationalism should disgrace our pulpits. God's pulpit was meant for God's gospel. Put away Christianity out of our pulpits, and what have we done? the pulpit is the bastion of the Church—the Thermopylæ of Christendom—here the great truths of the Bible must be taught—and he that useth not his pulpit, to preach the gospel therein, hath disgraced it, even though his talents be superhuman—he has disgraced God's church in not unceasingly proclaiming the evangelical principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Then, you may ask me, how can I tell the church is prospering? I answer, I must consider for what purposes the Church was formed, and if it be not accomplishing that particular object, it is not prospering.

We enter a place where we hear divine truth proclaimed. We enquire, "How many have been added to the church this year?" "no addition"—"no progress." We enquire again another year—the same reply is received—"no sinners saved"—"none brought into the fold." We are very deferential towards the ministers of the everlasting gospel—we would sooner receive a bad one as our friend, than reject a good one; but we will not flatter our brother: we will not mind about his congregation—if he does not win souls to Christ, his church is not prospering—if the pool of baptism has never been opened to receive a convert—if the church-doors have never turned upon their hinges to receive souls seeking salvation—if no fresh members are received, to sit down at the table of the Lord—if God's elect have not been brought in—we have strong suspicions whether that man be a minister of God—we are certain that he is not a successful one. That church is in a sad, sad condition, which never hears the cry of new-born souls brought to God—God forbid we should preach a month without winning souls; we think it would be death to live a year, and not hear of hundreds brought to Christ. We think it is prosperity when children are gathered together—when God is pleased by the agency of the Word, to break hard hearts, to bend the stubborn will, and to bring the mourner to rejoice in the love of the Saviour. Is your church increasing? then it is prospering.

The reason why we should desire Zion's prosperity was well declared. Among the many, and most cogent reasons, he said we must desire it for the sake of our nation:

If we are to be a prosperous nation, we shall not accomplish it by our commerce, or by the force of arms, but by our Christianity. As long as ever Christ's Church remains in this land, old England shall stand. England hath been the cradle of the gospel, and rest assured, when the gospel grows strong, England shall be mighty. They tell us the flag of old England will be stained with dust. Nay, it never shall; it is nailed to the mast, not by our sailors, but our God, and he has driven in as nails thousands of Sunday-scholars, and hundreds of teachers, and myriads of the fair-footed sons of Zion, who, on the countenance, proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ. Let the church prosper, England is safe as long as she keeps fast by the true Protestant principles of the everlasting gospel. Her ministers never need shake, for firm as the eternal hills, strong as the mountains, shall this our happy land for ever rest. God grant the church may prosper for old England's sake.

The great *source* and *cause* of Zion's prosperity was put down, dear little *Cheering Words*, in the right place. Really, on this point, the preacher was truly clothed with immense power. Here take a few of his many words:

In the third place, we notice *the only means of revival in God's church*. What is it? We may hear of some great evangelist going through the land, surely he will revive the churches! We will hold a convocation of clergy, and they shall devise means for reviving the churches. Not so the Psalmist: he says, "Thou shalt arise"—as if God had nothing to do, but to get up, arise, and his church should rise too. There is no need to send posts hastening through the land—for when God arises, Zion begins to rise, and to be prosperous.

Let us learn this—if our church is to prosper, God must do it—if we are to grow up in Christ—and see great revivings in these latter days, God must do it. Can I revive the church? can the minister? can the people? Certainly not. God alone can accomplish that. He must arise, and have mercy upon Zion. There are means which he puts into the hands of his people, and influences them to use, but still the ultimate cause and reason of a church's growth, is, that God arises and has mercy upon her. If the prosperity of a church, consists in the salvation of sinners, must not God arise to save. If the building up of God's elect, be another part of spiritual prosperity, must not God arise to build up his people in their faith, for "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it!" You shall bring me a man filled with the Holy Spirit, possessing the zeal

of Peter, or the eloquence of Paul, but no prosperity will there be in God's Church, unless God himself the heavenly shower bestows, and sends salvation down. What the churches want just now, is not simply men. We think we may have our God among us, but I fear we have not so much of his presence as our forefathers use to have. I am inclined to look back upon the old times—to the days of George Whitefield or Rowland Hill—there was then a larger influx into the church than now, and a more visible manifestation of God's Holy Spirit. We are multiplying our places of worship, doing very much for evangelising the world—but we have not the shout of a king in our midst as we used to have. We have all our soldiers clad in steel, their arms bright and glittering, their swords of the best metal. We have a mixed, motley assemblage—heaven knows who we have—every one flies to the Bible—but what of that? We may have all the soldiers, but the great lack is we have not got the King as we once had. I am sure, having passed through many churches, there is a sad want of the influence of God's Holy Spirit—there is a lack of vital godliness and earnest piety,—there is some prayer—but what sort of stuff is it? Not prayer which thunders in heaven's ears and brings blessings from on high. Where are the Elijahs now that can stop up the bottles of heaven? where are there now men on the earth solemnly engaged in fervent prayer? where now those who can face a multitude, and breathe upon the dry bones, knowing that when they speak, souls shall be saved? Come into our prayer-meetings. In London—I hope it is not so here—the minister is obliged to say that he has not enough people present to ring the changes, but he himself has had to pray twice—for all his preaching, he cannot get the people to pray. Shame upon such a church! eternal, burning shame upon it! this evidences God is not in our midst as he was formerly. When God shall arise, his church shall arise in prayer—his ministers in earnestness, and fervency—for the time to favour Zion, yea, the set time is come.

I call that speaking plainly, faithfully and truly. Oh, it makes my soul burn for more of such mighty, earnest zeal. I must believe the hand of God is in it.

Do allow me space to crowd in one word more—expressive, I think, of Mr. Spurgeon's *decision*, and contention, for useful practice in Zion. Here it is—speaking of some men's laxity as regards the doctrines of grace—he says:

The tendency of this age is what is called "charity." I hold



that charity is not for us to give up our sentiments, but for each of us to preach boldly. Oh! the charity of this age: people want us to get rid of our angular points, "Do not say anything to offend such-and-such an individual." Nonsense! What matter whether we offend or no, if it is God's truth, are we, for fear of sinful man to restrain and alter His great truths. Charity is for me to speak out boldly my views, and for my brother of an opposite opinion to do the same, and yet I will love him, if he holds the Head, Jesus Christ—but it is no charity to put a gag on us all. There is a great evil in the universal charity of the present day. It is Satan transforming himself into an angel of light; he sees us divided into different squadrons, and he says, "*Put down your flags; no sectarianism; no religion*" he means. But let us all keep to our own regiments, and fight manfully for them, yet combining against the common enemy. Let us hold God's truth, but not with a slippery hand. If a doctrine be true, let us hold it fast, though the earth shake or the heavens fall. Christian men! when any love God's truth, God will bless His Church; but because this is a time-serving age; because we have not come out plainly with the angular points of the gospel; with those things which distinguish us from each other; because we have charitable deference to each other's views, and have not boldly declared the great truths of His Word: this is the reason God has deserted us.

Of the Prayer meeting, he says:—

It is a good sign of the church's prosperity when the latter is well attended. A friend of mine over there said the other evening, "I shall go to the lecture to-night, but did not go on another occasion for it was only a prayer meeting." I wonder what the friends over whom I preside would think of it, if any were to say to them, "It is only a prayer meeting"—They would say, "Why that is the best service in the week. We would sooner go to that than hear our minister preach. What is to become of our minister in the other services, if we do not pray for him?" And yet many good Christians never think of meeting for prayer—of course not—it is only a *prayer meeting*: leave that to the old members—those that always begin about "the unthinking horse rushing into the battle"—and the service becomes a dry, dull one, and they retire from the prayer meeting little benefitted by the service: that is not real prayer—not the breathing of heart with heart, soul with soul—not the placing of shoulder against shoulder, and foot to foot, and taking heaven by storm. I should think we indeed had a bad prayer meeting if there were not a thousand met together to pray. I should say, "Brethren,

we are not prospering." A prayer meeting ought to be superior to a lecture--and there should be at least all the members met together to pray. "Oh!" you say, "it is only a prayer meeting," and that is the "dust;" aye, but recollect it is a good thing when God's people "take pleasure in the stones, and favour the dust thereof"--the little services as well as the great services.

"AN ISRAELITISH CAPTIVE IN BABYLON."

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THE ONE POUND NOTE:  
OR, POVERTY AND PROVIDENCE—  
AS SEEN IN THE LIFE OF THE POOR PASTOR.

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MR. J. A. JONES has recently published a little pamphlet, entitled, "*Grateful Recollections*" of his Life and Ministry. This ancient patriarchal servant of Christ has been forty years in the ministry, and more. He still stands as pastor of "Jireh Meeting," in St. Luke's; and is considered one of London's oldest and soundest Gospel Ministers. What a volume of incident such a man's life could produce! We here copy one small portion from his *Recollections*. The scene of the event was Stonehouse. While there, he was sharply tried. In reference to house and home trials, he says:—

"Here permit me to produce a *sweet proof* that the Lord is the *Hearer and Answerer* of prayer. I said my trials were great. The people among whom I laboured, most sadly deceived me, so that my circumstances, with my large family, became greatly straitened. On what was called Christmas eve, in 1819, my resources were *entirely* exhausted, and we had no provisions in the house. In the evening, I slipped away from my family, up into the garret, to lay my case before the Lord. I found liberty in prayer; but, the adjoining church clock somewhat disturbed me, by striking the hour of *nine*. We retired to rest supperless. About 10 the next morning, a Christian friend, on his way to Charles Church to hear Dr. Hawker, called on me; and after a short introduction, he seemed to want to know how *circumstances* were with me. I rather evaded his questions, when he said, 'I will first tell you what has brought me here. I am a tailor in a small way of business, and am often straitened. Yester-

day a person called, and unexpectedly paid me a bill for clothes, *2s* odd, which was long owing, and I never expected to have it. I was thankful, for I much needed it. I make a point of retiring for secret prayer, and last evening in my chamber, I acknowledged the Lord's hand in the matter; and said, Lord, if I knew a servant of thine now in *need*, I would take him one of these one pound notes. It seemed to me that your name came as almost by a voice to me. Tell me then, how is it with you? I replied, what *time* in the evening was you in prayer? O, says he, I *well* know the *exact* time. I have a good correct going 8-day clock in my room, which rather disturbed me at the time, by striking *nine*. Well, my dear friend, I replied, you may give *me* the one pound note, for the Lord has sent you with it; as I was on *my* knees at that *very time* asking for it.' We wept together. 'Call upon me (saith the Lord) in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' *Pea. l. 15.*

I was now obliged, by dire necessity, to seek a place of removal; so that about two days after this, I put my dear family into the Lord's hands, and went forth. Yet, not knowing whither to go; but, the "cloud" went before me. I travelled to Exeter, thence to Bristol; I passed through Hartley Row, saw one or two of my old friends, and then proceeded to London. When I arrived there, like Hagar, "the water was spent in the bottle." (*Gen. xxi. 15*) I walked pensively along Cheapside. I had only one *sixpence* left. I met a gracious old woman, a member of John Bailey's, at Zoar. She began telling me her tale, and I several times *half drew* my last sixpence out of my pocket, but prudence seemed to check me. At length out it came. Farewell, I said, and hurried on. In an instant, at the corner of Bucklersbury, I ran against a person; he stopped to reprove, and recognized me. It was dear brother Rice, a Cheese-monger in Leadenhall Street, a Deacon at Zoar. He enquired hastily after my family, and then said, I am greatly hurried; he grasped my hand, left a guinea in it, and went on. Here the Lord gave me to part all I had to one belonging to Him, and I think within five minutes he repaid me my sixpence, with twenty shillings and sixpence interest. 'Whosoever giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given, will he pay him again.'

The next day, I left London for Cambridge, where I had an engagement to preach. I had now wherewith to defray my travelling expenses, but I walked the greater part of the way. From Cambridge I was invited to Beccles, in Suffolk, for six Lord's-days. At the expiration of that period, they gave me an invitation for twelve months, with a view to the pastorate. In their Church Letter, written by Brother Kent, (now before me) they stated, 'The number

of members at our Church meeting was 60, and 51 of them said that they had heard you with profit to their souls.'

Having received this invitation, I now returned home to my family at Stonehouse. I had been absent from them five months. I was through mercy enabled to pay all I owed, and we all took our departure by water to Beccles, a distance of 325 miles; and when we arrived there, we were nine souls, and I had nine-pence remaining to commence housekeeping with.

I baptized fifteen persons the first six months I was at Beccles, and thought I was at home. But a powerful impression was on my mind, one Lord's-day, to preach from Isa. xxii. 24:—'They shall hang upon him all the glory.' I was led particularly to dwell on the vessels of small quantity, yet vessels of mercy, recipients of grace; and all hanging on Christ, the 'Nail fastened in a sure place.' It gave umbrage to one of influence in the church, and my removal was the result. My mind was amazingly supported, and no marvel. I was sent for, about two months after preaching that sermon, to visit an aged handmaid, a member of the church. She said that she could not die till she had seen me. I took one of the deacons with me, and visited her. I found her low in body, but very calm in mind; she expressed herself glad to see me, saying, 'Now I shall die contented.' 'I was,' said she, 'a poor doubting creature for many years, till the Lord directed you to preach that blessed sermon about the little cups, when the Lord gave me to see that I was one of those 'vessels of small quantity,' yet having a little handle of faith, and hanging my all on Christ. My doubts and fears were all removed, and I have enjoyed the full assurance of faith from that hour till now.' This truly gladdened my heart. On leaving her, I said, 'Shall I pray with you?' She replied, 'I don't want you to pray for me. Is not prayer asking the Lord for something we want? Now he has given me all I need or can ask for, short of glory. If you can pray a prayer of praise, with only one petition in it, for the Lord to continue to me that blessed assurance I now enjoy, then do so.' I bowed the knee, and, as well as I could, I attended to her request, and prayed a prayer of praise. On rising, and being about to offer a few more words to her, I found she had entirely lost her speech while I was in prayer. She never spoke again, and that night, went home to glory. What hath God wrought!

[This pamphlet is full of such facts as make up, for the most part, a Dissenting Minister's life. It is a rich evidence of the sparing and forbearing mercy of a gracious God.]

## BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED.

BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.

*(Continued from page 82.)*

## BOOK IV.

Christian meets with Simpleton, Slothful, Presumption, Formalist and Hypocrite—assends the hill Difficulty—sleeps in an arbour—loses his roll—laments his loss, and recovers it again—Mistrust and Timorous alarm him with the report of Hopes—he passes them safely, and arrives at the Beautiful Palace, where he is agreeably entertained.

WHILE happy Christian now pursues his way,  
Behold! three men asleep in fetters lay,  
Their case he pities, cries aloud, "Awake!  
Some pity on yourselves, ye sleepers take:  
What if the roaring lion pass this way,  
Must ye not all become his easy prey?"  
"I see no danger," Simpleton replies,  
"I'll sleep a little longer," Slothful cries.  
"Let me alone," Presumption also said,  
"Mind your own business, sure the man is mad."  
Christian was grieved, and dropp'd the silent tear,  
He feared for them who knew not how to fear.  
Just then from o'er the wall, two travellers came,  
(Hypocrisy and Formalist by name,)  
"Whence are you, Sirs, and whither do you go?"  
Said Christian, "may a fellow-traveller know."  
"From the vain-glorious land," said they, "we're come,  
"And seek for praise, Mount Zion, for our home."  
"But why, said Christian, leap o'er yonder wall?  
Such travellers we thieves and robbers call."  
"We came, said they, as thousands have before,  
Who ne'er went round about to that said door  
At which you entered; pray is that a sin?  
What signifies what way we enter in?  
We're here as well as you, and say, what more  
Have you to boast, who entered by the door?"  
"One thing", said Christian, "certainly you lack,  
A brodered coat like this, upon your back:  
This Jesus gave me, and will surely know,  
When I before his awful presence bow;

Besides this livery, (which I joy to wear,)  
 His secret mark will on my brow appear;  
 And this fair roll, which seals my pardoned state,  
 Will be my passport at the heavenly gate.  
 These things you want, and wanting, must deplore  
 Because you entered not by Christ, the door,"  
 Hypocrisy and Formal, filled with pride,  
 Look'd at each other, laughed, and turned aside. (a)  
 Christian proceeded on his journey still,  
 Though full before him rose a frightful hill;  
 To right and left an easier passage lay,  
 But straight up-hill, was Pilgrim's narrow way.  
 Close by the mountain's foot, he found a spring, (b)  
 By which refreshed, he thus began to sing:  
 "This hill, though high I covet to ascend,  
 Nor will the difficulty me offend,  
 The way of life I know, is surely here,  
 Then let me courage take, and never fear;  
 Better, though hard, the proper way to go,  
 Than take an easy road to endless woe."  
 Then Christian, filled with hope and love sublime,  
 The steep ascent addressed himself to climb;  
 Till, midway up the hill, with joy he viewed  
 The harbour; which to welcome pilgrims stood;  
 There glad reposed, and with delighted soul,  
 Read for his comfort in the sacred roll;  
 Survey'd the garments given at the cross,  
 Then droop'd asleep, and slept with heavy loss. (c)  
 The roll so justly priz'd, fell at his feet,  
 And unperceived he left it in the seat.  
 Awak'd, he chides his infamous delay,  
 And night approaching speeds again his way:—

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(a) Sins, mistakes and miseries given for warning, as seen in mere professors of religion.

(b) The Hill Difficulty, intimates that the Christian traveller must expect trials and difficulties in his way to glory; but the refreshing spring at the bottom of the hill, denotes sufficient strength and support.

(c) Christian sleeps and loses his roll, i.e. by carnal security and sloth loses for a time the evidence of his gracious state.

When lo! with haste down-hill two fellows ran,  
 Mistrust and Timorous, who thus began :  
 " Traveller, no further urge your desperate course,  
 This horrid pilgrimage grows worse and worse ;  
 Two lions just beyond appear in sight,  
 And this has put us in a dreadful fright."  
 " Your tale, said Christian, fills my soul with fear :  
 What can I do? I can't continue here.  
 Should I go back again, as you desire,  
 Our City's doomed you know, to endless fire.  
 I'll still go forward, though with fear and strife,  
 Should I succeed, I gain eternal life." (a)  
 Bold he proceeded, strengthened in his soul,  
 And said, " I'll read for comfort in my roll ;"  
 Felt for it in his bosom, but 'twas gone !  
 " Ah, me, he cried, a wretched man undone ;  
 My sinful sleep, Almighty God, forgive,  
 And let me once again my roll retrieve.  
 Oh wretched sleep ! thrice must I tread this way,  
 And lose the benefit of cheerful day ;  
 Darkness approaches, if the lions come,  
 Alas ! I ne'er shall reach my heavenly home."  
 Backward he traced his mournful steps, and wept,  
 " Oh fool," he cried, " Oh that I had not slept !"  
 While thus he breathed his penitential moan,  
 Again he reached the harbour and sat down :  
 But oh, what rapture sparkles in his eyes,  
 When once again the precious roll he spies ;  
 Beneath the seat it lay, he caught it up,  
 And with it felt reviving peace and hope. (b)  
 Fresh vigour animates his cheerful mind,  
 To climb the hill by providence assigned.  
 He marks with zealous eye the parting light,  
 And longs to reach his lodging ere 'tis night ;

---

(a) Timorous professors give an evil report of the Christian warfare—but Christian reasons well and goes forward.

(b) Sinful sloth and indulgence deprive the Christian of spiritual comforts—In such a case he gives diligence to discover the evidences of assurance of hope ; and when received gives God the praise.

When, welcome spectacle, at length appear'd  
 An edifice for entertainment rear'd;  
 The palace Beautiful was justly named,  
 For fellowship with pilgrims greatly famed. (a)  
 But here alas! the path much narrower grew,  
 The lions also now appeared in view:  
 "Ah me," cried Christian, "I too plainly see  
 What made Mistrust and Timorous quickly flee,  
 Death is before me now, what shall I do?  
 A single step I dare not further go."  
 'Twas then the porter, who his case espied,  
 (Watchful, by name,) aloud to Christian cry'd:  
 "Pilgrim, why art thou thus with terror pained,  
 The lions cannot hurt thee, they are chain'd;  
 Come on, observe the path and nothing fear;  
 Come on and find a ready welcome here." (b)  
 Christian proceeded, not without alarm,  
 The lions roared, but could not do him harm;  
 The gate attained, he asks with hope and fear,  
 "Pray may a pilgrim beg a lodging here?"  
 The porter rang the bell—Discretion came  
 And said, "we wish to know the travellers name."  
 "My name," said he, "was Graceless, (rightly nam'd,)   
 But Christian now, since grace my soul reclaimed."  
 Then Prudence, Piety and Charity, (c)  
 Came to the door their visitor to see;  
 An invitation gave with one accord,  
 "Come in," said they; "thou blessed of the Lord."  
 Then Christian enter'd with a thankful heart,  
 That God such favour should to him impart;  
 He told them all he met with by the way,  
 And how the Lord had turned his night to day;

---

(a) Beautiful signifies a visible church of Christ, which is a palace of God, where the blessings of Christian communion are enjoyed.

(b) Lions may signify spiritual enemies opposing our Christian course, often hindering from enjoyment of church fellowship, but all our enemies are restrained by a Divine power.

(c) Prudence, Piety and Charity are necessary in judging of church members.



Recounted all his gain and all his loss,  
 And how he dropped his burden at the cross.  
 Thus passed the time in conversation sweet  
 Till supper came, and down they sat to meat,  
 The feast was formed of meat and drink indeed,  
 And, oh, how heartily did Christian feed. (a)  
 Their table talk too was of Christ their Lord,  
 Who gained the victory for them by the sword.  
 They talked of all his sufferings and his love,  
 Of all he did below and does above.  
 Thus they discoursed, with love to Christ possess'd,  
 Till midnight bid them all retire to rest.  
 There is a room, called Peace, for pilgrims kept,  
 Christian was laid, and comfortably slept  
 Till day returned; then, with grateful tongue,  
 He thus expressed his gladness in a song—  
 "Where am I now? Is this the love and care  
 Of Jesus for the men who pilgrims are?  
 Thus to provide, that I should be forgiv'n,  
 And dwell already at the gate of heav'n."  
*To be continued.*

CHEERING WORDS  
 ON THE DYING BED OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

On the evening of October the 30th, 1855, the Lord was pleased to take home another of his ransomed sheep, or rather lamb of his flock, one who was not permitted long to wander in the wilderness, but in the space of a few months, was ripened and matured for glory, and then to rise to praise the Lord for his goodness in more exalted strains at the age of 20 years. The subject of this brief narrative was like the rest of Adam's children born in sin, though not permitted to go as far as some, she was always moral and what the world calls good. I think it may be said of a truth that she knew nothing spiritually, till the spring of the past year, when the

(a) The Lord's supper seems here intended. "Being justified by faith we have peace."

Lord cut her down as a sinner, and she began to cry for mercy. She was naturally quiet and reserved, so that the secret trouble she laboured under was only known to a few, while a marked change was noticed by all that knew her. Such are the effects of grace! Ah, who thought that the Lord was so secretly preparing her for himself. At the commencement of her short illness, (only a fortnight) the anguish of her soul was indescribable; earthly concerns and connexions were not ever named by her. "Oh, this hard heart!" was often her cry. Satan seemed permitted to worry and try her. "Oh, she would say, get away, get away, you cruel tormentor, do leave me, do let me be; oh Lord, do send him away." This was her oft-repeated cry, and in a tone enough to melt the hardest heart. Oh, these are touching scenes in which none can help but the Lord. Sometimes the dear girl would seem to have a little glimmer of light, then she would be thrust back by the enemy; "Oh, (she would say,) who can bear a wounded conscience; where can a wounded conscience find ease for the torments of the mind, and:—

" Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain;  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain."

She seemed like one of old, who said, "Oh! that I knew where I might find him," and the Lord in his own time was pleased to grant her her desire, although the conflict was short, yet it was severe. As Hart says:—

" Some long repent and late believe,  
But when their pardon's given;  
A clearer passport they receive,  
And walk with joy to heaven."

And this dear child of God did walk with joy to heaven, the last two days of her journey; for the Lord was pleased in effect to say to the great adversary of souls, "It is enough," and to grant her that inward peace and joy which quite silenced the accuser. Her bodily sufferings increased, and so did

the joy of her soul. Oh, how kind and merciful are the Lord's dealings with his people! The poet has well said :—

“ When most we need his helping hand,  
That hand is always near,  
With heaven and earth at his command  
He waits to answer prayer.”

And when the poor body is almost distracted with pain, so to alleviate the sufferings with a sense of his forgiving mercy and of his presence, and to cheer the soul with the thought of soon being at home, and see that sweet face, who bled and grieved, and died on Calvary. Oh, 'tis a heaven worth dying for, to see his smiling face!

But we must come to the closing scene of this youthful saint. Much cannot be said, as her sufferings prevented her conversing with any one. Many verses and lines of hymns she would repeat, with passages of Scripture, evidencing that her soul was stayed on the Lord. She would sometimes sing,

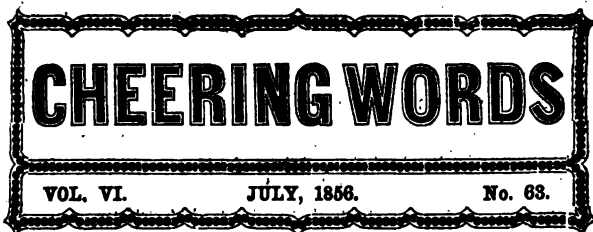
“ I love Jesus! yes, I do!  
And Jesus smiles, and loves me too!

And,—

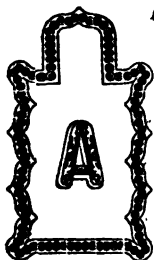
“ I'm a pilgrim bound for glory!  
I'm a pilgrim going home!”

“ I am quite ready and willing to go. Ah! I hope I shall not be impatient!” The last night of her life was one of extreme agony of body. Sleep was gone from her eyes. She said, “ I shall sleep no more till I sleep in Jesus;” neither did she. Nearly the last words she was heard to utter, was, “ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. No; no evil. Why should I fear? For the Lord is my Shepherd?”

Soon after she was taken much worse; her speech went, and death was stamped in her face. She lay speechless nearly sixteen hours, and motionless, with the exception of her arms, which were nearly all the time extended upwards, and waving them over her head to tell those around what she was enjoying.



THE OFFICER'S DAUGHTER;  
THE  
Struggling Player; The Weeping Sinner;  
AND THE DYING SAINT.



CORRESPONDENT of *The Royal Diadem* furnishes a deeply affecting narrative of one "F. S." who was the child of a gentleman in the army; was well reared in life; but changing scenes and dying friends brought her down low in the world. Being a lady-like young person, a vile deceiver took advantage of her circumstances, seduced, ruined, and forsook her. Among the many means she employed to procure a living, was that of play-acting at the Haymarket—then she became a stroller in the country, and even walked the streets in the most wretched of all traffics, intoxication, and all that was was bad. In it all, she had the most dreadful cuttings of conscience, and sin stinging her poor

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soul, until she fled for shelter into the Magdalen Hospital, where she continued for some time; and when she left it, she looked back upon her past life with the utmost abhorrence; and resolved rather to perish with want than to return to it again: she sold the few things she had, and determined to go into some part of the world where she was not known. She went into Kent, and, it being hay-time, she hired herself to a farmer near Canterbury, who employed her amongst his haymakers for ten-pence a-day. She often here reflected with pain and bitterness of spirit on her past life; yet, thanking and praising God, who had convinced her of the error of her way, and by his providence and grace had delivered her from it, she comforted herself, that though she fared but meanly and fared hard, yet she was eating the bread of honest industry.

When harvest was over, she was dismissed the farmer's service, and proceeded to Canterbury. She got a place in a tradesman's house, where she lived, till by excessive hard work, being of a delicate and tender frame, she caught a violent cold, which proved the beginning of her last illness. (For it ended in a consumption, which in about four months brought her to the grave.) When dismissed from her service, she soon consumed the little she had saved, in the necessities of life, and was then reduced to beggary.

One day, being at the cathedral prayers, which she constantly attended, she was observed to weep bitterly, by one of the clergymen that attended there. After service was over, he called her to him, and said, "Young woman, what or who are you? you seem very sorrowful." She said, "Sir, I am a poor girl, heavy-laden with my sins, and I desire to lay them at the Redeemer's feet." "You seem very poor," said he. "Indeed, sir," said she, "God knoweth I am poor in body and in soul." He gave her money, and bid her come every day to his house for victuals. This she did for some time, till, finding her disorders increase upon her, she resolved to return to London, that she might see her mother once more before she died.

*Accordingly she set out, and under every circumstance of poverty, pain, and sickness, reached London, where, by the assistance of a for-*

her acquaintance of her, she procured a mean lodging at six-pence a week. Here she lay about a week, destitute of every help, proper for her case, and, thinking herself near her dissolution, she sent for her mother, who came to her, and found her in the condition above described. The utmost pity and compassion seized on the mother's heart. A chair being brought, she was carried home to her mother's house, from which she never rose more. The interval between her coming to her mother's house and her death, was about a month, during which time, at her and her mother's request, I visited her. I had known her in the former part of her life, before all her distresses, and, not having seen her for many years, was, as you may easily imagine, under much concern to find her in so different a situation, from what I had remembered her in former times; but my concern was soon abated, and my utmost wonder excited, by the testimony she bore to the power and love of God our Saviour. She acquainted me with the several circumstances of her past life, before recited, adding withal, "O sir, I abhor myself, I abhor my polluted body, and my more polluted soul; I am the filthiest wretch upon the earth; but there is mercy—that holy and immaculate Jesus knows my sorrows and sees my deep misery." Said I, "do you believe him able to save us?" "Yes," replied she; "I believe one drop of his blood can quench a thousand flaming worlds." "You believe he is able, but do you believe he is willing?" "Willing!" said she; "he had no errand upon earth, but to shew his willingness to seek and to save that which was lost; my faith in him is like a strong cable fixed to an immovable rock. If the Lord pleases to make me an example, and continue me here in the violent pains I now feel ever so long, I am willing—I am ready to suffer it all; but, should he please to release me, death has lost his sting, and now death shall be my life."

I came again to see her next day. I asked her how she did. She said, "My body is weaker, but my faith is stronger. I am in pain all over; my head, ears, and bowels are racked; but had I strength, I could dance; my heart dances within me." Turning to her mother, she said, "Madam, look on me—I am dying; but see how I am comforted. Let me have no tears, I beg—look on me. Be sure, when I die, when you see the last breath go from me clasp your hands and say, God bless her, she is gone to glory." Putting her hand and arm out of bed, which were now reduced to skin and bone, she looked on them with great earnestness, and at the same time with transport in her countenance, and said, "This is a delightful sight; no beauty can be compared with this anatomy; these old clothes of mine are worn out, but I shall soon be clothed afresh."

One standing by, repeated Job xix. 26. "Yes," said she, "worms shall destroy this body, but no worms can touch my soul."

One of her old companions standing by, who, hearing she was ill, came to visit her, she thus admonished her: "Look on me—I am a young woman, and am dying; and so are you, though you think not of it. Let me entreat you to avoid the pernicious ways we have walked in, and may the goodness of God to me prevail on you to turn to him, and turn no more to folly. O, (said she,) that all my sins were written, that all the world might see the blackness of my crimes and detest them! O, that the mercies of Christ to my soul were written also, that it might turn their hearts! How tenderly has he dealt with me, a poor sinful worm!"

Her great thankfulness to all that came to visit her, was also an indication of her unfeigned humility. Being a good deal spent with speaking, her voice failed her, so that she could not be heard at any distance from the bed; but I sat close by it, and could hear her in broken accents say, "O, what comfort what pleasure in dying! O, holy, immaculate Lamb of God! how is it that thou canst look upon such a sinful wretch as I am?" Another time she said, "Mother do not be a coward—do not weep for my happiness." "How can I give up?" said her mother: "my burden is great." "Do like me," said the dying penitent; "cast your burden upon Christ, and he will bear it for you." She said something of unkindness she had met with in the world, but added; "God bless them! I freely forgive them all. I was hungry, and they gave me no meat; thirsty, and they gave me no drink: but the blessed Jesus will not let the poorest, meanest of the flock want any thing that can do them good." She then broke forth into singing:

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.  
Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade."

"And so it shall," added she, with an earnestness and transport not to be described. "Oh, that all may avoid my sins, and follow my

strong faith when they come to die." "Why," said I, "you turn preacher, you are preaching Jesus Christ to us all." "Preach," said she, "oh, that I could preach to all the world, and tell them how gracious the Lord is. Preach Jesus Christ! what else can I preach—what else can any one preach who knows him? Jesus, Jesus! Oh, that name, that sweet name is life to my soul. I trust that name will dwell on my unworthy tongue, as long as it can move within my lips." She then again broke forth into singing thus—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him all creatures here below;  
Praise him above ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

Thus did this young woman lie on her sick bed, praising and blessing God, and filling all who came to see her with wonder, at the triumphs of her faith over the enemies of her soul. Another time I came to see her, and she had a great conflict with the enemy, who seemed to have thrust sore at her that she might fall; but she was more than conqueror. She said to me, "Oh, sir, it seemed to me as though a legion of devils had been ready to seize me; but, glory be to God they cannot touch me. No, no, that cross held up in that right hand has put them all to flight. My sins have been represented to me as black as a sack-cloth of hair, but the blood of Christ hath washed me whiter than snow."

From this time, her bodily strength being almost exhausted, she lay without being able to speak as she had done; but her countenance spake with more forcible eloquence the transports of her soul, and when the happy moment of her dismission came, her mother was near her, and observing her lips move, and putting her ear near to her mouth, her whisper was, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabbath, into thy hands I commend my spirit," she then fetched a short sigh or two, and died without the least sign of pain. Thus she

"Clapp'd her glad wings, and tower'd away,  
And mingled with the blaze of day."

This most wonderful exhibition of the Saviour's great love and sovereign power, should be circulated amid the masses of our poor wretched people, who throng our highways and hedges. We would hope some benevolent and zealous Christians will set the example.



## BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED.

BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.

*(Continued from page 98.)*

## BOOK V.

Christian enjoys the prospect of the distant Delectable Mountains : enters the Valley of Humiliation, where he has a dreadful conflict with Apollyon, but comes off victorious.

THE morning come, they will not let him go,  
 'Till first their curiosities they show ;  
 Then was our Pilgrim to the study led,  
 There he in sacred books with pleasure read ;  
 There he perus'd the hist'ry of our Lord,  
 And what his saints effected by his Word.  
 Next, with delight the Armoury he explor'd,  
 With vast supplies of warlike weapons stor'd ;  
 Helmets and swords, and breastplates, shoes and shield,  
 To arm the Christian soldier for the field.  
 Here then, our Pilgrim was in armour put,  
 Armour of proof, complete from head to foot. (a)  
 Christian was going ; but they begged his stay,  
 To take a view before he went away.  
 " From off our roof, (said they,) you'll clearly see  
 That pleasant country where you wish to be."  
 And what a prospect did he thence command !  
 He saw as far as King Immanuel's land ;  
 Sweet country ! deck'd with vineyards, fruits and flow'rs,  
 With springs and fountains, woods and shady bow'rs ;  
 " And mark (said they,) when once thou comest there,  
 The gates of th' heav'nly City will appear. (b)

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(a) Every Christian must study his Bible, and the morning is the fittest time for it. As the Christian life is a warfare, every believer must be armed for the field ; he is therefore provided with the helmet of hope, the breast-plate of righteousness, the girdle of truth, the shoes of gospel peace, the sword of the Spirit, and the shield of faith. Ephes. vi.

(b) The prospect from the Delectable Mountains shews, that the rich

Then Christian left the house, and took the road  
That led him to the City of his God ;  
Down-hill he walked, but not with caution due,  
For, going down, he made a slip or two.  
" I see, (said he,) there's need of caution still,  
In going down, as well as up the hill.  
Humiliation Valley lies before,  
Which I, with wary feet must now explore. (a)  
But, O ! what's that, (said Christian,) which I see ?  
Oh, 'tis Apollyon ! Must I stand or flee ?  
What must I do—advance, or fly, or yield ?  
He comes, with hasty strides o'er yonder field.  
I'm arm'd, but for my back no armour's found ;  
God helping me, I'll even stand my ground."  
Apollyon came,—a horrid, hideous sight,  
Enough the stoutest mortal to affright ;  
Cover'd with scales like fish, his feet like bears',  
And with a lion's mouth, thus Christian dares :  
" Whence come you, sir, and whither are you bound ?"  
" I come, (said Christian,) from Destruction's Ground ;  
To Sion's City, now my steps I steer,  
And hope my Prince will make me welcome there."  
" My subject then, you are, (Apollyon said,)  
From me, your rightful master, you have fled ;  
I hope to turn you, or I'll strike you dead." }  
" I once was yours, indeed, (the Pilgrim cried.)  
But, to redeem my soul, Immanuel died ;  
To him, my Lord, allegiance I have sworn,  
Nor hell, nor death my faithful soul shall turn."  
Apollyon then, swell'n with infernal rage,  
Replied, " With him eternal war I'll wage ;  
I hate his person, and abhor his laws,  
Despise his subjects, and detest his cause.

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and happy experience of advanced Christians, is animating to the newly set out.

(a) To prevent spiritual pride, the Christian must be humbled by some means or other ; after pleasure and prosperity, it is difficult to submit to this without slipping a little, by murmuring and discontent.

Prepare to die, rebellious wretch,—and know  
 Not one step further shalt thou ever go."  
 He said, and shouting, threw a flaming dart,  
 Exactly levell'd at the Pilgrim's heart.  
 But Christian, well accoutr'd for the field,  
 Repell'd the mischief by his lifted shield.  
 Then fierce Apollyon, hoping to prevail,  
 Fast threw his hellish darts, as showers of hail.  
 But Christian calmly drew his famous sword,  
 (The meaning is, he used the written Word.)  
 And boldly wielded it for half-a-day,  
 Nor could Apollyon's rage his soul dismay.  
 But yet he was to difficulties put,  
 His head was wounded, and his hand and foot.  
 At length, Apollyon clos'd, and Christian fell—  
 The fall elated all the hosts of hell.  
 "I have thee now," his adversary cries.  
 "Boast not too soon, (the Pilgrim quick replies,) }  
 I fall, indeed, but shall again arise." (a)  
 Christian arose, now strengthened from above,  
 "'Tis thus, (says he,) I rise in Jesus' love."  
 Then aiming wisely at his hellish foe,  
 He gave him one amazing, fatal blow.  
 Abas'd, Apollyon spread his dragon wings,  
 And fled away, while "Vict'ry," Christian sings.  
 "Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,  
 Design'd my ruin, therefore to this end,  
 He sent him harness'd out; and he, with rage  
 That hellish was, did fiercely me engage;  
 But blessed Michael helped me,—and I,  
 By dint of sword, at length have made him fly:  
 Therefore, to him be given lasting praise—  
 I'll bless and thank his holy Name always."

(To be continued.)

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(a) In this beautiful passage, the destroyer (Apollyon,) taking the advantage of Christian's adversity or humiliation, assaults him with the fiery darts of temptation — but the Pilgrim is victorious, through faith in the Word of God.

CHEERING WORDS FROM MR. J. FLANDERS,  
OF COTTENHAM, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

THE POOR IDIOT  
INTERESTED IN THE "COMMON SALVATION."

JUDE, 3rd verse, middle clause.

NOW-A-DAYS, there is a general longing for uncommon things—common things are despised; but nothing can alter or change the great salvation, which in the text is so graciously called, "the common salvation," for it was prepared for the common people, who heard Jesus gladly. That salvation, originated in infinite love, it is applied by Divine power, and is alike common to the rich and poor, high or low, and is adapted to the wants of those who feel themselves lost; it is common in the urgency of its necessity. There are many who do not feel this; but still the fact stands the same. Notwithstanding what men feel, man's condition teaches this. For he is but the wreck of an anterior position, utterly depraved, without power to bring himself back; an actual sinner, sinning as naturally as he breathes. Then notice God's character, he is infinite in purity, therefore, he hates sin; he is inflexible in justice — so, must punish sin. See, there is no escape for man, except in the "common salvation." It is common in its urgency; morality is no use without it — for the moral man and the murderer must both be saved the same way;—still, we love to see morality.

This salvation is common in the completeness of its adaptation, adapting itself to every position that man occupies; to the lofty, it is ennobling, while the lowest, poorest, and feeblest enjoy it too.

Once, a poor idiot, interested in this "common salvation," and to whose wants it was adapted, sung in his own peculiar strain:—

"There are One,  
And One are Three;  
And One of these Three  
Died for me."

Thus was the poor Idiot instructed in the mystery of the Divinity.

Then this salvation is common; it is Divine impartation. God gives this salvation sovereignly. "I will have mercy (He says), on whom I will have mercy." It is common in its frequency, belonging to all sensible sinners. It is common in its enjoyments. No man

can prove his election before he has proved his calling. If people live unholy lives, they know nothing of it — for it imparts common joy: joy in prayer, and joy in anticipation of soon leaving the world. Common in the blessedness of it. Blessed communion with God gives alike to the Christian — strength and joy: support in all our afflictions, and in the anticipation of future glory, when we shall be with Christ for ever. This the dying Christian longs for, and pants after. The Christian weeps for nearness to God — for communion with Jesus — so that they may feel their standing in Christ. Then, it is common in the heaven to which it conducts; for there, the rich and poor will mingle together; no rags can be carried there, nor glittering garments either. No divisions there — all who overcome by the blood of the Lamb shall be there: we must have parties here, but none there: all are one in heaven — for it is prepared for all God's elect. It is worth living for,

“ But oh, what must it be to be there.”

What, then, do we know of this salvation? Oh, let us cling to the cross, even as the drowning man clings to the rope.

T. W. MEDHURST.

### SATISFACTION IN CHRIST.

BY THE REV. J. J. WEST, OF WINCHELSEA.

OUR London readers have heard of Mr. West — a bold gospel preacher, in the Church of England. As he occasionally preaches in London, Mr. James Paul, the Chapter-House Court Publisher, issues out some of his sermons. A choice extract or two, we hope now and then to give. Here is one on the greatest of all subjects:—

“ Now let me lead you, my hearers, to Calvary's cross — and in imagination, I would present before you my once there dying Lord, and as you gaze by faith upon the heart-stirring scene, let me remind you of David's word prophetically spoken! “ *Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed.*” And hence, we can understand the graphic and telling prediction in Isaiah's prophecy—“ *He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be*

*satisfied.*" Who is that He? He that shall be "*satisfied*?" Dr. Crisp — and I state it to be *his* idea, because I have a tender conscience about being a pilferer in the pulpit — says, it was God! — God the Father was satisfied — "not only satisfied towards men, but satisfied in Himself; it gave Him content to see the travail of His Son!" Hence God is satisfied with the finished work of Christ. The sinner, (in a way of merit,) can do nothing, no works can save, neither can they help towards salvation. But, mark me, do not you go away and say, I have preached against a moral walk, or conversation. I am jealous for the honour of my master! and I say, you can do nothing, He has done, finished and perfected all, you have only to receive His bounty, even His mercy and loving-kindness. This is a free, a gracious gift! The Queen of England, in distributing certain gifts and alms, gives them to the objects of her bounty by her Lord High Almoner, the Bishop of Oxford — it is his office to bestow Her Majesty's gifts on the persons under royal favour, and they receive at his hands the same. Now is Christ an Almoner to us? "*He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.*" Jehovah is satisfied in Christ. Jehovah gazed on the dying GOD-MAN — Jehovah heard the thrilling and expiring words! — "*It is finished.*" Jehovah saw the ghastly countenance, and the bowed head — and in Christ, Jehovah was satisfied! O! that sweet petition — "*By Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy cross and passion; by Thy precious death and burial; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost.*" It is by these that the church is pardoned and Jehovah satisfied. O! what a triumphant victory has that glorious death achieved!

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#### A WONDERFUL LETTER BY AN ORPHAN CHILD.

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A LITTLE child from C——, in Germany, who had just lost his father, found himself left, by this sad event, without the means of continuing his education. He was particularly desirous of entering an institution founded by the pious Christians, known under the name of Moravians: it was his mother's wish likewise. But without money, without friends, without protectors; poor, and un-

known ; he had but little hope in the world. Fortunately for this young orphan, he had heard of "Him who is rich toward all who call upon him"—of that Friend of the unfortunate—that great and powerful Protector, who disposes of the gold and silver, as he does of the heart, according to his good pleasure — of Jesus, who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The child trusted entirely on the word of his good Saviour ; he believed in him, and desired to petition him. "But how shall I go to Jesus ? (said our little orphan to himself,) I will write him a letter, in which I will tell him all."

This he did, in nearly these words :—

"My dear Lord Jesus Christ. — I have lost my father, and we are very poor ; but thou hast said in thy Word, that whatsoever we should ask of God, in thy name, he will grant it to us. I believe what thou hast said, Lord Jesus ; therefore I pray thee, my God, in the name of Jesus, to furnish my mother with the means of placing me at the Moravian Institution. I should like so much to continue my education. I pray thee, good Jesus, to grant my request. I love thee already, but I will love thee still more. Give me, likewise, wisdom, and all that is good. Adieu." &c.

The child folded the letter, and addressed it — "To our Lord Jesus Christ, in Heaven." Afterwards, seriously, but with a heart full of hope, he carried it to the post office. The Post Master, on seeing the address, thought it must be the letter of some lunatic, and threw it aside ; but after finishing his work, he took it up again, and attentively examining the writing, observed it was that of a child. He opened it, and was strangely affected by reading his infantile prayer, which he communicated to a Moravian of his acquaintance, who read the letter in a society of the brethren. The Baroness of Lippe, who was present, considered these circumstances as an appeal addressed to her by the Saviour. She took the young orphan under her protection, and placed him at the much desired institution. So, the letter arrived at its destination, and was answered.—*Christian Penny Magazine.*

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LINES  
EXPRESSIVE OF THE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. MOAT,  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, DECEMBER 11, 1866.

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Thus speaks the Christian oft in death :  
Hear it, ye sinners, this is faith ;  
The gospel's still small voice within,  
Which drowns the world and conquers sin.

Hear it ye righteous, in whose eyes,  
The secret's hid in mysteries.  
Hear it ye saints, and let the song  
Cheer you, as time's swift wheels roll on.

Oh, let me feel thy quickening power,  
From Christ descending like a shower ;  
Melt, melt this adamant stone,  
My God ! Oh leave me not alone.

Oh that it were as days now past,  
When love triumphant held me fast ;  
When heav'nly peace with sacred flow,  
Made me in heavenly graces grow.

The Balm of Gilead then I found,  
To cure sin's deep and deadly wound ;  
Life's fruitful tree let blessings drop,  
I ate, and felt a glorious hope.

Since then, dark clouds have interven'd,  
My first pure love appears a scene,  
My faith seems dead—my hope removed ;  
Yea, far removed from him I lov'd.

Give patience, Lord, to wait thy will,  
Oh, keep this fainting spirit still ;  
Seal home some word to my lone heart,  
Say, Christ with me will never part.



And when the days of death draw nigh,  
 Oh, answer prayer—oh, hear my cry :  
 Save me, when into death I drop ;  
 Be thy strong arm my only prop.

Thus may I be prepared to die,  
 By God the Spirit from on high ;  
 Great God who gave me mortal life,  
 Take me to rest and end the strife.

Then the Great Three in One I'll praise,  
 God of my life—Ancient of days ;  
 Join'd with the vast redeemed host,  
 I'll wonder, love, triumph and boast

J. MOAT.

## MR. SPURGEON'S WORDS AND WORKS.

*To the Editor of the Cheering Words.*

DEAR SIR,—In this far-eastern part of the country I find that many folk look to your little CHEERING WORDS for some information respecting our friend Mr. Spurgeon ; and I therefore hope that you, or your correspondents, will continue to give us all you can that is really good about him, either of his words, or about his works.

I should make some allusion to the Stambourne Jubilee Services, but I understand that matter is fully taken up in *The Christian Cabinet*, and therefore I pass that by for the present.

Some of Mr. Spurgeon's words, I should much like to criticise a little, not for curiosity-sake, but for the purpose of clearing away some mist if possible, touching the true principles of the gospel ; even this desire I must resist

for the present. A few words of wholesome warning is all I trouble you with now. In his sermon, headed, "GOD ALONE THE SALVATION OF HIS PEOPLE," there are a couple of sentences I wish to quote. The first is touching supreme and sole love to Christ. He says:—

Old Brooks saith, when a woman hath a husband, and that husband giveth unto her some choice rings, she putteth them on her fingers; and if she should be so foolish as to love the rings better than the husband; if she should care only for the jewels, and forget he who gave them; how angry would the husband be, and how foolish she would be herself! Christian! I warn thee, beware of thy graces; for they may prove more dangerous to thee than thy sins. I warn thee of everything in this world; for everything has this tendency, especially a high estate. If we have a comfortable maintenance, we are most likely not to look so much to God. Ah! Christian with an independent fortune, take care of thy money; beware of thy gold and silver; it will curse thee if it come between thee and thy God. Always keep thine eye to the cloud, and not to the rain,—to the river, and not to the ship that floateth on its bosom. Look thee not to the sunbeam, but to the sun; trace thy mercies to God, and say perpetually, "He only is my rock and my salvation."

The next word is of value, if ministers are led to consider it in its true light. Saith this young man—

I had been preaching the other day all the former part of the sermon, as a minister; presently I thought I was a poor sinner, and then, how differently I began to preach! The best sermons I ever preach are those I preach, not in my ministerial capacity, but as a poor sinner preaching to sinners. I find there is nothing like a minister recollecting that he is nothing but a poor sinner, after all. It is said of the peacock, that, although he has fine feathers, he is ashamed of his black feet: I am sure that we ought to be ashamed of ours. However gay our feathers may appear at times, we ought to think of what we should be if grace did not help us. Oh! Christian, keep thine eye on Christ, for out of him thou art no better than the damned in hell; there is not a demon in the pit but might put thee to the blush, if thou art out of Christ. Oh; that thou wouldst be humble! Recollect what an evil heart thou hast within thee, even when grace is there. Thou hast grace—God loves thee; but recollect, thou hast a foul cancer in thy heart still. God has removed much of

thy sin, but still the corruption remains. We feel that though the old man is somewhat choked, and the fire somewhat damped by the sweet waters of the holy Spirit's influence, yet it would blaze up worse than before, if possible, if God did not keep it under. Let us not glory in ourselves, then. The slave need not be proud of his descent: he has the brand mark upon his hand. Out upon pride! Away with it! Let us rest wholly and solely upon Jesus Christ.

Of his works and labours, I wish you to let me say—I have not had time yet to notice the Questions "WHO AND WHAT IS THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON?"

Those questions will require some room and time; and my poor thoughts you shall have, if you can still admit the contributions of

"AN ISRAELITISH CAPTIVE IN BABYLON."

#### MARTIN LUTHER'S LAST HOUR.

Two doctors, and the count with his wife having arrived, Luther said to them, "I am dying; I shall remain at Eisleben." And doctor Jonas expressing a hope that the perspiration would perhaps relieve him: "No, dear Jonas, (replied he,) it is a cold and dry sweat, and the pain is worse." He then applied himself to prayer, and said, "O my God! Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, thou the God of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, in whom I believe; whom I have preached and acknowledged; whom I have honoured; and whom the Pope and the ungodly persecute. I commend my soul to thee, O my Saviour Jesus Christ! I shall leave this terrestrial body; I shall be taken from this life; but I know that I shall rest eternally with thee.

He repeated three times following, "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine veritatis.*" Suddenly his eyes closed, and he fainted. Count Albert and his wife, as well as the doctors, used their utmost efforts to restore him to life, in which they with difficulty succeeded. Dr. Jonas then said to him, "Reverend father, do you die in constant reliance on the faith you have taught?" He replied distinctly, "Yes," and fell asleep again. Soon after, he became alarmingly pale, then cold, and drawing one deep breath, he expired.—*Life of Luther*.—Collingridge, City Press.

# CHEERING WORDS

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## Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons

IN THE OPEN-AIR, AT BLUNHAM.



YOU know, my dear little CHEERING WORDS, I do not profess to be able to "split hairs" on some of the more mysterious and minor points in theological preaching. I am fond of *fruit*; and when I taste good fruit, I know it to be good and pleasant; but where it was gathered, or on what kind of tree it grew, I never much inquire. It is so with me in hearing sermons, or reading books. I do not much care whether the preacher is old or young; whether he is learned or unlearned; whether he is a settled and ordained pastor, or an itinerant. The grand point with me is—does he feed my soul?—does he humble my spirit?—does he warm my heart?—does he make me to adore and love the Saviour more than ever?—does he lead me to count all things as dust and vanity, and

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worse than that, when compared with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord?—If these and other blessed effects are produced by the preacher—if I can see he knows, loves, and labours to honor and serve Christ with all the powers a gracious God has given him; then, I must love and pray for such a man; and many such I have heard. Dear William Gadsby, good old John Warburton, the savoury Blackstock, the solemn Daniel Smart, the steady and persevering John Foreman, the industrious, the successful, and the valiant James Wells, the promising Samuel Cozens, the growing William Williamson, the eloquent Thomas James Messer — and a host more have I heard, at times, to the profit of my poor soul; and I must confess, on one special occasion, I heard Mr. C. H. Spurgeon with solemn wonder, and holy meltings of soul; and while I would ever wish to pray for all — and to love all—the true servants of the blessed Redeemer, I am sure I must not forget to pray that the good pastor of New Park Street, may be preserved from pride, from presumption, and from preaching anything but the pure and powerful principles of the life-giving Gospel of the undivided and eternal THREE-ONE-GOD.

My mother came the other day from Liverpool. She said, many went from thence to Chester, to hear Mr. Spurgeon in that ancient city. Among them was the Gospel Standard parson of Liverpool, and a lot of his friends. Of course they did not like Mr. Spurgeon. Oh, no, indeed; they said, he left out the most essential point in his text; and they would never go to hear him any more. No, never. Well, now, what his text was in Chester, and what special point he left out, I cannot tell. But,

now, I can just imagine it might be "*Salvation to the uttermost*," and Mr. Spurgeon might begin with "*Salvation*," and then be so absorbed, as never to reach unto Christ's uttermost. Whereas, the Gospel Standard parson might say to himself — "Ah, if I preached from that text, I should shew that dark and dreadful uttermost where the poor sinner is." And both preachers might be right, good, and useful; and yet be very different.

I rode the other day behind a good old farmer and his wife, through some of the Bedfordshire vallies; and the good lady would tell me some things Mr. Spurgeon said. I give you a few sentences; and hope they may be useful to the thousands of your readers, many of whom I have found in different places, who love CHEERING WORDS above almost anything they can find; and one good man — Mr. Thomas Marsh, of Brockley, and a few friends with him, collected, the other day, eight shillings toward the great loss sustained in publishing these little CHEERING WORDS so cheaply. I send it you, and am your well-wisher,

#### AN ISRAELITISH CAPTIVE IN BABYLON.

My companion thus speaks of Mr. Spurgeon at Blunham: he said—

"I am going to speak to you from an old, old text — one that you know well, and love much. I have sometimes attended a special service like this, and heard sermons far better than I could ever hope to preach, but they were of no earthly use: they seemed made for some half-dozen ministers who were present, and were such as they only could understand. What Martin Luther said, was true of such preachers. He said, 'Brother Bucer always preaches to learned doctors; I wish I could preach as well as Bucer; but when I begin, I preach to poor people only.' Now it is my business to preach the way of salvation to simple, common people, and may the God of the

common people, bless his word, and may they 'hear the Word gladly.'

"If I were to go to a heathen country, I would not begin by telling of a God, but of a Saviour. An Indian missionary has given his testimony to the best and most effective way of approaching heathen men. He says: 'A preacher came to the forests where the red man dwells, and he said, "Chiefs, there is a God." Up I started, and replied, "Get thee back. Dost thou not think the Indian knows there is a God — that he sees him in the stars, hears him in the thunder, and perceives him in the breath that comes steaming up from the sea. Next time, tell us something new." A year after, there came another, who reproved us for our drinking, swearing, fighting, stealing, cruelty. Up I got again, and said, "Get thee back to the white man, he needs to know that as well as we; the Indian has a conscience, and he knows when he does wrong." By and bye, another came, and said, "Dost thou know that the Son of God died for thy sins?" That was something new; something the Indian had never heard before. I meditated on what I heard. The missionary slept in my tent the while!—yes, slept calmly, though I was there with my tomahawk, and the passion of a wolf. He slept on, and I said, "That man is God's man;" and I woke him up, and he went and told the chiefs of the Saviour; and we cried, "Well done!" and we clapped our hands, and said, "We never heard that before,"—and here am I, I am saved.'

"An Irishman came to my study in the vestry of my chapel, and wanted to speak with me. 'Well, Pat, (said I,) what is your business?' 'Please your reverence, I wanted to ax ye a question. You said that God would forgive sin, I can't see that, I'm a terrible big sinner, and if God don't punish me, he ought, I know.' 'Well, (I replied,) perhaps that is quite true, but then Christ died for our sins.' 'Ah, (said Pat, 'that's just what the priest said, only with a bit more to it.' 'Suppose now, Pat, that you had done a murder, and were going to be hanged; you dare not go to the Queen and ask her to let you off, but if you could say, Mr. Spurgeon will be hanged in my place, and she accepted me instead of you, then would she have any right to hang you too?' 'Faith, then, I don't see how on earth she could touch me, I'd walk away.' Just as we said in our conversation, is it true of all the chosen people of God: Christ has died in their stead, and they can walk away free, because of the substitution. The Irishman went on: 'I want to ax yer reverence another question:—there are many people who die, and are damned; how can God be just in sending them to hell?' 'Those who seek shall find, those who ask shall receive, those who believe shall be saved.' 'Ah, then, (said

Pat,) but that's the Bible anyhow, no one could have made that up,' and Pat believed, and went away rejoicing. That is what I believe to be the teaching of the Scriptures; he cleanseth all who believe, who repent, who fly to Christ from all their sins, and all their good works too. As for those who do not, they must stand on their own account, answer for their own sins, and among others, the sin of unbelief; for so saith the Scriptures.

"Looking is believing, I can tell you this from my own experience. Six years and a half ago, I was a poor, distressed, penitent sinner. For nearly two years I was overwhelmed with sorrow. At my father's house we had a regular plan for the Sabbath-day, which was strictly enforced. I was on my way to a more distant chapel, it snowed hard, and I was induced to turn into the little chapel of a much despised sect—the ranters. I had often laughed at them, but I will do so no more, for their rant saved my soul. They sang so loud I was obliged to hold my head. But the man in the pulpit gave out his text; 'Look unto me, ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved.' I did not hear his sermon; I did not want to hear it; his text was enough. Staring me right in the face, he said: 'Young man, look!' I looked, and went out thence, regenerate—a sinner saved—a monument of grace. Next Sunday I went again; another man was there, and he preached from 'O wretched man that I am,' and he said: 'Paul was not a Christian man when he said those words.' When he said that, I turned out, for I knew better; and if he had said he himself was a wretched theologian, it would have been nearer the truth."

### AN APPEAL FOR "CHEERING WORDS."

Of all the little works I read,  
 There 's none I love so well  
     As CHEERING WORDS;  
 They cheer my heart indeed,  
 With tales of love they tell,  
     In CHEERING WORDS.

I read of everlasting love,  
 Love, boundless, full, and free,  
     In CHEERING WORDS;



## CHEERING WORDS.

I read of Him who left the realms above,  
 Who came on earth to die for me—  
 In CHEERING WORDS.

I read how grace abounds  
 To chief of sinners here,  
 In CHEERING WORDS;  
 In rich profusion, I have found  
 On every page most clear,  
 Soul-CHEERING WORDS.

It is not long I have known  
 This precious little book,  
 The CHEERING WORDS;  
 But with acquaintance, there has grown  
 A love I could not brook,  
 For CHEERING WORDS.

I've said to many since,  
 Who love my gracious Lord,  
 Buy CHEERING WORDS;  
 The price for the year, is but six pence,  
 And this I'm sure you'll not regard  
 For CHEERING WORDS.

And now, I'd say to all  
 Who love Immanuel's name,  
 Buy CHEERING WORDS.  
 Young and old, and great and small,  
 Who'd spread the Saviour's fame,  
 Spread CHEERING WORDS.

Ye little tract, month after month,  
 Go, speak in loving tones,  
 Thy CHEERING WORDS;  
 And may thy pages prove a mouth,  
 To speak to Jeau's little ones,  
 Soul-CHEERING WORDS.

*Gloucester,  
 July, 1856.*

A WELL-WISHER.

## BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED,

BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.

*(Continued from page 108.)*

## BOOK VI.

Christian, passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, is greatly distressed, but escapes unhurt : He happily overtakes Faithful, another Pilgrim, who proves an excellent companion.

CHRISTIAN refresh'd, had scarcely taken breath,  
 When, lo ! the Valley of the Shade of Death  
 Presents itself ;—through this dread passage lay  
 The road that leads to everlasting day.  
 And now he meets the children of the spies,  
 Fast running back ; each base apostate cries,  
 " Back, back ! in that dark valley we have been,  
 And there such horrid spectres we have seen :  
 There sport the fiends and dragons of the pit ;  
 Back, back with us, if you have any wit."  
 " What you report, (says Christian,) may be true,  
 And yet this be the road I should pursue ;  
 I'll venture on, and with my sword in hand,  
 Still urge my journey to the Holy Land,"  
 It was a dang'rous path that Pilgrim trod,  
 Sure never mortal trac'd so dire a road ;  
 On his right hand, a ditch tremendous lay—  
 A dang'rous quag on th' other side the way ;  
 So that, when carefully the ditch he'd shun,  
 Into the quag his feet would nearly run :  
 Avoiding that, 'twas hard to miss the ditch,  
 For now 'twas grown almost as dark as pitch. (a)  
 And now what terror on his spirit fell.  
 When now, at hand, he spied the gate of hell.

---

(a) This Valley is a state of Spiritual desertion, when the believer, deprived of the light of God's countenance, walks in darkness, and has no light : it is particularly applicable to persons in this state, who are also under the power of bodily diseases, and are depressed.

Forth issued, in abundance, smoke and flame,  
 While dismal shrieks from every quarter came.  
 All this continued—not a little while,  
 But as he trembling, crept, for many a mile.  
 Nor sword, nor shield, would serve his purpose here—  
 No weapon any use to him but prayer.  
 "O, God, (he cried,) while thus the billows roll,  
 Vouchsafe to help, O, Lord, preserve my soul."  
 His prayer prevailed, for soon he heard a voice,  
 Which made his fainting spirit to rejoice ;  
 'Twas thus—"Though I walk through the gloomy vale,  
 My faith and hope in Christ shall never fail ;  
 What though th' infernal spirits all appear,  
 I'll fear them not, my Shepherd's with me here."  
 The morning dawn'd, then full appear'd in view,  
 The shocking dangers he had passed through ;  
 And dangers greater still before him lay ;  
 But now he'd got the advantage of the day.  
 The path with murder'd pilgrims' bones was strew'd,  
 And mangl'd legs, and arms, and skulls, and blood :  
 For in a cave, two giants long had liv'd,  
 Who many a pilgrim had of life bereav'd.  
 Pagan, the name of one, but he was dead,  
 And Pope the other, but he kept his bed,  
 Yet grin'd at Protestant when passing by,  
 And cried, "You'll never mend till more shall die."  
 Christian proceeded then ; with thankful tongue,  
 Prais'd his Preserver in the following song :—  
 "O world of wonders, (I can say no less,)

That I should be preserv'd in such distress,  
 As I have met with here! O blessed be  
 The gracious hand that has deliver'd me.  
 Dangers from darkness, devils, hell, and sin,  
 Encompass'd me, while I this vale was in ;  
 Yea, snares, and pits, and traps, and nets did lie  
 About my path, that silly, worthless I  
 Might have been caught, entangled and cast down ;  
 But, since I live, let Jesus wear the crown."  
 Thus far, 'twas Christian's lot alone to walk—

No friend with whom on heav'nly things to talk ;  
But now Immanuel did in mercy send  
Faithful, who prov'd a comfort to the end.  
'Twas on a little hillock Christian stood,  
And thence beheld good Faithful on the road,  
To whom, aloud he cried, " I pray you stay, .  
I'm coming up—I'm trav'ling by the way."  
Faithful replied, " I cannot stay for you ;  
I'm on my life, and deadly foes pursue."  
Then Christian ran, till Faithful he had pass'd,  
And thus it happen'd that the first was last.  
He smil'd with pride, but stumbl'd on the ground,  
Nor could he rise, till Faithful's help he found. (a)  
Christian arose, and thus discourse began :  
" I'm glad to meet with you, a faithful man ;  
I'm glad that thus together we may walk,  
And join, like pilgrims, in some useful talk.  
And now, dear friend, pray how long might it be  
Ere you forsook the city, after me ?"  
" After you left, (said Faithful,) long I staid,  
Till I could stay no longer ; so afraid  
Was I of dreadful vengeance coming down,  
To desolate with fire our guilty town.  
Indeed, it was the general report,  
And talk'd of much by men of every sort ;  
But talk was all, as you may plainly see,  
Or more had left the place, like you and me."  
" Blessed be God ! (said Christian,) for that day ;  
But tell me what you met with by the way."  
" I 'scap'd, (said faithful,) but I can't tell how,  
The dirt that many meet with in the slough ;  
No harm beset me, trav'ling to the gate ;  
But one assault, I briefly must relate :  
Young Mistress Wanton met me by the way,  
And she had many flatt'ring things to say ;  
For fleshly lusts will strive, and promise fair—

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(a) Spiritual pride often occasions a fall.

But grace preserv'd me from the fatal snare.  
 Soon after this, I met an aged man,  
 Who first accosted me, and thus began :  
 ' I like your looks, will you contented be,  
 To come and live, and work along with me ?'  
 I ask'd his name, and work, and where he liv'd,  
 What men he kept, what wages he receiv'd ?  
 ' Adam the first, my name is, (he replied,)  
 My work's delightful,—many a one has tried.  
 You'll live on dainties, if you live with me ;  
 And all my charming daughters you shall see.  
 One of the three I'll give you for your wife—  
 Lust of the flesh, or eyes, or pride of life.'

With shame I own, I felt the carnal mind,  
 More than a little towards this man inclin'd ;  
 But, looking on his forehead, there one reads,  
 ' Put off the man of sin, and all his deeds.'  
 When that I saw, I turn'd at once away,  
 And nothing more to him would have to say.  
 But as I turn'd, a deadly blow he gave—  
 Indeed, I thought 'twould lay me in the grave.

When through the lonely valley too, I came,  
 I met a fellow, falsely called Shame.  
 He said, ' Religious folks are mean and base—  
 Their company was sure to bring disgrace ;  
 That very few of them were rich or wise—  
 And all the world, such Methodists despise ;  
 They always love some low, opprobrious name—  
 And is not that, (said he,) a monstrous shame ?'  
 While thus he talk'd, at first, I own I blush'd,  
 But soon my pride and passion then were hush'd.  
 ' That which with men, (thought I,) is much esteem'd,  
 With God, is mere abomination deem'd ;  
 What he prefers, must surely be the best,  
 If mortal men esteem it, or detest.'  
 Then I took courage. ' Shame, (I said,) begone !  
 And let an honest traveller alone.'  
 Awhile the bold fac'd villain to me clang,

At length I shook him off, and thus I sang: (a)  
 'The trials that these men do meet withal,  
 Who prove obedient to the heav'nly call,  
 Are manifold, and suited to the flesh,  
 And come, and come, and come again afresh;  
 That now, or at some future time, we may  
 Be taken, overcome, and cast away.  
 O, let the pilgrims, let the pilgrims then  
 Be vigilant, and quit themselves like men.' "

*(To be continued.)*

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### THE PARSON AND THE PEDLAR.

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It was on the afternoon of a beautiful day in the summer time, that the Rev. B. S., an aged and venerable minister, was wending his solitary way from the ancient and castled town of Stirling, to the sweet and sequestered village of Doune. Mr. S. was one of the most venerable characters of the last century. He had spent a long, laborious, and useful ministerial life, in a town on the coast of Fife, which is associated with his name and memory, his wise and witty sayings, to the present day.

At the time to which our story refers, he had retired from the scene of his public labours, and was spending the evening of his days, in the house of one of his near relatives in Stirling. He continued to preach occasionally in the town, and was now on his way to assist at the communion in Doune. Before he had left home, the day was already on the decline, and the sun was now setting behind the hills, of which,—in the words of one who has since made that wild and wondrous region, classic and haunted ground, and made the rugged masses of Benlomond, Benledi, and Benvoirlich, familiar, even to southern ears, as "household words"—

"Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
 Was bathed in floods of living fire."

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(a) The experience of true believers is the same in all material points, yet varies in some particulars, so that no one man can be made a standard for all. Faithful is here represented as a strong believer; as therefore escaping the Slough of Despond, but as assaulted by the lusts of the flesh, and the old man of sinful nature, and shame.

While pursuing his way, and occasionally pausing to gaze on the magnificent scene,—which, while it arrested the eye of the aged and heavenward pilgrim, could not fail to suggest to him, thoughts and images of the ‘delectable mountains,’ the gates of pearl, the jasper walls, the streets of gold, and the sapphire battlements, of the celestial city he was soon to enter. He was aroused from his reverie, by the sound of approaching footsteps. After a few remarks on the beauty of the evening, and the splendour of the sky, Mr. S., addressing his fellow traveller, said: ‘I see you are stepping westward, and as I am on my way to Doune, if you are going that length, and if you have no objection to the company of an old man, we may continue our journey together.’ To this proposal, the stranger readily and courteously consented. He was a much younger man than Mr. S., but he had a burden to carry, which made the difference less in his favour. ‘May I ask,’ said Mr. S., ‘what manner of occupation you are of?’ ‘Please your honour,’ replied the stranger, ‘I am a pedlar; or, as I am sometimes called, a travelling merchant.’ ‘I am glad to hear that,’ said Mr. S., ‘for I am a travelling merchant myself.’ ‘Indeed,’ replied the stranger; ‘I should scarcely have thought that, by your appearance; may I speir what you deal in?’ ‘I deal,’ said Mr. S., ‘in *fine linen*, and am on my way to Doune, where I hope to dispose of my goods to-morrow.’ ‘To-morrow,’ replied the stranger; ‘I am thinking you hae forgotten that the morn’s the Sabbath.’ ‘No, no,’ said Mr. S., ‘I have not forgotten that; it is, moreover, the sacramental occasion; there will be preaching at the tent, and a gathering of folk from Galgarnock, Kincardine, and Kippen, and some from Stirling itself; with some at least of whom I hope to do business to-morrow.’ ‘Weel,’ said the pedlar, ‘I have been a long time in the line, but I’m happy to say I never did business on the Lord’s day yet, and I never saw ony guid follow those who did. Ye’re an old man, sir; I would advise you to gie up the practice o’ selling on the Sabbath.’ ‘If ye will not sell,’ continued Mr. S., ‘ye may perhaps buy.’ ‘Na, na,’ said the pedlar; ‘if it’s sinfu’ to sell, it’s as sinfu’ to buy; I’ll wash my hauns o’ the business entirely; I’ll neither sell

nor buy on the Lord's day.' 'Then ye'll maybe come to the tent,' said Mr. S. 'That I will,' said the pedlar, or travelling merchant. Our two travellers had now come to the Bridge of Teith, where they parted, Mr. S. repairing to the manse, and the pedlar to his lodgings in the town. In arranging with the ministers, what share he was to have in the services of the coming day, Mr. S. said he wanted to preach the first sermon in the tent. It was the practice for the youngest minister to do this, but the request of Mr. S. was at once granted.

Early next morning, beneath a clear and cloudless sky in June, crowds of people might be seen collecting from all quarters, round the tent, which stood on a beautiful green knoll, on the banks of the Teith Water, near the ancient Castle of Doune. Seldom had there been a lovelier morning, and seldom at the Doune preaching, a greater gathering. Punctual at the hour, Mr. S. was in the tent. Casting his eye slowly and searchingly over the congregation, he discovered in the midst of it, his friend and fellow-traveller, the pedlar. The psalm and opening prayer ended; Mr. S. rose and gave out his text, which was in Rev. xix. 8. 'And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints.' Whether the pedlar had by this time recognised his friend and fellow-traveller in the minister, is uncertain; it was not long, however, till there was no ground left on this point for uncertainty. After some introductory remarks, Mr. S. said he had come there to open the market of free-grace:—that he was a merchant; a commission merchant—commissioned by a great and rich King; the King of heaven: that the article he was there in his name, and by his appointment, to dispose of, was *fine linen*, which was the righteousness of Christ. After explaining its nature, and illustrating its properties, and commending, and crying up its worth and value, and showing that there was nothing in the world, for worth, or for beauty to be equalled, or, in his own expressive diction, to be *evened* to it, he proceeded to counsel his hearers to put themselves in possession of it, or, in the language of Scripture; 'to buy it.' 'When folk went,' he said, 'to a market, it was with the intention to buy. If they did not, it was generally for one of two reasons; either they did not need the article, or they had no money. Of this article he showed they had all instant, urgent, and absolute need. There was no coming to the Lord's table, there was no getting into heaven without it. But they might say they had nothing to buy with. To this, he said they were not asked for anything; that if they had to come in the way of giving value for it, they might well



despair, for the wealth of the Indies would not equal it : but it was not to be bought in this way ; it was to be had without money, and without price ; it was to be had freely ; it was to be had for the taking. Such was the gospel sense of buying. He then concluded, 'And will no man buy this fine linen ? Must I go back and say, "Lord, Lord ! there were many at the tent, many at the preaching, many in the market, but none would believe, none would buy ?" And must I go back with this report ? And will ye go back as ye came, — "poor and wretched, miserable, and blind, and naked" I put it to you again, "Will no man buy ?"' He then paused. Here there was an old grey-haired man at the foot of the tent, who, with his hands clasped, and tears in his eyes, was heard saying to himself, 'I'll buy, I'll buy ; I'll take Christ and his righteousness.' Mr. S., hearing him, said, 'The Lord bless the bargain ! There is one man here who has gotten a great bargain this day ; and as for you, my fellow-traveller, my brother merchant, come ! oh come, ere the market close, and buy likewise ! If you do, you will make the best bargain you ever made in your life before.' What effect this appeal had on the pedlar, tradition does not say. Thus far, this is true. We are apt to think lightly of such preaching, in these refined days. It suited the times, however ; and, what is better, suited men's hearts. God owned and honoured it.

There is one thing even worse than excess of pulpit familiarity, viz., excess of pulpit formality. It is a sad thing when the gospel is left to 'die of dignity' in the hands of its preachers. A.

*Helensburgh.*

*From The Christian Treasury.*

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### HE IS OUR PEACE.

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I bought, at a book-stall in Bedford town, a neat little volume, with these words printed on the lid in Gold letters : "HE IS OUR PEACE."

It is compiled by a Godly Physician ; and is full of the death-bed scenes, of happy Christians. The book is published by Samuel Bagster and Sons, 15, Paternoster Row, and contains the following among other blessed testimonies :

**Q. P.** — was a drunken, blaspheming, reckless man. A pub-

lic-house had been his usual resort, from Saturday night, till Monday morning. He was an avowed infidel, and had such a hatred of the Bible, that it was needful to conceal it from his view, for sixteen years, to prevent his burning it.

A tract, published by the Religious Tract Society, and left at C. P.——'s door, by Miss I——, entitled, 'Religion without Learning,' was instrumental to his conversion. At one of my first visits, he said: 'I tried to pray five or six times, but knew not what to say, until I felt myself a vile sinner, and heard of the love of God in Christ: there was no difficulty afterwards.'

At such times I advised that, on account of his excessive weakness, he would retain a sitting posture, as God regarded a lowly heart more than the actual bowing of the knee; but he insisted on kneeling, though it required two persons to raise him up afterwards.

One morning he had been crying bitterly for two hours, and would not be comforted, because he had been tempted to take an oath! About a week afterwards, his wife was engaged in some trifling household work. As soon as he observed it, he evinced his regard for the day, by calling, 'Charlotte, Charlotte, it is the Lord's Day: that will do to-morrow.'

"One of the last visits I was privileged to pay C. P.—— was to partake of the Lord's Supper with him. He poured forth an extempore prayer that affected every heart: it was a happy hour. Some days after this, I called early in the morning, and found him sitting up in bed, his breathing greatly oppressed, his countenance cadaverous, and his face covered with cold perspiration. I expressed my fears that he had passed a trying night. He was aroused by the remark, and his reply surprised and delighted me: 'No! I have had a blessed night! I have spent the whole night in reading these books (the Bible and Hymn-book), and in prayer.'

"Conversion in C. P.—— was truly a new creation; for grace changed his heart, subdued his temper, and made him courteous and grateful for the smallest attentions.

"When drawing near to the hour of dissolution, his wife supposing he was asking for something, inquired what he wished for. He replied, in a feeble voice, 'I am not speaking to you.' He was commencing in deep prayerfulness with the God of all grace and Father of mercies. He then gently raised his hand three times, and repeated, 'A crown of glory, a crown of glory, a crown of glory!' His lips continued for a few seconds to move, after his voice had become inaudible. For sixteen years had his wife prayed for his conversion.

## NEVER DESPAIR.

"THERE is great danger of Christian wives losing sight of the unconverted state of their husbands; when those husbands are affectionate partners, and kind, exemplary citizens. And there is no less danger, perhaps, of discouragement, if many prayers have gone up for their conversion without apparent effect, and many tender words have been spoken in seasons when the heart seemed open and impressible to receive them. We have seen wives who had tacitly abandoned all hope of the conversion of their companions in life, and cherished no real and vital solicitude for them. But the true Christian should never despair, — but rely on the promises of God, never repealed, and sow beside all waters, assured of finding fruit after many days. The Rev. T. S. Cuyler gives, in the *Christian Intelligencer*, an incident in point:—

" 'I am for ever done with church-going and preaching,' said a sceptical husband to his pious wife, after listening to a pungent sermon on infidelity. But the wife *prayed*. That is what every wife can do. She *prayed*. 'My dear! (said she, one evening, with gentle voice,) will you grant me one little request? Go with me to-night to meeting.' 'I will go to the door, but no farther,' he replied. 'That will do,' said the amiable wife. They went together. They parted at the entrance — her heart absorbed, as she took her seat, in fervent prayer for her beloved partner. Some minutes elapsed, service had commenced, when suddenly the door opened, a heavy step advanced, and to her unspeakable joy, her husband calmly seated himself near her. That night, Mr. H — was interested and affected. The next evening, after tea, as they sat conversing at their pleasant fire-side, the husband rose, and while a tear trickled down his cheek, 'Wife, (said he,) *is it not time to go to church?*' She sprang from her chair, and although it was early by a whole hour, she feared delay. Taking hat and cloak, they went. That was the happiest night of their wedded life, for Mr. H — took his place among the inquirers, and for the last ten years, has sat *beside his wife* at the communion table. Reader, have you done *all* your duty to your unconverted friends?" — *Christian Treasury*.

# CHEERING WORDS

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1856.

No. 65.

## MR. SPURGEON'S SERMON FOR HIS GRANDFATHER.



VERY singular circumstances attend some men's setting out in life; and especially some of the Lord's servants. Many peculiar circumstances have helped on Mr. Spurgeon's usefulness, and tended much to create a desire in the people to hear that man, of whom tens of thousands speak so highly. Last May, he preached at Stambourne, in Essex, on the commemoration of the Jubilee of his Grandfather, the Rev. James Spurgeon. It was the jubilee of his ministry. It appears, from a double number of "*The New Park Street Pulpit*," published by Alabaster and Passmore, that this jubilee sermon was first preached in London: it is headed "THE GOD OF THE AGED." From that sermon we may draw a Cheering Word, or two. We read this sermon while travelling: it really made us more in love with the great truths of the gospel than ever. We think every

Price One-Halfpenny: or 10 Copies for 4d.

aged Christian in Europe, should read this sermon; but all cannot afford Two-pence for it. Well, never mind; our little *Cheering Words* go almost everywhere, therefore we will endeavour to squeeze in a choice crumb or two, from time to time, expressly for the aged. This, Mr. Spurgeon will thank us for, we are certain; because, like ourselves he is so fond of the aged saints of God. Without further ceremony, here is one nice little piece. Mr. Spurgeon is speaking of the peculiar blessedness, connected with old age, and he says:—

“Some time ago, I stepped up to an old man, whom I saw when preaching at an anniversary; and I said to him, ‘brother, do you know there is no man in the whole chapel, I envy so much as you!’ ‘Envy me, (he said,) why I am eighty-seven.’ I said, ‘I do indeed; because you are so near home, and because I believe, that in old age, there is a peculiar joy, which we young people do not taste at present. You have got to the bottom of the cup, and it is not with God’s wine as it is with man’s. Man’s wine becomes dregs at the last, but God’s wine is sweeter, the deeper you drink of it.’ He said, ‘That’s very true, young man,’ and shook me by the hand. I believe there is a blessedness about old age, that we young men know nothing of. I will tell you how that is. In the first place, the old man has a good experience to talk about. The young men are only just trying some of the promises; but the old man can turn them over one by one, and say, ‘there, I have tried that, and that, and that,’ we read them over and say: ‘I *hope* they are true;’ but the old man says; ‘I *know* they are true.’ And then he begins to tell you why. He has got a history for every one; like a soldier for his medals; and he takes them out, and says; ‘I will tell you when the Lord revealed that to me: just when I lost my wife: just when I buried my son; just when I was turned out

of my cottage, and did not get work for six weeks; or, at another time when I broke my leg.' He begins telling you the history of the promises, and says, 'there, now, I know they are all true.' What a blessed thing to look upon them as paid notes; to bring out the old cheques that have been cashed, and say: 'I know they are genuine, or else they would not have been paid.' Old people have not the doubts young people have about the doctrines. Young people are apt to doubt; but when they get old, they begin to get solid and firm in the faith. I love to get some of my old brethren, to talk with me concerning the good things of the kingdom. They do not hold the truth with their two fingers, as some of the young men do; but they get right hold of it, and nobody can take it from their grasp. Rowland Hill, once, somewhat lost his way in a sermon, and he turned to this text—'Oh, Lord, my heart is fixed.' 'Young men, (he said,) there is nothing like having your hearts fixed. I have been all these years seeking the Lord; now my heart is fixed. I never have any doubts now about election, or any other doctrine. If a man brings me a new theory, I say, 'away with it.' I stand hard and fast by the truth alone. An old gentleman wrote me a little time ago, and said I was a little too high. He said he believed the same doctrines as I do, but he did not think so when he was as old as I am. I told him it was just as well to begin right, as to end right, and it was better to be right at the beginning, than to have to rub off so many errors afterwards. An old countryman once came to me, and said: ah! young man, you have had too deep a text; you handled it well enough, but it is an old man's text, and I felt afraid to hear you announce it.' I said, 'is God's truth dependant on age? If the thing is true, it is just as well to hear it from me as from anyone else; and if you can hear it better anywhere else, you have got the opportunity.' Still, he did not think God's precious truths were suitable to young people; but I hold

they are suitable to all God's children; therefore I love to preach them.

And I think there are peculiar joys which the old Christian has, of another sort; and that is, he has peculiar fellowship with Christ, more than we have. At least, if I understand John Bunyan rightly, I think he tells us, that when we get very near to heaven, there is a very glorious land.—‘They came into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear on the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country, the sun shineth night and day: wherefore this was beyond the valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place, so much as see Doubting-castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to: also, here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land, some of the shining ones, commonly walked; because it was on the borders of heaven. In this land also, the contract between the Bride and the Bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, ‘as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them.’ Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place, they met with abundance of what they had sought for, in all their pilgrimages. Here they heard voices from out of the City, loud voices, saying: ‘Say ye to the daughters of Zion, Behold thy salvation cometh! Behold, His reward is with him!’ Here all the inhabitants of the country called them, ‘the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord.’ There are peculiar communings, peculiar openings of the gates of paradise, peculiar visions of glory, just as you come near to it. It stands to reason, that the nearer you get to the bright light of the celestial city, the clearer shall be the air. And therefore, there are peculiar blessednesses be-

longing to the old, for they have more of this peculiar fellowship with Christ. But all this only proves that Christ is the same; because, when there are fewer earthly joys, he gives more spiritual ones. Therefore, again, it becomes the fact—'Even to old age I am he: and even to hoar hairs I will carry you.'

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### MR. PHILPOT, ON

#### COL. GARDINER'S CONVERSION & CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

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MR. PHILPOT, the Baptist Minister of Stamford, was originally trained for, and was a Clergyman in, the Church of England. He left the Establishment some fifteen or twenty years since; and became a decided Particular Baptist Minister; and by a portion of that denomination, has been very popular, as a preacher, as an editor, and as an author. He is a gentleman, a christian, and a very neat preacher of the gospel; his sermons, and his works, have been much read, and rendered useful; and there can be no question, but that he is really and truly devoted to the good cause, in which his life has been spent.

Mr. John Gadsby, of Bouverie Street, now publishes his sermons in penny numbers. From No. 25, of *The Gospel Ministry*—the following quotation is made:

"When, after being killed and slain by the law, mercy reaches the soul with any revelation of Christ, and manifestation of the love of God, or any application of his truth, a Divine power is put forth that raises up a living faith in the Lord Jesus, as sitting at God's right hand; and this living faith puts us into a vital possession of all those benefits and blessings which are in Christ Jesus. We know not who or what Christ is till he reveals himself; we know not what he has suffered, or what we are in him, till he is pleased to manifest himself. But when he discovers his blessedness and beauty, he raises up a spiritual faith in himself; and by this spirit-



ual faith we apprehend what he is and has, and receive out of his fulness grace for grace; and thus we enter by living faith into the benefits and blessings of his death and resurrection. It is in this sense that we become 'dead' by the gospel, as we became 'dead' by the law. Now, it is only as we drink at the fountain-head, and receive by living faith out of Christ's fulness, that we can be 'dead' in the full sense of the Apostle's meaning; for when he says, 'Ye are dead,' he implies the death of a child of God to everything around him — to all those things that lead the soul into captivity and bondage. We are to become 'dead' to everything by which we are surrounded. How? By a vital union with the Son of God; by seeing who and what Jesus is, and entering by faith into his sufferings and sorrows, death and burial; and then rising with him into heavenly places, and receiving supplies out of his fulness. It is by this experience that a death is put upon the things of time and sense, and we become, as the Apostle speaks, 'dead' in the true gospel sense of the Word.

"How many poor souls are struggling against the power of sin, and yet never get any victory over it! How many are daily led captive by the lusts of the flesh, the love of the world, and the pride of life, and never get any victory over them! How many fight and grapple with tears, vows, and strong resolutions against the besetting sins of temper, levity, or covetousness, who are still entangled and overcome by them again and again! Now, why is this? Because they know not the secret of spiritual strength against, and spiritual victory over them. It is only by virtue of a living union with the Lord Jesus Christ, drinking into his sufferings and death, and receiving out of his fulness, that we can gain any victory over the world, sin, death, or hell. Let me bring this down a little to your own experience. Say your soul has been, on one particular occasion, very sweetly favoured; a melting sense of the Saviour's precious love and blood has come into your heart, and you could then believe, with a faith of God's own giving, that he is eternally yours; and through this faith, as an open channel of Divine communication, his merits and mediation, blood, righteousness, and dying love, came sweetly streaming into your soul. What was the effect? To lead you to sin, to presumption, to licentiousness? Nay, just the contrary. To a holy obedience in heart, lip, and life. Sin is never really or effectually subdued in any other way. I have

often thought of the conversion of Colonel Gardiner, as an instance in point. It is an extreme case, I admit, and one, perhaps, unparalleled in the annals of grace; but it will, perhaps, throw light on the subject before us. He, being dead in sin, had made an assignation with a married female, and was waiting to keep his criminal appointment. To while away his time, he took up a book; and whilst reading, a light suddenly streamed on the page. Looking up to see the cause, he beheld in vision, Christ hanging on the cross, surrounded with heavenly glory, and these words seemed spoken as with an audible voice, "Did I suffer all this for thee? and are these thy returns?" I offer no opinion on the vision itself, though I believe it was from the Lord. What I want to shew is, the effect produced on his soul. It overwhelmed him in a flood of sorrow, and swept away in a moment every thought of his criminal engagement. Saul struck down at the gates of Damascus, and turned from persecution to praying, is a scriptural instance of the death of sin by the power of Christ. It is not, then, by legal strivings and earnest resolutions, vows, and tears, which are but monkery at best, (a milder form of the hair shirt, the bleeding scourge, and the damp cloister,) the vain struggle of religious flesh to subdue sinful flesh, that can overcome sin; but it is by a believing acquaintance with, and a spiritual entrance into the sufferings and sorrows of the Son of God, having a living faith in him, and receiving out of his fulness supplies of grace and strength — strength made perfect in our weakness. In this sense, the Apostle says to these Colossians, "For ye are *dead*;" not merely by the law having condemned and slain you, as to all legal hopes, but by virtue of a participation in the death of the Lord Jesus Christ; by virtue of a living union with the suffering Son of God."

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FAITH.—"The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof; but speak the word only and my servant shall be healed." This is accounted great faith. "And behold there came a leper, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean." Here is faith in the power, but doubt as to the Lord's grace or willingness; nevertheless, the leprosy is cured.

BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED,

BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.

(Continued from page 127.)

BOOK VII.

Christian and his companion meet with one Talkative, an empty professor;  
Christian meets with Evangelist again; enters Vanity Fair; Faithful is  
tried, and put to death.

As thus our Pilgrims travelled hand in hand,  
With sweet discourse, towards the heavenly land,  
Another traveller appeared in view—  
One Talkative, a man that Christian knew.  
(He knew his aged father, Say-well, too,  
The family long lived in Prating Row.)  
He'd talk of heaven and hell, and law and grace,  
With a smooth tongue and sanctimonious face;  
But a vile wretch to those who knew his walk,  
While saint he seemed to those who heard him talk.  
To any company his words would suit,  
With saints a saint, and with the brutes a brute;  
With one, devoutly psalms and hymns would sing—  
With others, songs obscene he forth would bring.  
Go to his house, there's no religion there,  
No fear of God at all, no praise, no prayer.  
He'd swear, and whore, and drink, and lie, and cheat;  
All moral people shunned him in the street.  
His character all o'er the town was such,  
That for his sake, the Gospel bore reproach.  
With him, the Pilgrims talked a little while,  
But soon discovered all his art and guile;  
Dealt freely with him, told him what they thought,  
And what reproach upon the cause he brought;  
'Twas such as he that made religion stink—  
While he himself was on destruction's brink.  
But faithful words with him would never do:  
He blushed, turned back, and bade them both adieu.

From such the Scriptures bid us turn away ;  
 Our holy Pilgrims do so, while they say :—  
 “ How Talkative at first lifts up his plumes,  
 How bravely does he speak !—how he presumes  
 To drive down all before him ! But so soon  
 As faithful talks of heart-work, like the moon  
 That’s past the full, into the wane he goes,  
 And so will all, but he that heart-work knows.” (a)

*To be continued.*

### GRACE FOR THE WILDERNESS.

GRACE for the Wilderness, suited to me,  
 Once of this world, but now set free ;  
 Called by grace, the free gift of my God,  
 Onward I journey, kept on the road,

Grace for the Wilderness, grace for the day,  
 Thus I can sing, while yet on the way ;  
 Saved by grace, I can cheerfully go,  
 Looking to Jesus, not at the foe.

Grace for the Wilderness, grace all the way,  
 The God of *all* grace, he is my stay ;  
 I fear not the trials, which surely abound,  
 Jesus is mine, the One I have found.

Grace for the Wilderness, grace to the end.  
 Jesus is coming, then I shall spend ;  
 Glory eternal, with him I love best,  
 Kept by his grace, he’ll call me to rest.

(a) The character of Talkative is too common ; such men abound in the present day ; they talk fluently about religion, but there is no true godliness in their hearts or houses.

**THE BEAUTIFUL DEATH-BED BENEDICTIONS**  
**OF THE ANCIENT AND VENERABLE ROBERT BOLTON.**

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THE ripeness of grace in the departure of a holy saint of God, is a subject profitable for meditation, and a sight sweet to look upon. Reader! such a subject, and such a sight, is here presented to thy notice. May the Lord bless it to thy soul! His biographer says:

“His sickness, though it was long and sharp, yet he bare it with admirable patience, for he saw him that is invisible, and his whole delight was to be with him; often breathing out such speeches as these, when the violence and frequency of his fit gave him any intermission—‘Oh, when will this good hour come? when shall I be dissolved? when shall I be with Christ? Being told that it was indeed better for him to be dissolved, but the church of God could but miss him, and the benefit of his ministry, he thus sweetly replied, with David, ‘If I shall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again, and shew me both it and his habitation, but if otherwise, lo, here I am, let him do what seemeth good in his eyes.’ Being asked by another, whether he could not be content to live if God would grant him life, he thus answered: ‘I grant that life is a great blessing of God, neither will I neglect any means that may preserve it, and do heartily desire to submit to God’s will: but of the two, I infinitely desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.’

“In the time of his sickness, there came many to visit him, but he admitted none but his intimate friends, using a speech of Saint Augustine, who desired ten days before he died, none might come to him, that he in that time might the better fit himself for God. But to those who came to him, he gave very godly and wise exhortations suiting to their callings and conditions; for although his body was wasted with continual fits towards the close of his life, yet his understanding and memory were as active and quick as in the time of his health. He encouraged the ministers that came to him to be diligent and courageous in the work of the Lord, and not to let their spirits faint or droop from any affliction that should arise thereupon. To all that came to him, he bad them make sure of Christ before they came to die, and to look upon the world as a

lump of vanity. He thanked God for his wonderful mercy to him in pulling him out of hell, and in sealing his ministry with the conversion of many souls, which he wholly ascribed to his glory.

"About a week before he died, when his silver cord began to loosen, and his golden bowl to break, he called for his wife, and desired her to bear his dissolution, which was now at hand, with a Christian fortitude, a thing which he had prepared her for during the space of twenty years, telling her that his approaching death was decreed upon him from all eternity, and that the counsel of the Lord must stand, and bid her make no doubt but she should meet him again in heaven. Turning to his children, of whom he had five — one son and four daughters, he told them that they should not expect he should now say any thing to them, neither would his ability of body and breath give him leave; he had told them enough in the time of his sickness and before, and hoped they would remember it, and verily believed that 'none of them durst think to meet him at that great tribunal in an unregenerate state.' About two days after, divers of his parishioners coming to watch with him, he was moved by a friend, that as he had discovered to them by his doctrine, the exceeding comforts that were in Christ, he would now tell them what he felt in his soul. 'Alas, (said he,) do they look for that of me now, that want breath and power to speak? I have told them enough in my ministry; but yet, to give you satisfaction, I am, by the wonderful mercies of God, as full of comfort as my heart can hold, and feel nothing in my soul but Christ, with whom I heartily desire to be.' Then looking upon some that were weeping, he said, 'Oh, what a deal ado there is before one can die!'

"The night before he died, when the doors began to be shut, and the daughters of music to be brought low, and he lying very low with his head, expecting every moment when the wheel should be broken at the cistern, yet being told that some of his dear friends were then about him to take their last farewell, he caused himself to be lifted up, and then, like old Jacob bowing himself on his bed's-head, after a few gaspings for breath, he spake in this manner: 'I am now drawing on apace to my dissolution, and am just in the case of Sir John Pickering, ("a Justice of the Peace in Northamptonshire, whose virtuous memory," says the Biographer, "I can never think of, but in the phrase of the Apostle — 'The world was not worthy of him.' Heb. xi.")—hold out faith and patience, your

work will speedily be at an end." He then shook them all by the hands, and prayed heartily, particularly for them, and desired them 'to make sure of heaven, and to bear in mind what he had formerly told them in his ministry — protesting to them, that the doctrine which he had preached to them for the space of twenty years, was the truth of God, as he should answer it at the tribunal of Christ, before whom he should shortly appear.' This he spake when the very pangs of death were upon him. Whereupon a very dear friend of his taking him by the hand, asked him if he felt much pain, 'Truly, no, (said he,) the greatest I feel, is your cold hand.' And then speaking to be laid down again, he spake no more until the next morning, when he took his last leave of his wife and children, prayed for them, and blessed them all; and that day in the afternoon about five of the clock, being Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1631, in the sixtieth year of his age, yielded up his spirit to God that gave it; and, according to his own speech, celebrated the ensuing Sabbath in the kingdom of Heaven.

"Thus in the space of fifteen weeks, was the first and most glorious light put out in Broughton, that ever that town enjoyed, or that many ages will render again."

### THE YOUNG SHOEMAKER OF TUSCANY,

#### A BOLD AND BLESSED PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL.

The following narrative is from an Italian Magazine:—*L'Eco Di Savonvola*. It is evidently conducted by a devout Christian editor, who seeks the glory of Christ, and the spread of his gospel. He says:

In Tuscany the work of the Lord is more blessed every day, notwithstanding the persecution of the priests. The gospel is not publicly preached; no temples exist; yet there, more than anywhere else in Italy, the lively stones of the temple of God abound. The blood of the martyrs, says Tertullian, is the seed of Christianity. If the popes of paganism had not persecuted the little church of Christ, it would not, perhaps, have been established and extended over the earth. We will in a few words relate to our readers the religious history of Giovan-Battista Rug-

geri, whose name is not altogether unknown among the disciples of the Saviour :—

The sufferings of the Madiari excited the utmost indignation in Tuscany. Ruggeri, a shoemaker, of the age of twenty-five, inquired the reason for the severe punishment inflicted upon them. He was informed that it was because they had united themselves to the Evangelical brotherhood, the name by which the Christians of Florence are known. This term, Evangelical Brotherhood, sounded sweet and harmonious to the ears of the young shoemaker. He was not satisfied, however, but made further inquiries as to the doctrines of the members of the brotherhood. He was told that they believed nothing but what was written in the Holy Scriptures; and that, consequently, they rejected the doctrine of purgatory, indulgences, the adoration of images, the sacrifice of the mass, confession, the supremacy of the pope; in a word, all those impious and superstitious practices which are condemned by the Bible. His curiosity excited him to become acquainted with some of those Christians, and they provided him with a Bible. The reading of the word of God enlightened his mind with respect to the errors of the Roman Church. Although the truth as it is in Jesus had not fully entered his heart, he could not restrain himself from communicating his new opinions to others. The priests were alarmed, and took steps to have him arrested and put in prison, where he remained about nine months before it was decided whether he was guilty or innocent. The celebrated lawyer Salvagnoli undertook his defence. The substitute of the Procurator-General launched forth against the insolence of a shoemaker, who dared to discuss religious matters. Salvagnoli, on the other side, expressed the joy he felt to see that the lower classes in Tuscany were awaking to the importance of examination in religious matters. "Is not the soul of a shoemaker," he asked, "as precious as that of a prince?" The trial having terminated, Ruggeri was declared "not guilty," and set at liberty. A providential circumstance may here be remarked. As we have said, at the time of his arrest he knew the truth, but had not yet received it into his heart by the work and virtue of the Holy Spirit. In his dungeon he was truly converted to Jesus. Now, if he could not remain silent before his imprisonment, how was it possible he



should after having believed in the love of God in Jesus Christ! Endowed with great facility of speech, no sooner had he emerged from his prison than he felt the necessity of proclaiming the good tidings of reconciliation. Although the laws of his country imposed silence upon him, he said with Peter and John, "Judge ye, if it be right in the sight of God to obey you rather than God" (Acts iv. 19). He was no theologian, but a poor shoemaker; but neither were Peter and John theologians; but poor fishermen and unlettered men like Ruggeri. As they were with Jesus (Acts iv. 13), so he was with Jesus in prison.

All this occurred in 1853. On the morning of the 4th January, 1855, as Ruggeri was leaving his own town of San Piero, in Bagno, he was arrested a second time, and again flung into prison. Upon him were found a Bible and a few religious books. After about a year's confinement he was again tried. The lawyer Salvagnoli again undertook his defence. Most gladly would we present our readers with the details of this interesting trial; we must, however, confine ourselves to two circumstances. First, a truth expressed by Salvagnoli: "Is not our festival of the Corpus Domini," exclaimed he "a sheer profanation of the body of Christ?" Secondly, the favourable testimony of a Roman Catholic woman who was a witness against Ruggeri. "I have known the young man," she said, "for many years, and deplore the blindness which has befallen him. One thing that I cannot understand is, that since he has lived in heresy his conduct has been irreproachable." "It appears from the trial," says the correspondent of the CHRISTIAN TIMES, "that Ruggeri never concealed himself—never lent himself to any timid compromise—but openly confessed his conversion, and acquired the name of a zealous Protestant.

This dear brother, this intrepid defender of the truth, who after NINE MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT, was declared "NOT GUILTY," was again, the second time, after ELEVEN MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT, declared "NOT GUILTY." It is said that a murmur of applause was heard in the court on the acquittal being announced; this shows the sympathy of the Florentines for the evangelical Christians and their doctrines. Giovan-Battista Ruggeri is now subject to the strict surveillance of the police. He, however, perseveres in his zeal and fidelity to the Lord, and sooner than disobey God, is ready, for the third time, to return to prison. Let us not, then, forget to pray for this beloved brother.

S. F.

**MR. WEST AND HIS PREACHING.**

WE have, in another paper, noticed Mr. Philpot, who left the Church of England; we now give a few words spoken by a good man who still stands in the Church of England—we refer to Mr. West, Rector of Winchelsea, in Sussex. This good man often comes to London; and many hundreds run to hear him; and very highly they speak of him. He is a bold, determined, discriminating preacher of Salvation in the living soul; and his manner, his matter, and his position, render him an influential, and a useful man. It seems to matter but little, whether a man be in the Church, or out of it; if he preaches the gospel with light, life, and power, “the people” find him out; follow him; and their souls get fed. The gown, or no gown, is not the thing. The Prayer Book is not the test. It is a living testimony of CHRIST as GOD, as MAN, as MEDIATOR, as REDEEMER, as INTERCESSOR, as the HEAD, the HUSBAND, and the Helper in every sense, of poor sinners.—This is the ministry hungry souls and spiritual minds must have. These the Lord has promised to give unto his Church, and that promise is verified in Mr. West.

James Paul, the Paternoster Row Pulpit, has found out that Master West’s sermons will sell; therefore they are published. We have a few of them; and it may be, that we shall select a few Cheering Words therefrom. The following quotation is made rather to shew that Mr. West is an observer of the times; and that he makes the pulpit, what we think it should be, a kind of Watch Tower.—There the Watchman uses his eyes, and either sounds the alarm, or gives glad tidings, as the case may be. Here is a short sample of Mr. West’s ministry. The following is from No. 2562 of the Penny Pulpit.

“Have I any hearer before me here intensely exercised about his interest, who says—‘What I want to know is whether I am a child of God in Christ Jesus?’ Now let me say to you that I

hold this to be a sure test of your sonship. No mere carnal professor ever felt such exercise as that. The Christian must be exercised in some way or another. Oh! what harrassings I have had to-day, in anticipation of preaching here this evening. The wretchedness I have experienced about a text, and the earnestness of soul I have all day long felt, that it might please God to bless me to the living church to-night—the desire I had to be enabled to speak a word in season to the weary ones—to be an instrument to sooth the broken in heart—to be a helper, (instrumentally) to those brought low.”

“You remember those two words, ‘Jehovah-Jireh’ and ‘Ebenezer’—and you who are doubting, trembling, fearing, longing to know your adoption in Christ, who say, ‘O! if I could only know that Christ did die for me’—to all such poor ones—brought down ones, I say, mark those two words, Ebenezer! Jehovah-Jireh! You know their meaning! ‘Ebenezer,’ ‘the stone of help’—‘hitherto hath the Lord helped us;’ and ‘Jehovah-Jireh’—‘the Lord will provide.’ Now when the soul is dwelling in darkness, deadness, wretchedness, it is well to meditate on these words. To pace as it were to and fro between the two stones, on one of which it is written, Ebenezer,—on the other, Jehovah-Jireh; and when the soul sinks down, and faith seems gone, when we cannot trust the Lord, then to look at Ebenezer, and remember how God *has* helped us; then to take courage, and know the full meaning of Jehovah-Jireh, that he will *still* help, that he will still provide!

“His love in time past forbids me to think,  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink,  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.”

How many times has he helped you? How many times has he plucked your feet out of the net? How many times has he delivered you from temptation? How many times has he spoken peace to your wounded aching heart? No other voice could have done it. O! how often, when you have been sinning against him, when your own sin, and your own iniquity has brought you low, (“I was brought low,” said David,) how often has he spoken peace and helped you. David knew much of this. Remember the 130th Psalm. ‘Out of the depths have I cried unto thee O, Lord.’

# CHEERING WORDS

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1856.

No. 66.

## MR. SPURGEON IN EXETER HALL.

*(To the Editor of Cheering Words.)*



DEAR SIR, — I have not had much time, of late, to review the preaching, or to select the precious pieces from, my dear friend Spurgeon's sermons. You must know we have all been running about by the sea-side, in the corn-fields, and through the hop-gardens of late, that really we have not been able to watch things so closely as we used to do; but, on returning to London I was pleased to learn that, in consequence of the crowds who still attend Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, he and his friends had removed again to Exeter Hall, where every Sunday evening, he preaches to crowds of people. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that the daily, weekly, and monthly journals, are all criticising and writing him up, which of course, excites an interest, and maintains a consecutive and comprehensive thirst to hear this great preacher in Exeter Hall.

Price One-Halfpenny: or 10 Copies for 4d.

But, upon this point, Mr. CHEERING WORDS, you must allow me to say one word; and neither yourself, Mr. Spurgeon himself, nor any of his friends, must be offended. Last Lord's-day, a sister of mine, and her husband—(a minister,) being in town, were anxious to visit Exeter Hall; and so off to the Hall we went; and rare work had we to get in; there was such screaming and pushing, really, it was dreadful; but when we were in, and seated, the sight was grand indeed. Oh! it was an opportunity to preach the Gospel indeed; and I must confess that Mr. Spurgeon's privilege in this respect is immense, beyond thousands of good men who now, on the face of this globe, unfurl the banner of the Cross. Mr. Spurgeon preached from Isaiah's commission—"Comfort ye—Comfort ye my people," &c. But there were three things, which acted like little flies in this (otherwise) nice little pot of ointment. In the first place, the preacher said much about angels comforting, and ministers consoling, the Lord's people; but the Holy Ghost—THE COMFORTER—the essential and only real administrator of comfort—was not insisted upon, and set forth, as many of us would rejoice to hear. Oh, you little CHEERING WORDS—I know you speak to, and dwell in the houses and hearts of, many of Mr. Spurgeon's dearest friends; and I do pray that if they discover, (as some think,) anything like a negation, or slighting, or compromising, of the distinct Personality, Office, and Work of our adorable and Divine Comforter—"The Spirit of Truth"—and the only Quickener and Sanctifier, of the elect and redeemed people of God—that they will kindly point it out to him—for if Satan cannot do him hurt one way, he will try

another — and if it should come to pass, that Mr. Spurgeon's ministry merge into a theoretical, indistinctive, and indefinite sea of words, ideas, tales, and anecdotes, it may, for a time, engage the masses; but for its permanence and sterling usefulness, I shall tremble.

Another fly which annoyed us, was the noisy collection of money previous to the sermon. I know many hundreds will flock to hear a preacher, and never pay for their pew. I know the expenses of Exeter Hall are great, and the people who go there ought to pay them; but the rattling of money, after solemn prayer, and before sermon, seemed to be most unpleasant, and deplorably out of place. Do let me ask, if a better mode could not be adopted?—one that would not so violently break the service, and interfere so painfully with the worship of God?

I mingle, Sir, much with the people. I listen to much that many say—and such remarks as these speak volumes as regards the feelings of such minds as are not prepared to overlook the defects of our services. One lady said—“Mr. Spurgeon tells us, we are the scum of the earth; but his people cannot do without our money.” Let us labour to avoid occasion for such contempt.

A third fly, was the announcement of a great meeting to consider the plans for building a new and extensive Tabernacle. There was a flood of ambition about this; not seemly, nor good.

I may be wrong, but I seriously question the necessity for such an outlay. We have large Chapels in London not half filled. If not one half the people who profit under Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, can get seats in Park Street, I would offer a suggestion that might be useful in many

ways. Suppose, for instance, during the coming winter months, Mr. Spurgeon's labours be directed in this way:—Preaching every Sunday Morning in his own chapel, as now. During the month of October let him continue in Exeter Hall every Sunday evening. During the month of November, let Dr. Campbell fling his Finsbury Tabernacle pulpit open to Mr. Spurgeon every Sunday evening in that month. In December let that spacious Tottenham Court Road Chapel be opened to him for evenings. In January give him Zion Chapel, in Whitechapel; and, so on to Spa Fields, and other now half-empty places. By this means drooping causes might be revived, the worst neighbourhoods might be visited, the Gospel would be spread, Sinners might be gathered, saints might be edified, and the idea of "monopoly," "self-seeking," "popular petting," and many other hard sayings might receive a final death blow. If the whole Metropolis was thoroughly and thickly placarded with announcements of these different spheres of Mr. Spurgeon's labour—the public mind would be aroused more fully and extensively—if collections at all these places were made towards the new building fund, the money would be raised—and if the leading ministers of our Metropolis thus opened their pulpits to our almost universal favorite—(and I know no reason, scriptural, political, or evangelical, why even the gay little Landells, the sturdy and almost repulsive Chas. Stovell—or the lively and eloquent James Wells, should not unite in this enterprize to stir up the people to hear the Gospel—) there would be a bold demonstration given that our Gospel preachers are not so bigotted, so selfish, so monopolising, as they are now said to be.

Turning from this more external part of my work, I wish now——

[We are compelled here to cut our Correspondent's string, and reserve his other part until next month.—EDITOR.  
He signs himself,]

A FRIEND TO GOSPEL UNITY ON BIBLICAL PRINCIPLES.

"CHRIST IN THE VESSEL"

WE have before us an interesting little volume (published by Houlston and Stoneman, of 65, Paternoster-row,) entitled, "Things New and Old; or, Recollections by a District Visitor." We think it is the production of a clergyman's daughter, whose life being principally occupied in visiting the parishoners, she has gathered out from her own observations and reflections, many very striking narratives, and recorded them here. "The loss of the Killarney Steam Packet" is one of the most thrilling. In the centre of that painful tale the following incident shines like a star in a dark night. A lady-passenger preaching to her fellow-voyagers when destruction dashed its mighty powers around. These are the words:

"Some of the souls of those who perished in the wreck of the Killarney were saved; we doubt it not. When the danger was at the highest, and all hope that they should be saved was now taken away, there was one of the passengers, a lady, who went down into the cabin, and having called her fellow-voyagers together, read the word of God, and talked to them of the day of judgment, and of the blood that cleanseth from all sin, even the blood of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of perishing sinners; and she knelt down and prayed with them and for them, and assured them that now, even now, while the waves were dashing round the vessel, and they thought every moment might be the last—now, even now, they may believe and be saved; for the Lord Jesus casteth out none that come unto him. Surely it might be said of that cabin, that it was 'the house of God and the very gate of heaven.'

"'What became of that lady?' would be the first question asked by persons at a distance, or by those who read of this wreck in time to come. 'Was she saved?' When others of the voyagers



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had climbed the rock, a rope was put into that lady's hand that she might be drawn up this rock, and be safe there; and she was half-way up the rock, and then the rope slipped from her hand, and she fell.

"Prayer was that Christian's vital breath,

That Christian's native air,

Her watch-word at the gates of death;

She entered heaven by prayer.'

She entered heaven! Oh, that was better than resting on an earthly rock; that was better than being tossed about any longer on the waves of this troublesome world. Her husband was gone before her; it seems uncertain whether she knew this; but oh! if he, like her, was a child and servant of God, what a meeting was theirs! They are now made pillars in the temple of their God, to go no more out.

"When I read of the poor people finding a resting-place at last on the cold, slippery, barren rock, I thought of the words in the Bible, 'Their rock is not like our Rock.' 'Our rock,' I said. Do you know, dear reader, whom I mean? Did you ever hear or read a beautiful hymn which begins,

"'Rock of ages, cleft for me?

The Rock of ages means the only Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; and what is meant by being cleft? Cleft means parted, opened. The side of the Lord Jesus was opened with the soldier's spear. My dear reader, if we would be safe from the anger of God and the punishment of sin, we must be hid in Jesus Christ. Oh that his Holy Spirit may make you understand what I mean; we may talk of being *near* Christ, and being *with* Him; but this is not enough—we must be *in* Him if we would be safe; we must 'dwell in Christ, and Christ in us;' we must be one with Him, and He one with us."

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M'CHENE'S CHEERING WORDS ABOUT CHRIST.

I WILL give you a sweet verse to meditate upon, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?" Do you think that is your position? Truly this world is a wilderness, if you have seen it rightly. It is a place of guilt and shame. Every natural heart is a wilderness—a dry place without a drop of living water—and then all natural hearts put together make up a

wilderness world. The whole world lieth in wickedness. There are a few that know and love Jesus, and these few are panting to get more of the living water. Have you found Jesus truly? Do you feel willing to be all vile, all hell-deserving in yourself, and to let God's dear Son be all your shield and righteousness? Oh, make sure of this! Never mind what man thinks of you. I would not give a straw for the opinions of men as to whether I was safe or no. It is not what man thinks of us that will cover us in the judgment day. Oh, no! You must be in Jesus, sitting at his feet, allowing him to enwrap your guilty soul in divine righteousness.

If you were lying at the bottom of the sea, no eye could see your deformities; so when the infinite ocean of Immanuel's righteousness flows over the soul, you are swallowed up, as it were, in Christ. Your blackness is never seen, only his fairness; and thus a God of truth can say, "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair. Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." Keep this always in memory; and when guilt comes on the conscience, as it will, lie down beneath the righteousness of Jesus. Never lose sight of this; Jesus must be seen of the Father, instead of our guilty souls. It is no change in our black soul that is to be our covering. You must leave self, and stand in your elder Brother. Hide behind him. Let the Father's eye fall on him, not on you. He died to be shelter for such as you. If you are seen by the Father a naked, guilty sinner, you must die. There is no help for it. But if Jesus appears for you; if you hide in his wounds, and under his snowy raiment, then the Father himself loveth you, and now you are coming up from the wilderness. Every hour that strikes, that is an hour less between you and glory. Oh, do not grieve to part with the world if you are in Christ; an hour with Christ will make up for all your griefs and pains. Half an hour in the presence of our God will make us forget a lifetime of agony. He is the fountain of love; all the promises of God "in him are yea, and in him amen." I am sure if you would get a glimpse of him, you would lay your head on his breast and die there. May the Spirit anoint your eyes to see him more and more, and soften your heart to lean on him. Those that have leaned on him through the wilderness shall sit with him on the throne. Farewell, dear soul! the Lord feed you sweetly, as he feeds the flowers by silent drops of dew."

## BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED,

BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.

## BOOK VII.

*(Continued from page 141.)*

Thus rid of Talkative, they forward went, <sup>(a)</sup>  
 With good discourse their time they sweetly spent,  
 "But what comes here, (said Faithful,) Christian, see  
 Oh, 'tis my friend Evangelist, cries he;  
 'Twas he, good man, first put me in the way,"  
 "And my friend too, (adds Faithful,) I may say."  
 Evangelist comes up with smiling face,  
 "My friends, (said he,) I wish you joy and peace:  
 Tell me, dear Pilgrims, where your lot was cast,  
 And how yo've fared e'er since I saw you last."  
 They told him all they met with by the way,  
 And how the Lord had helped them to that day.  
 "Blessed be God, (Evangelist replied,)  
 That though you both have been severely tried;  
 Yet grace and strength have been so freely given,  
 And still you're travelling on the road to heaven.  
 Press forward then, celestial things pursue,  
 And ever keep the Conqueror's crown in view:  
 Watch well your hearts, in Christ alone confide;  
 Nor fear, for heaven itself is on your side:  
 But mark! trials expect—keep that in mind;  
 Some heavy trials yet you both will find;  
 You're almost through the wilderness, but soon  
 You'll reach a large, a vain, a wicked town—  
 There, if your enemies can have their will,  
 They'll persecute, and if permitted, kill.

---

(a) The character of Talkative is too common; such men abound in the present day; they can talk fluently about religion, but there is no true Godliness in their hearts or houses.

One of you there must seal the truth with blood,  
 And die a martyr for the living God,  
 But know, whose lot soe'er that trial proves,  
 Will soonest see the God he sees and loves."  
 Our pilgrims now their grand design pursue,  
 And soon the famous Town appeared in view :  
 A town of ancient date, and wealth, and fame,  
 And vanity : its just descriptive name.  
 A fair was kept for many ages here;  
 And kept on every day throughout the year.  
 All sorts of merchandise were sold,  
 Silver and pearls, and precious stones, and gold.  
 Crowns, kingdoms, titles, places, churches, trades,  
 Husbands and wives, and children, whores, and maids.  
 Bargains were made for health, and lives, and souls,  
 And here were jugglers, players, knaves, and fools.  
 Sins of all sorts, and kinds abounded here;  
 And men that lived to cheat, and game, and swear.  
 Through this bad place, the pilgrim's journey lay,  
 And none could shun it in a different way :  
 Our Lord himself once passed through this fair,  
 And laid out not a single farthing there. (a)  
 Our pilgrims enter then this wicked place,  
 And soon perceive it destitute of grace.  
 With proud disdain the scorned townsmen gazed,  
 Some at their homely garments seem amazed :  
 Some at their dialect were more surprised,  
 But most, because these men their wares despised,  
 What will ye buy? some taunting wretches cryed ;  
 " We buy the truth with meekness they replied ;  
 We count your vanities as light as air,  
 We look above—our hearts—our treasures, there.  
 This gave offence, and soon a tumult rose ;  
 They looked upon the pilgrims as their foes :

---

(a) Under the notion of a fair, the author beautifully describes this present evil world ; well deserving the name of vanity, for if the testimony of the wisest men be accredited :—" All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Charged them as enemies of public peace,  
 As fools, and madmen, worthy of disgrace :  
 Led them in heavy chains about the fair,  
 And in the chains, and stocks, exposed them there :  
 Like wretched outcasts, friendless, and forlorn,  
 Objects of laughter, raillery, and scorn, (a)  
 Meanwhile, some few from prejudice more free,  
 No evil in these Christian men could see :  
 The conduct of the baser rabble blamed,  
 And said ' their enemies might be ashamed :  
 Condemned their furious, persecuting, rage,  
 And owned that others more deserved the cage :  
 Their enemies with greater malice filled,  
 Exclaim the pilgrims must and shall be killed :  
 From that day forth their blood and lives were sought,  
 And they, for form's sake, soon to trial brought ;  
 Each carnal heart owed them a secret grudge,  
 And Hate-good was appointed for their judge.  
 Th' indictment stated, " They were foes to trade—  
 Schisms and commotions in the town had made ;  
 That many to their party they had won,  
 And this against their law and prince had done."  
 Then Faithful answered, " Him that is Most High !  
 My spirit serves ; while Satan I defy :  
 Commotions I abhor—a friend to peace ;  
 If men are won, it is to righteousness."  
 The crier then proclaimed, " Let all draw near,  
 Who mean against the prisoners to appear."  
 Envy came forward first, and first was sworn :  
 (He long had vowed to do him some ill turn.)  
 " My Lord, (said he,) this man I long have known,  
 And long has he disloyal notions sown.  
 Vile man he is, for all he canting saith,  
 And talks so plausibly about his faith.  
 My lord, he cries our ancient customs down—  
 Customs revered by every man in town ;

---

(a) Those who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.  
 Not to love the world, &c., stirs up opposition.

Before his God, he says, they all must fall,  
 And saying thus, no doubt condemns us all."  
 Next, Superstition came and kissed the Book,  
 Fixing upon Faithful a most murderous look :  
 " I know this fellow well ; for t'other day,  
 In company, my lord, I heard him say,  
 That our religion, if to Scripture brought,  
 Was good for nothing, and would come to naught.  
 Against the light he thinks we all rebel—  
 In short, he says, we all shall go to hell."  
 Next, Pickthank rose, and said, " My noble lord,  
 And you, good gentlemen, observe my word :  
 I know the pris'ner, know how he defames  
 You, my good lord, and all the worthy names  
 Of our chief gentry ; O, he hates the town,  
 And could he have his will, he'd pull it down."  
 Then spake the judge, " Base traitor, dost thou hear  
 The witness these good men against thee bear ?  
 Speak for yourself, if aught you wish to say ;  
 You don't deserve the favour, yet you may."  
 Faithful replied, " My answer, sir, is this :  
 " Against my God, I've nothing done amiss ;  
 Customs and laws against his Holy Word,  
 I must oppose, as hateful to my Lord ;  
 Your reigning vices I must deem disgrace,  
 And fitter far for hell, than for this place."  
 The wicked jury join the judge, and cry,  
 " Faithful is guilty, let the traitor die."  
 With savage cruelty, his flesh they tear,  
 Lance it with knives, and prick it with a spear ;  
 Then sorely scourged, he's fastened to a stake,  
 And burned to ashes, for his Saviour's sake.  
 Thus Faithful dies ; his spirit dear to God,  
 Mounts swift to heaven, along the shining road. (a)

---

(a) Such characters as Hategood, Envy, Superstition and Pickthanks  
 will readily be found, especially in time of persecution ; such is the en-  
 mity of the carnal mind against God and his people ; but how illustriously  
 does the grace of God shine forth in supporting his suffering saints, and  
 making them faithful unto death.

Christian in prison for a time retained,  
 Escapes their violence,—so God ordained.  
 His liberty resumed, he moves along ;  
 The way beguiling with a cheerful song :  
 “ Well, Faithful, thou hast faith fully professed  
 Unto thy Lord, with whom thou shalt be blessed  
 When faithless ones, whose joys are false and vain,  
 Are crying out with agony and pain.  
 Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive,  
 For though killed, truly thou art yet alive.”

*To be continued.*

THE BITTER WATERS MADE SWEET  
 IN THE  
 HAPPY DEATH OF MRS. BLAND.

THE *Baptist Messenger* gave the following cheering account of a painful dispensation :—

On Wednesday morning, July 9th, Deborah, the beloved wife of Mr. S. K. Bland, Baptist Minister, of Cheshunt, fell asleep, aged 31 years.

The mysterious providence which has thus swiftly removed the wife and mother from that circle of promising happiness and usefulness—not one year since entered upon—is truly a dark cloud ; but through the parting of the veil, the heavenly glory irradiates the prospect, and bids the mourning hearts be still, for “ God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain.”

After about six weeks' grievous suffering, her mind became alive to the solemn truth that her days were few upon the earth. Still the bonds of time were precious, and the lingering hopes of recovery remained and seemed to trammel the free resignation to the will of the Master.

But “ His people shall be willing in the day of his power.” That day came, and so came the will. On the Saturday preceding her removal, she feelingly told her husband, “ I feel I cannot last long,

and I do not wish it. I now long to be gone; the Lord will bless you. I feel I can give you up now—to depart to Christ is better.”

After getting into bed she said—“Come near me, dear; let me lean on you—and now talk to me about *Jesus*.”

Her husband called to her mind a very favourite Psalm (the 91st) and spoke of Jesus as the “Shadow of the Almighty.”

“Oh, yes,” she replied—

“ ‘The soul that on Jesus has lean’d for repose  
He’ll never, no never, desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
He’ll never, no never, no never forsake!’ ”

Ah, I did hope to have been spared to train up those dear children—but it may not be.”

From this time her resignation and calm peace was undisturbed. Early on Wednesday morning she exclaimed, (awaking from a confused slumber), “Oh! my dear mother, I am going now—I am going to glory! glory! glory! I shall soon be there—I *am there*. You will soon follow me—we shall meet again in glory—and my husband—we shall all be there. Rock of ages, shelter me! I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Precious—precious—precious Jesus!”

Those were her last audible words; and although for nearly half an hour, nature struggled with the last enemy, all the while her lips moved, and her face was lighted up with the dawn of a far greater and exceeding weight of glory. At length she clasped her hands upon her bosom, and all that was left on earth was that redeemed but fast corrupting body.

“It is sown a mortal body,  
It shall be raised in glory.”

Blessed portion, may that be ours!

#### PRAYER.

“Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.”



# "A BOY OVERBOARD."

THE night was calm, and the sea smooth; our ship was making nearly fifteen knots an hour. It was near midnight; most of the passengers had retired to their berths, and such hands as were not wanting to work the ship had "turned in." Suddenly there was a shout, "*Stop her!*" We were near mid-channel, and no craft near; something unusual, therefore, must have happened. Rushing upon deck, all was found to be in confusion; the steam was blowing off, and a horrid echo it seemed to the shout, "*A boy overboard!*" The ship was "backed," passengers and crew ran to the sides and to the stern, each straining his eye on that dark, drear night, and on those still, but deep, deep waters, to catch a glimpse of the object of their solicitude; but, alas! all was in vain. The night was so calm, and the ship was making such "way," that ere the engines could be stopped, and reversed, the poor boy had sunk to rise no more! A few minutes were devoted to the vain search, and then, at the word of command, the ship pursued her course. But that night, and that agonizing scene will not easily be forgotten.

The lad, it seemed, was a sharp, shrewd boy; he had but very recently joined the ship; and in his anxiety to become a thorough going sailor, had taken his place upon the fore-castle, by the side of the "look-out" man. Here, as it was supposed, he became overpowered with sleep, and reeling, fell over the side of the vessel.

Returning to the cabin, the passengers held a consultation. Some two or three who were pacing the deck at the time of the accident, had heard the screeching shouts of the drowning boy; these would seem still to be ringing in their ears; whilst other of the passengers commented upon the solemn fact of his sudden summons—as in a moment, prepared or unprepared—into another, an eternal, world! Where was he now?—and what? *He* who, but just before, was one among themselves, in health, in activity, in utter ignorance of what the next few minutes would disclose.

Retiring, at length, to their berths, one of the passengers—in the restlessness of that painfully-eventful night—cogitated thus:

This scene illustrates the character and circumstances of a minister of Christ's gospel! The Channel sets forth *Time*, running into the ocean, *Eternity*, dark, deep, dangerous! In and about a

channel are rocks, quicksands, and a variety of difficulties and dangers, as well as foreign foes and false friends; connected with eternity, there are evils of immense moment, and enemies both subtle and strong. There is *sin*—a weight, a dead weight—which, without the exercise of Divine love, Divine blood, Divine mercy, must, sooner or later, *sink the soul*. 'Tis impossible that the bark, however large, however strong, can successfully ride out the storms and contend the billows of Divine wrath, but by the interposition of Divine love, blood, and grace!

There is also *Satan*, an ever vigilant and a very mighty foe—a foe that adapts himself to circumstances. He can "stand all weathers," and adopt, as it may suit his purpose, the standard of all nations. He has a wonderful telescope; it serves him for night, as well as day, and enables him to descry "a sail" at a marvellous distance.

By this, he gains time to "clear for action," and to hoist false colours, in order to get "within range." There is, moreover, the *world*, and this is a treacherous enemy, for the world can be either fawn or frown, be smiling or sad, a dear friend to day, or a desperate foe to-morrow! The ship is that frail fabric, in which the spring of life is set in motion. "A plank, (says some writer) separates the voyager from eternity:"—so

"Our life contains a thousand strings,  
And dies if one be gone;  
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings,  
Should keep in tune so long."

The fore-castle-man, before referred to, represents the minister, placed upon the look-out, and to forewarn his fellow passengers. "Knowing the terror of the Lord, (says [the apostle,] we persuade men." It was said, that a man in question, had again and again cautioned the poor youth; but he, giving no heed and regardless of danger, presently fell a victim to his own thoughtlessness and folly. He heard—he heeded—but, alas! it was too late. Dreadful were his sensations—agonizing his cries. Gladly, indeed, would he who had just before warned him, now have aided him; but the one's entreaties, and the other's efforts, were entirely in vain.

D. A. D.

**ALL THIS, AND MORE, IS CHRIST TO ME.**

WHAT the breast is at the birth,  
What the soul is to the earth,  
What the gem is to the mine,  
What the grape is to the vine,  
What the bloom is to the tree,  
That is Jesus Christ to me!

What the string is to the lute,  
What the breath is to the flute,  
What the spring is to the watch,  
What the nerve is to the touch,  
What the breeze is to the sea,  
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What the estate is to the heir,  
What the autumn's to the year,  
What the seed is to the farm,  
What the sunbeam's to the corn,  
What the flower is to the bee,  
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What the light is to the eye,  
What the sun is to the sky,  
What the sea is to the river,  
What the hand is to the giver,  
What a friend is to the plea  
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What culture is unto the waste,  
What honey is unto the taste,  
What fragrance is unto the smell,  
Or springs of water to a well,  
What beauty is in all I see,  
All this, and more, is Christ to me.

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**THE BIBLE ALMANACK, FOR 1857.**

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# CHEERING WORDS

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## THE CONVERSION OF TWO VILLAGE GENTLEMEN.

**M**ANY years ago, there lived two well educated trading gentlemen. Upon a certain time, these gentlemen were called by their business, or rather by the providence of God, to go upon a long journey. And they travelled till they came into a certain little village. This little village was something like a favourite little spot in God's universe, for here his grace had reached the hearts of many; here they often met together; and here the gospel was preached, clearly, honestly, and faithfully, by one Mr. F——. It so happened that these two gentlemen went to the meeting-house, and heard this Mr. F——. They went into the assembly smiling, but came out with tears in their eyes—afraid of one another, and endeavouring by many ways to hide their concern—for neither of them knew how it was with the other. They durst not speak a word about what they had heard, until after unusual silence, one of them thought he must speak something; but his words almost stifled him, and he hung down his head. The other, after some time, with much ado, asked the former if he was well? He just answered, "See that we are alone, and the doors safe." Upon this, one of them, whose name was Y——, said, "Oh, my friend, how is it with *you*? I cannot tell; I am under such concern of mind as I never felt; nor do I know whether anybody else did ever feel such astonishing horror. I did hear of this sort, and despised them as ignorant, vain babblers; I was resolved never to be shaken in my mind: I went to the place armed with

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those resolutions—but something *irresistible* entered my heart when the preacher said that, ‘All the world was become guilty before God.’ There was something like a court called in my conscience: I was, by some power more than human, there indicted, proved guilty, and condemned; and now I lie in chains. I am ruined; I am undone; the burden I cannot bear; — and now I plainly see there is no *creature* can help me.”

The other, whose name was D——, with tears, heard him; and after some time, made answer, “Oh, what a journey is this! what will be the end of it? I went with you into the assembly, under the same resolutions — bent not so much as to consider anything I should hear, unless something to make sport of; but my sport is at an end for ever! I am slain! I am slain! Many things delivered so fastened upon me, that all the powers of nature can never shake them off. The sinful actions of my life were laid open before me; and I could not help assenting to what I never heard before—that all those sinful actions proceeded from a corrupt fountain—a nature universally depraved. And when the preacher said, ‘No man can redeem his brother, nor give unto God a ransom for him,’ it entered my soul. I lie under wounds which no human hand can heal. We have heard we must be judged, and we have heard the Judge is of ‘purer eyes than to look upon iniquity.’ Well may we bemoan ourselves!”

All that night they had no rest, but *death, judgment, and eternal destruction* was all they could hear, and a terrible sound it was. It was a *night* indeed unto them; but as it is said in the Word, “Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning:” so, in some measure, it was with them; for, about break of day, D—— said, “Do not you remember that the preacher said that, ‘God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world, through him, might be saved?’”

Y.—“I believe I do; and another word, ‘There is salvation in no other.’ Now my poor D——, who knows what may be in such words? It is plain we are undone. But these words speak of salvation; and though it is in no other but in him, whom we have despised, who knows but he will save such wretches as you and I, seeing he saves sinners!”

And with that, they lifted up their voices and wept, and could speak no more for some time. Then said D——, “What must we

do to be saved? I could freely die the most cruel death; or I could give the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul. Such sacrifices our *Druids* recommend; but, alas! the great God requireth no such sacrifices. For my part, I know not what to do."

Y.—"My friend and brother in distress, there are two things come into my mind, as the most proper steps we can take. Seeing that God, before whom we tremble, is infinitely great, he must be infinitely good; let us try to pray to him; and then let us seek out that servant of his that preached, and tell him our case, and beg his advice."

D.—"I like what you say; but I do not know how to pray to God, 'whose terror makes me afraid;' and as to the man, my heart sinks within me at the very thought of seeing him; and if he should speak roughly to us, I could not bear it."

Y.—"But, as I said before, there are some things that encourage me. He that is infinitely great, I think must be infinitely gracious. He might have destroyed us long ago, and *now* he does not strike us dead; I think there is grace in this. And as to the man, the servant of this Most High God, he is kind and compassionate; he is one of the children of men, and must know what it is to be under guilt, and can therefore feel for us, and perhaps may tell us after what manner he was relieved."

D.—"I think what you say is rational enough, but I am in a worse condition than you apprehend. Do as you think fit, let me but be with you."

Upon this, they threw themselves upon their knees, and after a long silence, said, "O Lord God, the Maker of all things, and the Governor of the world! unto thee all power must belong. We are two heathen men, ruined and undone; we deserve death and destruction — and it is owing only to thy sparing hand, that we are alive. Thou canst, in a moment, crush us to death, or, bring glory to thyself in the salvation of such wretches as we are. We understand that heathen men like ourselves, have been saved; for the sake of all thy goodness, and all that whereby thou makest it known, turn us, and save us. Amen."

They still kept on their knees, crying and bemoaning themselves. But after a while, they got up, called for some water, drank a little, and washed; and went in search of the preacher. After some enquiry, they found out the house where he sojourned; but when

they knocked at the door, they knocked like persons afraid to be heard. The person who opened the door, asked what their business was? They asked him whether the preacher of Christianity lived there, and whether he was at home? He answered, he was not at home; upon which they withdrew, and he shut the door. Their legs could hardly carry them; they stood in the street, looking at one another, trembling and amazed. At last, says D——, "What a disappointment is this! Our case seems darker, and darker; it looks as if we were to be shut up in darkness and distress for ever."

Y.—"The disappointment is great, but still, who knows? Let us go back, and ask when he is expected to be at home; for *that* we forgot." So they returned to the door, and again knocked; but the person observing them talking earnestly in the street, and not knowing what they said, was ready to think they were not on a good design, and so was very backward to open the door. But says Y——, "Pray when will the gentleman be at home?" Says he from within, "Pray, gentlemen, what may be your business with him?" They replied, with a submissive voice, "Pray be so kind as to open the door, and we will tell you." The door being opened, poor D——, with tears in his eyes, said to him, "Pray, sir, will you give us leave to come within your threshold?" This being granted, they entered.

Then said D——, with a countenance discovering the greatest concern, and tears on his cheeks, "Sir, are you a *Christian*?" He replied, "Yes; and," said he, "you make me take the freedom to ask you what you are?" Says D——, "The *Lord only* knows what we are;" and could say no more. Upon this, Y—— said, "We were born at C——, and brought up there in the religion of our ancestors; and, as we see now, have hitherto lived in ignorance and infidelity; but hearing the preacher of Christianity yesterday, have been under unspeakable trouble of mind ever since; and our present disappointment adds to our distress."

T——, (for that was the man's name,) replied, "I pity you both, and cannot at present put you into a better way, than to go and hear him preach to day at a neighbouring village, and I will go with you. Take a refreshing morsel of what is plain and wholesome, for if I mistake not, you stand in need of it." They thanked him, accepted his kindness, and presently set out.

As they went along, T—— would be dropping something that

concerned the kingdom of heaven; the misery of mankind by nature; the glory of Christ as a Saviour; the work of the Holy Spirit, and the wonders of God's love in sending the gospel to poor sinners, or bringing them to it without their design. Unto this, and much more to the same purpose, they gave due attention, but said little. Nevertheless, there was one thing that befel them, but turned out to their advantage: this they learned afterwards.

Before they came to the meeting-place, the service was begun: and as they entered, the minister read his text — "To it shall the Gentiles seek, and his rest shall be glorious." Isa. xi. 10. The minister knew nothing of them; and this was a happy consideration to them afterwards.

He observed that, the Gentiles were the poor heathens — and among others, the *Britons*; also, that their natural state was deplorable, under the dominion of sin, like the troubled sea that could not rest; where, with special application, he insisted on the wretchedness of man by nature. He observed that Christ Jesus was the blessed Ensign set up for the people; proved it—and insisted much on his suitableness to save, and the completeness of his salvation. He observed the *efficacy* of grace in quickening and drawing the sinner, upon which the heathen should seek to him; and then remarked, how they should be graciously received, and should not miss of present rest in faith — faith that should infallibly end in glory.

He was a long while in his sermon; but had he continued till midnight, they would not have been in the young man's case, who fell down from the third loft. When their tears intermitted, they could not forbear fixing their eyes on him, as if their whole life was in every word he said; but at times, were so affected, that they hung down their heads, and wished they could have concealed themselves, though within the hearing of his voice. As for Mr. T—, who brought them thither, it was a feast to him to see them so deeply impressed; and he blamed himself much that he had asked them with a sort of frown at home, what their business was with the preacher.

When worship was over, and the people dismissed, they went to the preacher, and signified to him their unfeigned respects; and knowing him to be much spent in his work, only desired leave to wait upon him the next morning at his lodgings. He, in the most



affectionate manner, told them he should be very glad to see them. They then departed, went to their inn, and ordered something for supper.

Being called to supper, and come to the table, the landlord, who at that time was to sup with them, with hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, implored the Divine blessing upon the food providence had prepared for them; and desired they might be enabled to make the best use of them, in their service, and to the glory of God, through Christ. The strangers being desired to help themselves, the landlord said, "How bountiful is our God! How he supplies us with mercies, together with health and appetites to partake of them! Before these fowls were yet chickens, they were designed for our refreshment; and every grain, which in their thoughtless rambles they picked up, grew for us. This bread may be traced to first the blade, then the ear which grew and ripened under the kind influence of heaven, to the full corn in the ear, and all for our use. This *Meth-y-glyn*, who can tell how many servants our provident God employed to bring it to our table! how many bees! with what industry did they work! into what fields were their flight, where the mellifluous flowers grew for us! with what art the honey gathered and preserved! and all for us! Our God commands seas, rivers, and fields to serve us. How does it become us to be thankful! But, (continued he,) though all this be wonderful, what is it to redemption, whereby a poor sinner is delivered from the wrath to come? His sins fully, freely, and for ever pardoned; his soul converted by grace; brought to believe on the Son of God; and blessed with the bread of life—the hidden manna! Enemies reconciled! Strangers brought near! Sinners saved! Oh, amazing grace!"

While he was thus discoursing of providence, their eyes were so fixed on him, that they could hardly regard their meat, only catch up a bit and look. But when he came to speak of redemption through Christ, they could look up no more; oh, they were melted, and hung down their heads, which, when he observed, he thought it prudent to desist, that the gentlemen might refresh themselves. Supper being ended, he solemnly gave thanks, and desired the gracious assistance of the Holy Spirit, that under his sin-subduing, soul-sanctifying operations, they might serve the living God faithfully, in the best use of all, through Christ.

After supper, he said to them, "Gentlemen, I am a Christian, and as such, would desire to honour God as the God of the families of his people, by worshipping with my family. I can command them, but, gentlemen, *strangers* I never press; and you are welcome either to join with us, or to withdraw to your own room." They said, if he pleased, they chose to stay. Jeremiah xxxi. was read; every part of it seemed to them filled with glory and power, more than human. The master of the family spoke briefly on the contents of the chapter, and when they had sung the 81st Psalm, he prayed in a judicious, affectionate manner, and particularly for the *strangers*, that God would make a precious discovery of the glory of his Son to them, and bless them with strong faith, fervent prayer, and evangelical holiness.

Bed-time being come, they heartily thanked the landlord for his prayers for them, and wished him and the family good night.

For a while they sat astonished, under the weight of crowding thoughts. At last, says Y—, "What an amazing day has this been! Disappointments all the day! Disappointed in seeking the preacher; disappointed in the unexpected kindness of the man of the house; and when the preacher spoke of the sinfulness of man, my wounds were searched, I groaned in my misery, and expected no comfort — but was mercifully disappointed. In an *inn*, I expected no religion, but you see in this, also, we are disappointed."

D.—"For my part, if I had spoken to the preacher beforehand, and told him my case, I should have thought that he spoke to me on purpose, for everything was so applicable; but this he could not know; so I hope what he said was provided for us by the gracious Lord, who knew our wants, and therefore guided his servant to those things which suited us. And now my dear Y—, do you pray to God, and we will go to bed." Upon this, they both, as in the morning, worshipped the Most High God; thanked him for the mercies of the day, and committed themselves unto him for the night; not forgetting now their poor families at home: and all with many tears.

Morning being come, they got up, and worshipped God; both of them prayed, committed themselves to the Lord, and begged that day might be a special blessing to them. After some spiritual discourse, they hastened to visit the preacher, asking the landlord to go with them; which he said he would readily do, only he desired

to worship God with his family first; "for, (said he,) we may be detained to an inconvenient time.

Worship being over, they set out, and quickly came to Mr. T——'s house, where the preacher sojourned, and found him ready, expecting them. After civil salutations, and seating themselves, the landlord said to his pastor, "Sir, these gentlemen seem to be under some discouraging thoughts, and being backward to speak, I take this freedom. I hope they are lovers of Christianity; they are come to converse with you on the great and mighty concerns of religion."

Minister. — "Gentlemen, you are heartily welcome; I look upon it as the business of my life, to serve the Lord Christ, and my poor fellow-sinners. But that it may be a sanctified opportunity to us, let us first seek the face of God in prayer." Accordingly, he prayed, and desired that the dear Spirit of all truth would graciously guide their thoughts and words to his glory, the instruction and edification of all present; and particularly that the strangers whom providence had brought there, might have all their wants supplied, and they made a blessing to their last moments, and then received to glory. When prayer was over, he said, "Now, Gentlemen, speak on."

Y.—"Sir, being on our journey, we called at this village, and put up at a house we shall never forget; and our curiosity led us to go to hear you preach. But — I tremble to relate it — a power more than natural seized us. We before heeded no man, nor had any thought of God; but now, our sins were set in order before us, and we saw ourselves lost and undone; — but heard of a Saviour for the worst of sinners." He went through most part of the story related, and then broke off, desiring the minister's judgment on their case, and his best advice.

The minister then related a very interesting account of his own conversion; and, after a suitable pause, added, "Our hope is not to be built upon the resemblance between one work of grace and another; for if so, it being attended with such a variety of different circumstances in those who are yet real Christians, there would be very little satisfactory hope found anywhere. The truth of the work lies in the turn of the heart from self to Christ. Whoever is brought to see himself lost and undone by sin; to see that his own righteousness is as filthy rags; and desires to be found in Christ and his righteousness, is a converted soul—a believer in the Lord, whether he be fully satisfied concerning his own faith or not.

And then, in the darkest times, I would not forget, nor would I have *you* forget, the words of the dear Saviour, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' Faith is the same for *kind* in all the godly; but as to the means and manner of God's working faith, there is a great *variety*. Your landlord is now called away, but when convenient, desire him to relate his experience."

To make short, the good servant of Jesus kept them with him all that day, instructing them in the principles of religion; and being men of good natural parts, some degree of learning, and now, men of grace, they quickly took in the principal doctrines of Christianity.

After prayers and tears for them, he asked them, before many witnesses, who hearing of that day's work, begged to be present—"Whether they did believe the truth of the Christian religion, and renounce whatever was inconsistent therewith?" They answered, "they did." He asked them, "Did they venture themselves and their souls upon Christ for salvation; yielding themselves and theirs unto him; taking his yoke upon them, and resolving in the strength of the Lord God Jehovah, to obey and serve him for ever?" They answered, "they did."

#### SATAN'S STORM IN THE SURREY GARDENS.

WITH the deepest sorrow, we have read, and reflected upon, the fatal calamities connected with Mr. Spurgeon's attempt to preach the Gospel in the Concert Room of the Surrey Gardens. That it was a diabolical satanic attack upon a servant of Christ, we feel quite certain—equally as certain are we, that, as Satan could not smite Job without Divine permission, so no more could Satan thus smite Mr. Spurgeon, and the cause so dear to his heart, unless some great end was thereby to be accomplished. Beyond all description, afflicting to us, is the fact, that life should be sacrificed at such a time, and under such circumstances—and especially when there was no cause nor reason why even one hair of any one's head should be hurt. The cry of "Fire" was a lie forged in the bottomless pit, and sent forth by infernal spirits expressly to hinder the spread of the Gospel. Alas! alas! how awfully true, in that case, were the words of James—"Behold! how great a matter a little ~~fire~~ kindleth!—the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity—and is set on fire of hell." (James iii. 5, 6.) But through this dark cloud, we are looking for some rays of heavenly light,—out of this dread calamity, we will hope light, life, and salvation, will yet arise. Next month, if all be well, expect a Cheering Word, even from this dark chaos.

## BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED,

BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.

*(Continued from page 160.)*

## BOOK VIII.

Christian is favoured with a new and excellent companion in Hopeful; they escape a new temptation; see the pillar of salt; are delightfully entertained at the River of God; but, unhappily forsaking the main road, for the sake of easier walking, they wander into Bye Path Meadow, where night and storm come on; they fall into the cruel hands of Giant Despair, and are confined in Doubting Castle for four days; but at length make their escape, by means of a key.

Not long alone did pious Christian walk,  
 For one, called Hopeful, joined him soon in talk;  
 'Twas what he saw the patient pilgrim bear,  
 During the persecution in the fair.  
 Prevailed on him to leave his native home,  
 And Christian-like a pilgrim to become.<sup>(a)</sup>  
 Together they pursued their journey, till,  
 Beyond the plain of ease at Lucre-hill:  
 Demas salutes them, "Gentlemen, (he cried,)   
 Pray have the goodness just to turn aside,  
 And view this rich, this noble silver mine,  
 Where wealth and treasure in abundance shine;  
 Stop here, and dig awhile, with little pains,  
 Great and astonishing will be your gains."<sup>(b)</sup>  
 "Come then, (said Hopeful,) let us go and see,  
 Here some have riches gained, and why not we?"  
 "Not I, (said Christian,) not a step I'll move,  
 This bait will certainly our ruin prove:  
 Who will be rich fall into many a snare,  
 And Oh! the thousands that have perished there."  
 Bye-ends, who followed after, soon began  
 To listen to his talk, then down he ran,

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(a) Persecution excites enquiry, and produces new converts, as in Hopeful's case.

(b) A new temptation is presented; prosperity is as dangerous as is adversity.

Anxious for wealth he long had been, (a)  
 Plunged in the pit, and never more was seen.  
 Bye-ends, and Silver Demas both agree,  
 One calls, the other runs, that he may be  
 A sharer in his gains ; so many do  
 In this world settle, and no further go.  
 A little onward, just beside the road,  
 An ancient monumental figure stood :  
 A pillar first it seemed ; they nearer drew ;  
 A female figure then appeared in view.  
 What can it be ? awhile they stood and gazed,  
 Th' inscription tried to read ; 'twas half erased,  
 The words at length they found to be,  
 " Lot's wife remember, who this pillar see."  
 " O salutary lesson, (Hopeful cried,) (b)  
 To me solicited to turn aside,  
 To me inclined that dangerous mine to see,  
 My keeper, God ! I give the praise to thee ;  
 Like her's, I own (with shame,) like her's my fault,  
 I live to praise, while she's a rock of salt." (c)  
*To be continued.*

THREE JOYFUL HARVESTS,  
 BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

THE commotion and excitement arising out of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching still continues, and while the daily and weekly public prints advertise and criticise him so liberally, his popularity will not only continue, but it must increase. If, however, his notoriety is based upon no better foundation, it will avail nothing. We hope, that in God's hands, he is a sharp threshing instrument, and that, by his instrumentality,

(a) "The love of money is the root of all evil;" which, while some have coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows, 1 Tim. vi. 10. How great is the privilege of having a faithful friend at hand to warn us of our danger.

(b) See Gen. xix. 26, compared with Luke xvii. 32.

(c) Such is the effect of genuine grace ; evil propensities are owned and lamented, and preservation ascribed to God alone.

many thousands of precious souls may be separated from the vile corruptions of the fall, and raised up to gospel liberty, and to perfect glory.

My attention has been called to his description of three joyful harvests, given in a sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon, some time since. There certainly are some cheering words in them, as the following extracts will shew; and I have thought, that unto these three joyful harvests, two more might be added. I would call the first a joyful domestic harvest; I would call the second, a joyful gospel harvest, and purpose in my next to make some remarks upon the difference between the two sons of Joseph, and the two sons of Eli, with some others whose names are in the Holy Book: also, I have a few words to offer upon the removal of the ark from Exeter Hall to the Surrey Gardens, and the awful satanic interruption there, but you are such a little wee thing that I must hold these reflections back, until next month. Pray give your readers the following suitable extracts, and remember, I am still

**"AN ISRAELITISH CAPTIVE IN BABYLON."**

"Let us not be forgetful of 'times and seasons;' there is much to be learned from them, and I would refresh your memories this morning by a harvest field. What a wondrous temple this world is; for in truth it is a temple of God's building wherein men ought to worship him. In this temple there are four evangelists. As we have four great evangelists in the Bible, so there are four evangelists in nature; and these are the four evangelists of the seasons—spring, summer, autumn, winter. \* \* \* \* \*

We are about to let autumn preach this morning. One of these four evangelists comes forth, and it says—'Is it not wheat harvest to-day?' We shall talk this morning of *three joyful harvests*.

"The first joyful harvest that I will mention is the harvest of the field which Samuel alluded to when he said—'Is it not wheat harvest to-day?'" We cannot forget the harvest of the field. It is not meet that these things should be forgotten; we ought not to let the fields be covered with corn, and to have their treasures stored away in the barns, and all the while to remain forgetful of God's mercy. Ingratitude, that worst of ills, is one of those vipers which makes its nest in the heart of man, and the adder never can

be slain until Divine grace comes there and sprinkles the blood of the cross upon man's heart. All vipers die when the blood of Christ is upon them. Bless God that he has sent an abundant harvest! Oh, fearful one, lift up thy head! and thou discontented one, be abased, and let thy discontent no more be known! The Jews always had a fest of tabernacles when the harvest time came. In the country they always have a 'harvest home;' and why should not we? I want you all to have one this day. Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! for the harvest is come—'Is it not wheat harvest to-day?' Poor desponding soul, let all your doubts and fears be gone. 'Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure.' That is one joyful harvest.

"The second joyful harvest is the harvest of every Christian. In one sense the Christian is the seed; in another, he is a sower. In one sense he is a seed sown by God, which is to germinate, grow, and ripen till the great harvest time. In another sense, every Christian is a sower sent into the world to sow good seed, and to sow good seed only. I do not say that Christian men never sow any other seed than good seed. Sometimes, in unguarded moments, they take garlic into their hands instead of wheat; and we may sow tares instead of corn. Christians sometimes make mistakes, and God sometimes suffers his people to fall, so that they sow sins; but the Christian never reaps his sins: Christ reaps them for him. He often has to have a decoction made of the bitter leaves of sin; but he never reaps the fruit of it. Christ has borne the punishment. Yet bear in mind, my brethren, if you and I sin against God, God will take our sin, and he will get an essence from it that will be bitter to our taste; though he does not make us eat the fruits, yet still he will make us grieve and sorrow over our crimes. But the Christian, as I have said, should be employed in sowing good seed, and as such he shall have a glorious harvest. In some sense or other the Christian must be sowing seed. If God calls him to the ministry, he is a seed sower; if God calls him to the Sabbath school, he is a seed sower; whatever his office, he is a sower of seed. Here I stand, sabbath after sabbath, and on week-days too, and sow seed broadcast all over this immense field; I cannot tell where my seed goes. Some are like barren ground, and they object to the seed that I sow. Let them—I have no objection that any man should do so. I am only responsible to God, whose servant I am. There are others, and my seed falls upon



them, and brings forth a little fruit; but by and bye, when the sun is up, because of persecution, they wither away and they die. But I hope there are many here who are like the good ground that God has prepared, and when I scatter the seed abroad, it falls on good ground, and brings forth fruit to an abundant harvest. Ah! the minister has a joyful harvest, even in this world, when he sees souls converted.

"Every Christian has his harvest. The Sabbath school teacher has his harvest. He goes, and he toils, and he ploughs very stony ground often; but he shall have his harvest. Oh, poor labouring Sabbath school teacher, hast thou seen no fruit yet? Dost thou say, 'Who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?' Cheer up, my brother, thou dost labour in a good cause; there must be some to do thy work. Hast thou seen no children converted? Well, fear not, you cannot expect to see the seed spring up very early: but remember—

'Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
It sha'n't deceive your hope;  
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
For God insures the crop.'

Go on sowing still, and thou shalt have a harvest when thou shalt see children converted. I have known some Sabbath school teachers who could count a dozen, or twenty, or thirty children who have, one after another, come to join the church, and know the Lord Jesus Christ. But if you should not live to see it on earth, remember you are only accountable for your labour, and not for your success. Sow still, toil on! 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it again after many days,' for God will not allow his word to be wasted: 'It shall not return unto him void; it shall accomplish that which he pleases.' But there is a poor mother who has been often sad. She has got a son or a daughter, and she has been always praying that God might convert their souls. Mother, thy son is an ungainly boy still—he grieves thy heart; still the hot tears scald thy cheeks on account of him. And thou, father, thou hast reproved him often; he is a wayward son, and he is still running the downward road. Cease not to pray. Oh, my brethren and sisters, who are parents, you shall have a harvest! There was a boy once, a very sinful child, who hearkened not to the counsel of his parents; but his mother prayed for him,

and now he stands to preach to this congregation every Sabbath. And when his mother thinks of her first-born preaching the gospel, she reaps a glorious harvest that makes her a glad woman. Now, fathers and mothers, such may be your case. However bad your children are at present, still press toward the throne of grace, and you shall have a harvest. What thinkest thou, mother, wouldst thou not rejoice to see thy son a minister of the gospel; thy daughter teaching and assisting in the cause of God? God will not suffer thee to pray, and thy prayers be unheeded.

"I must mention the third joyful harvest. We have had the harvest of the field, and the harvest of the Christian. We are now to have another, and that is the harvest of Christ. Christ had his sowing times. What bitter sowing times were they! Christ was one who went out, bearing precious seed. Oh! I picture Christ sowing the world. He sowed it with tears; he sowed it with drops of blood; he sowed it with sighs; he sowed it with agony of heart; and at last he sowed himself in the ground, to be the seed of a glorious crop. What a sowing time his was! He sowed in tears, in poverty, in sympathy, in grief, in agony, in woes, in suffering, and in death. He shall have a harvest too. Blessings on his name, Jehovah swears it; the everlasting predestination of the Almighty has settled that Christ shall have a harvest. He has sown, and he shall reap; he has scattered, and he shall win his prize. 'He shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days; and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands.' My friends, Christ has begun to reap his harvest. Yea, every soul that is converted is part of his reward; every one who comes to the Lord is a part of it. Every soul that is brought out of the mire clay and set on the king's high way, is a part of Christ's crop. But he is going to reap more yet. There is another harvest coming, in the latter day, when he shall reap armsful at a time, and gather the sheaves into his garner. Now men come to Christ in ones, and twos, and threes; but then they shall come in flocks, so that the church shall say, 'Who are these that come as doves to their windows?'

"There shall be a greater harvest time, when time shall be no more. Turn to the 14th chapter of Revelation and 13th verse—'And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth? yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.' They do not go before them, and win them hea-

ven. 'And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle. And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle, and reap: for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe. And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped.' That was Christ's harvest. Observe but one particular: when Christ comes to reap his field, he comes with a crown on. Oh, see that crowned reaper on his throne! There are all the nations gathered together;

" 'They come, they come, the ransom'd tribes,  
Where'er they rest or roam;  
They heard his voice in distant lands,  
And hasten'd to their home.'

"There they stand, one great army, before God. Then comes the crowned reaper from his throne: he takes his sharp sickle, and see him reap sheaf after sheaf, and he carries them up to the heavenly garner. Let us ask the question of ourselves, whether we shall be among the reaped ones — the wheat of the Lord? Notice again, that there was a first harvest, and then a vintage. The harvest is the righteous; the vintage is the wicked. When the wicked are gathered, an angel gathers them; but Christ will not trust an angel to reap the righteous. 'He that sat on the throne thrust in his sickle.' Oh, my soul! when thou comest to die, Christ will himself come after thee; when thou art to be cut down, he that sits upon the throne will cut thee down with a very sharp sickle, in order that he may do it as easily as possible. He will be the reaper himself; no reaper will be allowed to gather Christ's saints in, but Christ the King of saints. Oh, will it not be a joyful harvest, when all the chosen race, every one of them, shall be gathered in? There is a little shrivelled grain of wheat there, that has been growing somewhere on the headland, and that will be there. There are a great many who have been hanging down their heads, heavy with grain, and they will be there too. They will be gathered in:

" 'His honour is engaged to save  
The meanest of his sheep;  
All that his heavenly Father gave,  
His hands securely keep.'

*Extracted from a volume published by J. PAUL.*

# CHEERING WORDS

VOL. VI.

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## Gospel Giants

IN THE TIMES OF THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

**T**ALK of Ministers ! I declare, when I read the lives and labours of some of our valiant men who lived in bye-gone times, I am ashamed of myself, and look upon my puny, cold, and luke-warm efforts, as nothing to be compared to the work and mighty energies of the men referred to. I was, the other evening, at the Ordination of a young Minister of some note ; and a large assembly of "modern divines" were gathered together—each had his work to do ; but, poor things, not one of them, could either trust God, or depend upon their own memories ; and hence, like so many school-boys they brought their written lessons ; which they read with all the quietness of a delicate young lady. Oh, out upon such mockery. Surely, our Living Head, can never smile upon, or be honoured by such lifeless, and dumb services ! It makes me sad to think of it. There was one gentleman at the Ordination referred to, (I think his name was Thomas) who *spoke* to the people—and a beautiful address he delivered—but not one of them appeared to throw his whole soul into the work.

Dr. Fletcher—the other day—enlogised Mr. C. H. Spurgeon as beyond Whitefield. When C. H. Spurgeon goes right out amid the masses, as George Whitefield did, then, I shall

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begin to think he is a worthy follower of his adopted pattern. But, really, to look at, and to listen to, the cold-hearted, the long-headed, stiff-starched, "men of truth"—the essayists of this day, it is enough to make one despair. Is it any wonder our churches go down? No—none whatever:—if we have not a few "living coals" sent from the Great Altar soon—I fear Zion will sink into a fashionable and feeble academy, where Mrs. Morality, Mr. Mumblewords, and a large number of young folks, will carry on a system—good as far as it goes—but not good enough either to alarm sinners, awaken sleeping saints, or to put life into the visible church.

But, I shall offend. I only wish here to refer to a delightful work entitled "The Coronet and the Cross." It is Published by Partridge and Co. It holds up the life of the Countess of Huntingdon in a brilliant light. Where shall we find her equal now? Oh, ye Christian ladies of this generation! What are ye doing? Nothing! Shame on you. Read the following extract from the Coronet and the Cross. Christian Ministers and Spiritual Mothers! Read it, and, "Go thou, and do likewise!"

About nine years after, when Lady Huntingdon was at Bath, she was accosted in the street by an elderly gentlewoman, who, with much politeness, inquired for her address, intending to do herself the pleasure of calling upon her Ladyship. She omitted to ask the name of the stranger, and in a short time left Bath without hearing or seeing anything more of the old lady. Nearly a year after, Lord Tyrconnel presented to her a letter from this stranger. It was from the mother of the poet Savage; who after apologising for her seeming rudeness in not calling upon her Ladyship, says:—

"The day after I saw your Ladyship, I was seized with such a violent illness, that I thought I should have died; and even now whilst I write, a shuddering horror steals over me at the recollection I then endured from the terrifying of an alarmed conscience. When you call to mind some transactions in the life of the miserable individual who now addresses you, perhaps you will recoil with disgust from any association with a being so depraved and so debased. But, oh, dear Madam, recollect for a moment that I am touching my last hour, and that the prospect is dark and dreary as the tomb to which I am so rapidly hastening. I tremble, yes, my knees smite against

each other at the apprehension of the sentence I must receive at that awful tribunal before which I must soon appear. But I trust there may be mercy, even for me, vile offender as I am.”

This was an object to excite the compassionate interest of Lady Huntingdon; and though there are no documents to testify to it, there can be no doubt that her Ladyship visited this wretched woman, and endeavoured to point out how even her greatest crimes could be forgiven through Jesus Christ. She died October 11th, 1753.

In the summer of 1743, the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon, with the Ladies Hastings, arrived at Ledstone Hall, which had not been visited by any of the family since the decease of Lady Betty Hastings. The progress of Methodism in Yorkshire had been very encouraging. Mr. Ingham and Mr. Rogers, a clergyman of the Church of England, were attracting great crowds of hearers; and a number of Moravian ministers settled in the county. Many lay-preachers also arose, among whom were three brothers of the name of Batty, who were very eloquent preachers. The societies were considered in communion with the Established Church, and in union with the Moravians, till being greatly disturbed by the mobs, they were compelled to shelter themselves under the Toleration Act, and license their chapels by the name of *The Protestant Church of the United Brethren*. A mighty coadjutor was raised up in the Rev. William Grimshaw, rector of Haworth, near Bradford; a village, whose inhabitants were as wild and uncultivated as the soil, and as cold and lifeless as the bleak rocks and hills which surrounded them. His preaching was very powerful and effective, and aroused the attention of men. Soon his church was crowded with astonished hearers; and a great reformation in the morals of the place soon appeared. He visited his parish from house to house, teaching and expostulating with his people, and paid great attention to the aged and the young. His energy and zeal were not confined to his own parish; he assisted Mr. Ingham in his circuits; and in his *idle* week preached about fourteen times, while in his *busy* week, the number of his sermons sometimes amounted to thirty. While Lady Huntingdon was at Ledstone, Mr. and Lady Margaret Ingham, and Mrs. Grimshaw, were guests at the Hall; and were afterwards joined by Charles Wesley and Mr. Graves, who were itinerating in Yorkshire with considerable success. During their stay at the mansion, there was preaching twice for many successive days, and great crowds were gathered from various parts, and often from a great distance. The congregations were so vast that the services were generally held in the open air, and often many sermons were preached at intervals on the same day.

There was then a preacher in Yorkshire, named John Nelson, of whom her Ladyship had heard so much that she greatly desired to see him. He was a native of Birstal near Leeds; and while employed in the building of Somerset House, London, was deeply impressed by the preaching of Westley and Whitefield, and led to believe in Christ. On his return to his native place he longed to impart the blessings he had received to his friends; whom he assembled at his house. The room was soon crowded; and when his house could not contain those who flocked to him, he stood on his door-step in the evening, and talked about the way of salvation. Mr. Ingham heard him expound, and secured his services to exhort in his societies; which he did with surprising success. Lady Huntingdon, accompanied by Mr. Ingham and Mr. Graves, went to Birstal to hear this remarkable exhorter. After Mr. Ingham had addressed the assembled thousands, John Nelson rose, and spoke for half an hour amidst the breathless silence of the audience. The Countess was delighted, and, when parting, told him, with her characteristic energy, that God had called him to the work, and would severely punish him if he grew weary of it, and added, "He that called you is mighty to save; fear not, press forward; He will bless your testimony." John followed her advice, and pressed forward; he greatly extended his circuit, and preached in different parts of the county. Many were the difficulties and dangers he met with. Sometimes a fierce mob attacked him while preaching, and drove him and his congregation to some place of refuge; missiles and mud were thrown at him; and his life endangered by the violence of his enemies.

The vicar of Birstal resolved to rid himself of this zealous preacher, and arranged that he should be pressed for a soldier. He was carried to Halifax before the commissioners, where the vicar was on the bench; and after vainly remonstrating, was marched off to Bradford, and thrust into a dungeon, for the sole crime of being anxious for God's glory and the good of mankind. *His courage did not for one moment forsake him*; friends brought him candles, meat, and water, and sang outside the prison the hymn he was singing within; and his wife came and shouted to him through the key-hole, "*Fear not, but trust in God.*" The indignities he suffered on his way to York were of a most barbarous kind; and wherever he staid for the night, vast crowds came to see him through the grated windows of his gaol. Soon after his arrival at York he was brought before the court; and when the indictment was read, the only charge preferred was, "*This is the Methodist preacher, and he refuses to take the service money.*" No threat could induce him to take the king's coin; and he bore his arms and accoutrements as a cross he was com-

pelled to take up. He still, however, preached, prayed, and distributed Wealey's little books, with as much zeal as ever; for which he was cursed by the ensign of his company, and thrust into prison. Lady Huntingdon used all her influence to obtain his discharge. She was well acquainted with the Countess Dowager of Sunderland, through whom she obtained an interview with her step-son Charles, Earl of Sunderland, who, a short time before, had been promoted to the rank of Brigadier General of His Majesty's forces. His Lordship, after patiently hearing the case, assured her that those for whom she had pleaded should be set at liberty in a few days. She communicated the intelligence to Nelson, through Charles Wealey; and he was released from his captivity, July 28th.

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### A LETTER TO LITTLE FAITH.

WE promised a few words from William Huntington's little work. We begin with the following :

The full assurance of gospel faith is a most comforting, soul-establishing, and God-glorifying grace; yet it must be acknowledged, that faith is the gift of God, and all the household of faith are not at the height of this stature. I have known something of this grace for these seventeen years, and it is well known that it has been sorely tried many ways: and for my part I believe it is the faith of God's elect that I am favoured with, for it hath prevailed with God times without number; and, agreeable to scripture, I find that in quietness and in confidence is my strength, Isa. xxx. 15. But I cannot find that it is in my power to exercise this grace when I would, though I could wish it were always in exercise. Faith is a fruit of the Spirit; hence the Spirit is called, the Spirit of faith; and if faith be a fruit of the Spirit, then the Spirit must be the life, power, and root, of faith; and this wind bloweth when and where it listeth. I cannot command the north wind to awake when I please; nor is the south wind in my power, that it should blow on my garden at my pleasure, and cause the spices to flow out at my command. This power rests entirely with God, who hath dealt to every believing man the measure of faith, Rom. xii. 3; who alone has the residue of the Spirit, Mal. ii. 15; and gives to his people, as need requires, a supply of the same, which influences faith and every other grace, as it pleaseth God, who is the sovereign disposer of every good and perfect gift. I find, by daily experience that the life, power, courage, activity, or exercise of faith, are far from being at my command: I can neither will nor do



any thing truly good, but as God works inclination and motion in me of his good pleasure I am therefore compelled to acknowledge, that from the Lord is my fruit found; and without a sensible union with Christ I can do nothing: though God who knows my heart, knows that I would willingly spend and be spent in his service, and in the service of his people.

However, I find this is not the experience of every professor: some are perfect in the flesh, while I am obliged to confess that in my flesh dwells nothing good: but you, Sir, it seems, are arrived at the full assurance of faith, insomuch that you are purged from all doubts and fears, while I, at certain times, cannot trust God for a text to preach from, nor believe that he will own or bless my labours when I have got one: and I declare to you, to my shame, that I have known the time, even I could call the Saviour my Father and my God, that I could not so much as trust to him for food and raiment: and, to be plain, I have been acquainted with some who have boasted of as much assurance of faith as yourself, who have been as much straitened in the pulpit for matter, and as much puzzled for the necessaries of life, as I have been; which has given me reason to suspect there have been some doubts at the bottom, though they might have been overlooked; for I read that all things are possible to him that believeth, and, if all things are, matter for the pulpit, and the necessaries of life, must be included among them, for our heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of these things.

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#### THE BENIGHTED PREACHER AND THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Mr. GUTHRIE, an eminent minister in Scotland, was one evening travelling home very late. Having lost his way on a moor, he laid the reins on the neck of his horse, and committed himself to the direction of Providence. After long travelling over ditches and fields, the horse brought him to a farmer's house, into which he went, and requested permission to sit by the fire till morning, which was granted. A Popish priest was administering extreme unction to the mistress of the house, who was dying. Mr. Guthrie said nothing till the priest had retired. Then he went forward to the dying woman, and asked her if she enjoyed peace in the prospect of death, in consequence of what the priest had said and done to her. She answered that she did not; on which he spoke to

her of salvation through the atoning blood of the Redeemer. The Lord taught her to understand, and enabled her to believe the message of mercy, and she died triumphing in Jesus Christ as her Saviour. After witnessing this astonishing scene, Mr. Guthrie mounted his horse and rode home. On his arrival, he told Mrs. Guthrie he had seen a great wonder during the night. "I came," said he, "to a farmhouse, where I found a woman in a state of *nature*; I saw her in a state of *grace*; and I left her in a state of *glory*.

There's not a name beneath the skies, nor is there one in heaven above,

But that of JESUS, can suffice the sinner's burden to remove.  
Sweet name! when once its virtue's known, how weak all other helps appear!

The sinner trusts to it alone, and finds the grand specific there.

Reader, are you in a state of *nature* or in a state of *grace*? Neither Popish priests nor Protestant ministers can translate you from *nature* to *grace*. None but Christ can do it; He is able and willing.

THE REV. JAMES SMITH,

(OF CHILTENHAM.)

### ON UNEQUAL MARRIAGES.

THE *British Messenger* for October, contains a short paper of immense value. It is full of Cautionary—if not of Cheering—Words—and we hope its insertion here may be rendered useful.—Abridgement is unavoidable: The writer says—

Parents, beware how you encourage or give your sanction to mixed marriages. There can be no substitute for real Christianity. There should be clear proof of union to Christ, before parents agree to their converted children giving up their company and affections to any sutor. Ministers of Christ—take heed how you give your sanction to such marriages. It is to be feared, that the subject is not dwelt upon in the pulpit, with that solemnity and frequency that its importance demands. A young person once called on me to request me to preside at the consummation of such a union. I said to her, the young man is not a Christian, and it is not lawful for you to

have him. Your Bible says, you are "at liberty to be married to whom you will, *but only in the Lord.*" Now, he is not in the Lord, therefore you are not at liberty to be married to him." She pleaded, made excuses, &c., until I said—"Now suppose you and Mr. ——— had agreed together to break the eighth commandment, and had fixed the time when you would commit a robbery; and you come to me and asked me to be present, and sanction you in doing it, and also to pray to God to bless you in doing it; and I agreed to do so—*what should I be?*" "O but, Sir, we should never think of doing that." "Perhaps not, but is it any worse to break a precept of the law, than it is to break a precept of [the gospel? Have not the precepts of the gospel the same force—are they not as solemn—ought they not to be as sacredly observed as the precepts of the law? Is it worse to insult God, as he appears in fire on Mount Sinai, than it is to insult him when he appears full of love, in the person of his Son? I think not." I fear we are not plain enough, pointed enough, impressive enough, personal enough, when we enforce the precepts of the gospel on the Lord's people: and I fear we too often give some of our young friends reason to trifle with some of the requirements of our God and Saviour. May not this, if it be so, account, in a measure, for the want of life, power, and success in our churches? I fear so. The church and the world are not so distinct as they should be.

### BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED,

BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.

(Continued from page 175.)

#### BOOK VIII.

Christian is favoured with a new and excellent companion in Hopeful; they escape a new temptation; see the pillar of salt; are delightfully entertained at the River of God; but, unhappily forsaking the main road, for the sake of easier walking, they wander into Bye Path Meadow, where night and storm come on; they fall into the cruel hands of Giant Despair and are confined in Doubting Castle for four days; but at length make their escape, by means of a key.

Cross by the path a copious river flowed,  
Which David calls "the river of his God:"  
On either hand delightful meadows lay,  
And fragrant rows of fruit trees line the way;  
The trees supply them with delicious food;  
Their leaves for healing purposes were good;

In flower fields they find sweet repose,  
 Sweeter than any, save a pilgrim knows,  
 They drink, refreshed by living water here ;  
 They eat, and drink, and sleep, devoid of fear ;  
 How good was God, how sweet and calm the rest,  
 Oh ! how completely were the pilgrims blest.  
 Refreshed and thankful now they speed their way,  
 For many a mile as yet before them lay.  
 Reluctant they forsake this pleasant spot,  
 For not so smooth the pilgrim's constant lot.  
 Ere long, the road grew rough and full of stones,  
 Their feet were blistered ; weary were their bones.  
 Now, towards the left, and close beside the road,  
 A meadow lay, and there the road was good.  
 Over the stile goes Christian : " Let us see,  
 Whether it keeps along our road, (said he,)  
 Yes, Hopeful come, 'tis charming walking here ;  
 'Tis the right way, my brother, never fear."  
 'Twas Bye-path meadow, now the pilgrims trod,  
 A way that leads from happiness and God. (a)  
 Here dangerous traps, and horrid pits abound,  
 On purpose formed, by him that owns the ground ;  
 Vain Confidence, who walked just before,  
 Falling, was crushed to death, and seen no more.  
 They heard his groans, and now were sore afraid :  
 " Where are you now ? (poor trembling Hopeful said,)  
 I feared, my friend, this path would lead astray ;  
 Oh ! that we had not left the narrow way.  
 Darkness came on with thunder, lightning, rain,  
 Torrents poured down, the waters rose a main,  
 The storm terrific filled their souls with dread,  
 And vengeance seemed just bursting on their head.  
 " What can we do ? (said they,) not here remain,  
 But turn and try the way of life to gain ;"  
 They turned and tried, but ah ! the waters rose ;  
 The mighty waters all attempts oppose.

(a) Psalm xlv. 4. Rev. ii. 3. The River of the Water of Life makes glad the City of our God.

In vain they search, no path could now be found,  
And narrowly they 'scape from being drowned ;  
A little shelter, pleased, at length they find,  
And wearied out, to sleep they both inclined.  
Not distant far, a stately castle stands,  
There dwells a Giant who the plain commands.  
Doubting, the castle's called, of ancient fame,  
Despair, the savage Giant's fearful name.  
Walking betimes his wide domain around,  
He finds the pilgrims sleeping on the ground :  
Then with a surly look, and voice austere,  
He cries, " who are you ? what do you here ?"  
" Pilgrim's to Zion, travelling, then, (said they,)   
But yesternight, good Sir, we lost our way."  
Despair replied, " you're trespassers I see,  
My pris'ners, therefore come along with me."  
What could they do ? to whom could they complain  
Resistance to a Giant was in vain.  
Straight to the Castle yard he drove the men,  
And locked them in a deep and dirty den.  
There, sad they lie, without a ray of light ;  
No soul to speak to, morning, noon, or night :  
Four days confined without a bit of bread,  
Or drop of drink, 'till they were almost dead.

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# CHEERING WORDS

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1857.

No. 69.

## The Conversion of Children,

BY THE REV. J. P. COOKE.

*(From the "Christian Treasury.")*

**W**E lately endeavoured to illustrate and establish the proposition, that there are means of grace appropriate for infants, and for children of a tender age. We now desire to impress upon our readers the duty of making an earnest use of these means. We think we have not failed to make it clear, that the minds of young children are as open to receive communications from the mind of the Saviour, through well-adapted means of grace, as are the minds of adults. We are aware that these little minds are reached by little thoughts, that their natural horizon is narrow, and that the conceptions of Divine truth which they receive are proportionately simple. Yet we hold that such conceptions as they are capable of receiving, are as adequate to a radical and permanent change of character, as are the maturer thoughts and reasonings of maturer minds. Nor are we left to conjecture in regard to this. Facts abound in individual experience which go to show that such early impressions, however minute in themselves, have fixed and determined the character for life.

Price One-Halfpenny: or 10 Copies for 4d.

Cowper's mother died when he was six years old. Of course all the impressions which she made on his mind were made before that time. Yet his after life shewed that those impressions involved the salvation of her child. Near fifty years after his mother's death he writes, "Not a week passes (and, perhaps, I may, with equal veracity, say a day) in which I do not think of her,—such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for shewing it was short." After his mother's death, he speaks of himself as having gone far into sin. But the remembrance of his mother's love held him back from ruin, and led the way to his salvation. So much was wrought by a happy maternal influence upon this susceptible mind, before the age of six years.

The case of John Randolph, who, after a somewhat strange career, gave hopeful evidence of recovery, is in point. He once said to a friend, "I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics. And though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was, the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.'"

Little is thought by many, at the time, of such impressions made on infant minds, but in these cases, particularly the latter, we see that they were more powerful than a sweeping torrent of infidelity, before which many of our strongest men at that period fell. It would be easy to fill volumes with like examples, which have been put on record. And how small a part of the whole have been recorded! If the facts could all be known, it might perhaps appear that a great proportion of those who at any period of life have been brought to Christ, owe this result, in some form or other, to impressions made upon them in their earlier years. Still the great mass of Christians are sceptical as to the value of these early impres-

sions. Doubtless there are many who owe their own salvation to impressions which they received in the nursery, who yet think that such infantile impressions are little to be accounted of.

If the means of grace employed upon young children avail so much, in results which shew themselves in after years and throughout their whole life, it would seem that nothing hinders their securing the more immediate conversion of children. The permanence of the impressions produced, and their manifest connection with the result in the cases alluded to, shews that the Spirit of God wrought with them, if it does not shew that conversion actually took place in infancy. We have then the fact, that young children are as really accessible to the means of grace as are maturer minds, and that the Holy Spirit is wont to operate through these means. And what need we more?

That no more frequent conversions take place among our children, is clearly accounted for. Though God is sovereign in the dispensation of his grace, he ordinarily, if not always, bestows his sovereign grace in connection with the adopted labours of men, whom he makes "workers together with" him. And there is usually a visible proportion between the well-directed labour of his people, done in faith, and the results of that labour. A good reason, therefore, why no more of our children are converted, is that no effort is made, while they are children, in earnest expectation of such an event. Whatever labour is bestowed upon them in the family, and in the Sabbath school, has a direction exclusively towards their *future* conversion. They are exhorted to learn such and such things, because they will do them good when they have grown up. This gives them to understand that they cannot become Christians now; so that too much of the instruction which children receive has a direct tendency to *prevent* their present conversion.

As things now are, the season of *youth*,—that is, the sea-



son between childhood and mature manhood,—is the season when most of those who are converted at all are brought in. But how would it be with our young people, if they were dealt with in the same way that young children are, and, in all our teaching and preaching, were told that their conversion is not expected now, but hoped for when they should reach the meridian of life? Youth is a more favourable period of life for conversion than later years, for a variety of reasons that might be named. For like reasons, we believe that childhood is a more favourable period than youth; and if the minds of children received as appropriate treatment in this great matter, doubtless the season of childhood would be the most fruitful of all seasons in the conversion of souls to God. Youth is better than maturer life, not because the mind is stronger and better able to understand the difficult things of religion, but because it is more tender and susceptible, and less free from temptations and cares. But the same may be said, and with greater force, in regard to childhood. It is the most of all tender and susceptible, while it is equally within the sphere of means of grace which are adapted to itself.

There is, however, one fact, which, be it right or wrong, goes far to prevent efforts being made for the conversion of children, and to prevent the effect of those that are made, and that is, that children are not received into the church. There are some manifest cases of conversion among children,—some which all Christians, acquainted with them, confess to have been genuine. But these children, though at an age capable of being taught the nature and use of church ordinances, and so capable of having communion with Christ in the use of them, are by invariable custom excluded from the church; and by this custom all children are virtually taught that they are not expected to be Christians while they are children. This custom does much to produce and confirm a universal sentiment and practice adverse to the conversion of young children.

He would be a bold man, who, at this day, should take the ground that converted children ought to be received into the visible church, as soon as they give satisfactory evidence of conversion, and shew that they are able to understand the nature of ordinances and covenant transactions with God. But whether such a position could be sustained or not, it is clear that our practice contrary to it is liable, in no small degree, to discourage and impede efforts for the conversion of children. Though much can be said in support of the present custom, the question has confessedly two sides, and it may be well to consider what can be said in favour of a different practice. This, however, must be deferred for the present.

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#### THE DROP OF BLOOD.

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"GOD HAS GIVEN TO US ETERNAL LIFE, AND THAT LIFE IS IN HIS SON." HIS BLOOD "CLEANSETH FROM ALL SIN."

IN how affecting a manner is this doctrine exemplified in the case of a poor dying native of the islands of the South Seas! The man had been once a stern and blood-thirsty savage. He had become by the mercy and grace of God, a gentle, humble follower of our Lord; an anxious inquirer after "the truth as it is in Jesus." He was blind; for he had received a blow in battle before his conversion, which had deprived him of his sight; but the old blind warrior was so earnest, so eager a hearer of the Word, and treasured up so carefully the truths which he received into his heart, that he became well acquainted with them, and walked in godly consistency for some years. But death came to call away the poor old man. "I am not lonely," he said to the minister who visited him in his lonely hut; "for I have frequent visits from God. God and I were talking when you came in." "Well," he said, "and what were you talking about?"

"I was praying to depart and be with Christ, which is far better," was his reply. "Having intimated," says the missionary, "that I feared his sickness would terminate in death, I wished him to tell me what he thought of himself in the sight of God, and what was the foundation of his hope." "Oh," he replied, "I have been in great trouble this morning, but I am happy now. I saw an immense mountain, with precipitous sides, up which I tried to climb, but when I had reached a considerable height, I lost my hold, and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance and sat down to weep; and while weeping, I saw *a drop of blood* fall upon that mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved." Wishing to obtain his own ideas of what had been presented to his imagination, I said, "This was certainly a strange sight; what meaning do you put upon it?" After expressing his surprise that I should be at a loss for the interpretation, he exclaimed, "That mountain was my sins, and the drop which fell upon it was *one drop of the precious blood of Jesus*, by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away." "I expressed my satisfaction," said the missionary, "at finding he had such an idea of the magnitude of his guilt, and such exalted views of the efficacy of the Saviour's blood; and that though the eyes of his body were blind, he could with 'the eye of his heart' see such a glorious sight. I was with him when he breathed his last. During this interview he quoted many precious passages of Scripture; and having exclaimed with energy, 'O death, where is thy sting?' his voice faltered, his eyes became fixed, his hands dropped, and his spirit departed to be with that Saviour, one drop of whose blood had melted away the mountain of his guilt."

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## NEVER DESPAIR.

THERE is great danger of Christian wives losing sight of the unconverted state of their husbands, when those husbands are affectionate partners, and kind, exemplary citizens. And there is no less danger, perhaps, of discouragement, if many prayers have gone up for their conversion without apparent effect, and many tender words have been spoken in seasons when the heart seemed open and impressible to receive them. We have seen wives who had tacitly abandoned all hope of the conversion of their companions in life, and cherished no real and vital solicitude for them. But the true Christian should never despair,—but rely on the promises of God, never repealed, and sow beside all waters, assured of finding fruit after many days. The Rev. T. S. Cuyler gives, in the *Christian Intelligencer*, an incident in point:—

“I am for ever done with church-going and preaching,” said a sceptical husband to a pious wife, after listening to a pungent sermon on infidelity. But the wife *prayed*. That is what every wife can do. She prayed. “My dear,” said she one evening, with gentle voice,—“will you grant me one little request? Go with me to-night to meeting.” “I will go to the door, but no farther,” he replied. “That will do,” said the amiable wife. They went together. They parted at the entrance, her heart absorbed, as she took her seat, in fervent prayer for her beloved partner. Some minutes elapsed, service had commenced, when suddenly the door opened, a heavy step advanced, and to her unspeakable joy, her husband calmly seated himself near her. That night, Mr. H——was interested and affected. The next evening, after tea, as they sat conversing at their pleasant fireside, the husband rose, and, while a tear trickled down his cheek, “Wife,” said he, “*is it not time to go to church?*” She sprang from her chair, and although it was early by a whole hour, she feared delay. Taking hat and cloak, they went. That was the happiest night of their wedded life, for Mr. H—— took his place among the enquirers, and for the last ten years has sat *beside his wife* at the communion table.

Reader, have you done *all* your duty to your unconverted friends?

## THE RESURRECTION LIFE IN THIS WORLD.

### No. I.

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‘ I will pray the Father for you, and He shall send you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever.’—John xiv. 16.  
 “In whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance.”—Eph. i. 13, 14.  
 “Know ye not that your bodies are the Temple of the Holy Ghost?”  
 1 Cor. vi. 19.

To the prayerful reader of the New Testament, it will be obvious that there are three distinct forms of life—or, rather, three degrees of the same spiritual life spoken of.

I. The measure or form of spiritual life the disciples had whilst Jesus was with them on the earth.

II. The measure or form of spiritual life enjoyed by the church after our Lord’s resurrection, and the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. And,

III. The glorious measure or form of spiritual life the church shall possess when, at the Revelation of the Lord of Glory, body and soul shall be reunited, and all the elect shall be for ever with, and like their Lord.

Now it doth appear to me, that the generality of Christians in these days assimilate more to the nature of the life of the disciples *before* our Lord’s resurrection. They have been convinced of sin—have, in a measure, come out from the world, and self; they believe in the Son of God; they have a hope that their sins are forgiven, and that they are saved from the wrath to come: and having united themselves to a section of the church most suited to their own conscientious views of Divine truth, they partake in the privileges of God’s house, and the society of their fellow-believers; and go in and out, year after year, respected and respectable in their church-standing. Yet, here they seem to rest. They pray, and sing about the world being a wilderness of conflicts, and doubts, and fears, and so forth; at times, rejoice when the ministry is experimental and comforting; and have a kind of indistinct and vague notion of deliverance out of the world’s troubles and annoy-

ances, to a more peaceful and happy condition ; and with more or less of outward seal, they dream away their high and holy privileges as sons of God — forgetful or ignorant of that higher and holier life, the resurrection or Holy Ghost life, which dwells within them. Counting themselves as poor sinful worms, feeble souls, and suchlike stereotyped expressions, they but seldom think of their sonship of the Father, their brotherhood with Jesus, the *newness* of life in the spirit in which they are called to walk with strength and joy. Christianity—as I verily believe, and as I see it declared in God's Word—is not the mere fact of a little help being communicated to enable the believer to abstain from sin — to make him different in his worldly habits and associations to what he was in his unregenerate condition. No ; it is higher than all this ; far, far more than this. It is, as I conceive, the implanting of a new nature ; a holy power and a life which he had not before ; a gift consequent on his reception of Christ, as his Prophet, Priest, and King—as his Risen Head.

The disciples were weak and error-full, and vacillating, even though true believers in Jesus. Whilst he was daily with them on the earth, they were in truth but a “ feeble folk ;” but behold them after the descent of the Holy Ghost, when as men endowed with the resurrection life — the promise of the Father — the gift of the glorified Head of the Church—and we see a goodly fellowship, and a right noble army of apostles, and servants of the Most High. And, moreover, this gift was to abide with the church forever. It was not for the apostles *exclusively*, though it was to them *especially* —but for every one—rich and poor, great and small, learned and illiterate—that believeth on the Son of God. Blessed legacy of the Man of Sorrows ! Glorious bestowment of the Lord of Life and Glory !

Read the Epistles, or letters, of these men of God, as addressed to the church, not only of their own days, but throughout all ages ; for the church of God in time and place is but one—it is the household of God—his family in heaven, on earth, or, yet in the quarry of nature. I say, read those letters, and lo, in every page thereof, what exhortations to holy joy and peace ! What light and fellowship ! What self-denying and God-glorifying fruits of faith and love ! What patience of hope ! What deadness to this present evil

world, and bright anticipations of, and daily waiting for, the coming glory : — the cross, and its blessings — the beginning — the crown, the consummation of all—sin blotted out for ever—peace with God, no more a Judge, but a Father ! *Onward and upward* is the note, ever sounded to the Christian army. The blood, their ransom price ; the Holy Ghost their indwelling life ; earth their place of witness and testimony, and heaven their final abode !

This was how the early church was taught : and filled with consolations, and bold in the truth, they waged a good warfare, as their history sets forth.

“ That the season from the time of our Lord’s Resurrection to his Second Advent is the dispensation of the Spirit, the church doth seem to have well nigh forgotten, or but faintly perceived, and hence the want of unction and demonstration of the Spirit and of power in many of the ministries.”

We hear of the *influence* of the Holy Spirit sometimes prayed for—an unscriptural expression, by-the-bye, and no where used in the New Testament—we hear of a fresh *outpouring* of the Spirit prayed for. Brethren !—Church of the living God !—the Spirit hath been poured out on the church once and for ever !—“ He is with you, (saith Jesus,) and shall be in you.” Again : “ He shall abide with you for ever.” But he is grieved and neglected, talent is set up in his place—respectability and man’s expediency is worshipped and exalted. He cannot work, because of unbelief and indifference. Oh ! woe is it, that, with all our light, and knowledge and means, the sin of this age of the church is grieving the Spirit, and men feel it not. And if one rise up and testify of these truths to his brethren, will be met with coldness and distrust ; and because this doctrine has been abused, to favour certain past heresies, he who shall faithfully, though feebly, raise his voice in its defence, will, perchance, be counted as one connected with such errors.

Well, be it even so ; still “ Wisdom is justified of all her children ;” yea, “ Let God be true, and every man a liar.” I stand upon the broad, firm basis of gospel truth and Divine revelation, and assert, that the peculiar privilege of every believing child of God is to be a temple of the indwelling Spirit of God ; it is in this character God beholds him or her. It is for this gift God

holds his church responsible. It is in this standing the believer is called upon to serve, or to suffer. Oh, beloved brethren, I do hold that it is a matter of impossibility for any man in whom the Spirit of God dwelleth not to keep the law as spiritually declared by Jesus to the disciples on the mount (see Matthew chapters v., vi., viii.); and yet Jesus calls on his people not only to hear, but to do, this transcript of the will of his Father and their Father—his God and their God. Yea, what saith the Apostle in another place? “Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.” And again: “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his.” And yet again: “He that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit.” Again I repeat it, is this blessed, holy, strengthening power of the Spirit, or rather, the belief and realisation of it, that we need in these days of rebuke, error, and blasphemy. Truly the enemy cometh in like a flood, shall not believers lift up, in the power of the Spirit, a standard against him? Oh, for a trumpet voice! to call, with heart arousing energy, on the lukewarm, indifferent, formal hordes of *professing*, *aye*, and *possessing* Christians! Dear Mr. Evans, of John-street, now in glory, used to say, “How many of you need conversion? How many that hear me need *re-conversion*?”

What is wanted in the length and breadth of our land, are a goodly band of such men as our respected friend and brother, Mr. Spurgeon, and others of his stamp—men whose hearts burn within them for the glory of God—whose eyes o’erflow for the abominations that are done in the land. Men who have the glory of God and the salvation of souls laid mightily on their hearts, by the Spirit of the Lord. Oh, that God, in his infinite mercy, may raise up many, many such ministers, laymen, Christian brethren, who feel their high and holy calling—not walking merely as *disciples*, but as *saints*! Willing to be scorned and derided by the Pharisee and the formalist—willing to be counted men that turn the world upside down—willing (if need be) to go to the death for Christ—knowing that from such a death shall arise the possession of an incorruptible and glorious crown.

I must here conclude for a season. If these words of mine shall have the effect of leading any to reflect, and search the Scriptures whether these things be so—if they should produce, instrumentally,



a humiliation before God, and a determination to gird up the loins afresh, and trim the lamp, and go forth in holy self-denial and service to be ready to meet the Lord at his coming, then shall the end of their transcribing be answered; and that such may be the ease, to the glory of God and the comfort and well-being of their own souls, is my fervent prayer.

THEOPHILUS.

[The second paper on this subject will appear in the February number.—Ed.]

**BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED,**

BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.

*(Continued from Vol. VI. page 190.)*

THE Giant now consulting with his wife.  
 Resolved to make them weary of their life;  
 By her advice they first were sorely beat,  
 Till they could scarcely stand upon their feet:  
 Next day he visits them, and "Ah! (said he,  
 You villians, you are yet alive I see;  
 Fools that you are, and mighty fond of life,  
 When, in a moment, you might end the strife,  
 By friendly poison, halter, sword, or knife."  
 The Giant now withdrawn, poor Christian cries,  
 "Dear brother Hopeful, what would you advise?  
 No prospect of deliverance can I see,  
 And death, you know, at once would set us free." (a)  
 Hopeful replied, "Our case is bad, 'tis true,  
 And death I covet full as much as you;  
 But life and death are not for us to will,  
 And God has strictly said, 'Thou shalt not kill.'  
 In vain we hope by death for ease, for know,  
 That murderers to hell must surely go.  
 Our case is bad, not desperate, for we see,  
 Others escape his hands, and so may we.

(a) Here Christian seems to be on the borders of despair, and even tempted to self-murder, but prevented by the good advice of his friend Hopeful, who reminds him of God's former mercies, and his own courageous conduct.

Besides, he has his fits, at times, I'm told,  
 And should he have them here, I shall make bold  
 To try my utmost strength to get away,  
 My freedom gain, and see a cheerful day.  
 Christian, remember, when in yonder fair,  
 How bold to truth were you, how valiant there.  
 You dreaded not the prison or the stake,  
 Then, why so gloomy now? Fresh courage take;  
 The God who helped you now is still the same,  
 Be patient therefore, trust his holy Name."  
 Well, thus the poor deserted prisoners lay,  
 All Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday;  
 Resolved at length to pray; on God they call,  
 And prostrate on the earth before him fall:  
 'Twas midnight when they first began to pray,  
 And on they wrestled till the break of day.  
 "Why what a monst'rous fool I am, (he cries,)   
 Here in this horrid dungeon to remain,  
 When, in a moment, I might freedom gain.  
 Here, in my bosom, lies a curious key,  
 'Twill open any lock, come, let us see."  
 He tries the dungeon,—open flies the door,  
 And out they sallied to return no more.  
 Then tried the gate, next to the Castle-yard,  
 That opened too, but opened very hard.  
 The outward iron-door alone remains,  
 And this they opened, but with mighty pains.  
 It creaked aloud, the noise the Giant wakes,  
 And speedily towards the gate he makes:  
 His fits return, he falls upon the ground,  
 While o'er the fields the happy Pilgrims bound. (b)  
 The king's high-way regained, to God they raise,  
 The holy tribute of their heart-felt praise;

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(b) The wonderful usefulness of the precious promises of God, in his word, so here most happily represented under the figure of a key—a key that would open any lock in Doubting Castle: thus prayer and faith prevailed.

"And be it now, (said they,) our pious care,  
That other Pilgrims may avoid the snare;"  
A pillar there they raise, and there engrave  
These lines, the heedless travellers to save. (c)  
"Pilgrim, beware, nor leave the king's high-way,  
This private road will turn your feet astray:  
It leads to Doubting Castle, O, beware,  
Or you become the prey of black despair!"

## BOOK IX.

The Pilgrims are delightfully entertained by the shepherds, on the Delectable Mountains, from whence they have a prospect of the Celestial City.

PROCEEDING sweetly tow'ards their journey's end,  
The Mount Delectable they now ascend;  
Orchards and vineyards deck the fruitful ground,  
And cooling fountains every where abound.  
Here safely feeding, num'rous flocks appear,  
And skilful Shepherds tend their fleecy care;  
Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere,  
The Shepherds' names, to every Pilgrim dear.  
"Pilgrims, (said they,) you're welcome to this place,  
Here stop, refresh, and then proceed in peace;"  
They to the shepherds' tents with joy repair,  
And met with pleasant entertainment there. (a)  
Refreshed, they rise, abroad they early walk,  
The pious Shepherds join in friendly talk;  
The morn was beautiful, the sky was clear,  
And charming prospects all around appear.  
"But now, (said they,) to help your growth in grace,  
We'll show you all the wonders of the place."  
To view the Hill of Error, first they go;  
The further side was steep, and far below,

(d) "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren," said Christ.

(a) By the Delectable mountains, we may understand the holy delight which Christians in an advanced state of experience enjoy, when they get above the world, and by faith behold the glories of the heavenly state; particularly when they are assisted by the ministry of able and faithful pastors, such as are here described.

Dead bodies mangl'd, lay unburied there,  
 Objects of horror to the traveller.  
 "These men, (the Shepherds said,) once tower'd high,  
 In curious speculations to the sky:  
 The danger of their pride and error view,  
 And let it prove a warning, Sirs, to you." (b)  
 Mount Caution next, another hill they rise,  
 A curious object there attracts their eyes.  
 Wand'ring among the tombs were many men,  
 As blind as moles; and ev'ry now and then,  
 One and another falls,—all try to gain,  
 Deliv'rance thence,—their efforts all are vain,  
 Christian affected asks, "Pray who are these?  
 We'll tell you, (said the Shepherds,) if you please.  
 "Did you observe, in coming here, there stood  
 A stile upon the left hand, by the road?  
 From thence, o'er Bye-path Meadow, turns a way,  
 In which these men, once pilgrims, went astray:  
 By grim Despair the wanderers were found,  
 And punished for their trespass on his ground.  
 In Doubting Castle, they were long confined;  
 And then the cruel monster made them blind.  
 They from the dungeon to the tombs were led,  
 And now they ever wander 'mongst the dead."  
 Hopeful and Christian, full of joy and fear,  
 Looked in each other's face, and dropped a tear. (c)  
 Conducted by the Shepherds, next they view  
 A scene as terrifying as 'twas new:  
 On the hill-side, at bottom, was a door,  
 Which they were now requested to explore.  
 'Twas dark and smoky; there they heard the cries  
 Of men in flames and dreadful agonies.

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(b) Great are the dangers of error in religion, and dangerously false that worldly maxim, "That it does not signify what we believe, provided we are moral and sincere."

(c) The deplorable condition of many who had wandered from the right way, and were never recovered, excites tears and gratitude from our pilgrims, who had been graciously restored. "Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

"What's this? (said Christian,) What's this dismal call?"  
 The Shepherds answered, "The bye-way to hell;  
 This way all hypocrites are used to go,  
 Whose godliness is but an empty show;  
 Esau and Judas, and a thousand more,  
 Who once the garb of pure religion wore."  
 "And can it be, (said they,) thus far to come,  
 Yet never reach the pilgrim's happy home?  
 Almighty Saviour! be our constant friend,  
 And safely keep us to our journey's end." (d)  
 "There's one thing more, (the Shepherds said,) remains,  
 The sight of which will well reward your pains;  
 Let us ascend that hill, (we call it Clear,)  
 And thence, the gates of Zion will appear."  
 The hill surmounted, eager they apply,  
 The glass perspective to the longing eye;  
 Intent and earnest for the gate they look,  
 But, ah! their feeble hands with terror shook.  
 The sight they last beheld was not forgot,  
 Apostacy, they feared might prove their lot:  
 And yet they thought they saw the golden gate,  
 And some faint glimm'rings of the heav'nly state. (e)  
 Thus edified, they leave the pleasant spot,  
 For much instruction here, indeed they got.  
 Departing hence, the Shepherds kindly say,  
 "Accept this note, 'twill guide your doubtful way.  
 Be sure to shun the flatt'rer's fatal snare,  
 You pass th' enchanted grounds, O! sleep not there.  
 Then they went on, the air with gladness rang,  
 While they with joy the foll'wing sonnet sang:  
 "Thus by the Shepherds, secrets are revealed,  
 Which from all other men are kept concealed;  
 Come to the Shepherds, then, if you would see,  
 Things deep, things hid, and that mysterious be."

(d) When professors of religion are not sincere, sooner or later, they will fall away. The greater part of the world walk in the broad road of sin and profaneness, but here is a bye-way to hell; — "He had only the mask of godliness."

(To be continued.)

# CHEERING WORDS

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## Trust in Providence.

**T**HE Lord remembereth his saints, however poor; though denied often the necessary means of existence, how are they strengthened! amid circumstances the most trying, how is their faith exercised and sustained! A very striking instance of the truth of this remark came under my personal observation, when calling to see an aged Christian. I found her sitting in a very small, but neat room, on a bitterly cold day in the depth of winter. She had hardly any fire, yet was her countenance bright, and her conversation animated; for she had learned to stay her mind on God at all times; and she told me her experience of his faithfulness was such, that she felt as if she could never again mistrust his providence to her, or that her bread and water should fail; and of the ever-living Water she had long drank, and was continually refreshed. She mentioned that at one time she was left without a morsel, but she knelt down to ask for the temporal aid to be given.

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Whilst in the act of her petition, a letter enclosing a sovereign was most unexpectedly sent her from a lady who had formerly visited her, but had left the neighbourhood. At another time she was equally straitened, and had nothing with which to make a fire; she opened her heart to her God, who was near, and hardly had she risen from her knees when a stranger tapped at her door, giving her a ticket for coals, and slipping a few shillings into her hand; since then she had never doubted. She was very lame, could not read, but her memory was stored with precious texts, which she loved to remember and talk about. It was wonderful to see her faith, and the settled joy of her heart; she believed and was not ashamed or disappointed; she literally lived a life of communion with her Saviour; she felt and relished his presence. The Spirit bore witness with her spirit as to her being his, and she rejoiced and thanked God.

What a blissful experience was this poor woman's!—so poor, yet so rich! looking forward to the heavenly and incorruptible inheritance. Dear friends, let this living witness cheer us. We have the same God to go to, the same Saviour, the same Spirit. Let us all more earnestly seek, more urgently knock, that we may find him who says, "I will never leave thee or forsake thee."

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#### TRIUMPH IN DEATH.

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"Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" Triumphant words—only to be expressed by the dying saint, who is raised above the fear of death, hell, and

the grave, through the mighty and all powerful Conqueror Christ Jesus. Nature shrinks from dissolution—heart and flesh failing, the mortal agony, the leaving all here below, the entrance into another state, from which none return, to give account—this needs a dying faith, which no human aid can afford. It is a trial, moreover, to which all are subject. There is no evading the last enemy ; to be prepared to meet him, we can only be enabled through divine strength and grace. “ I am the resurrection and the life.” This is only to be fully realised in the dying hour. “ Because I live, ye shall live also.” But have none been known to triumph when encountering this dread foe? Yes. Many, thanks be to God, who giveth the victory through Jesus Christ. The dark valley hath been made light, the deep waters have been safely passed, they have not overflowed, for the precious Jesus was near, and made good his promise, “ I will be with thee.” It is a remarkable fact, that from Christians, who for the most part have been in bondage during their lives, through fear of death, when the solemn time arrived, all terror has fled they seemed to see the King in his beauty, and only rejoice in the prospect before them.

The dying testimony of saints is most blessed and encouraging. I have the privilege of one from a most beloved sister, whose life was an epitome of her daily walk with her Saviour, yet she had this fear of the last hour. It pleased God to bring her very speedily, after a comparatively brief illness, to the dreaded conflict ; but what was her experience? A sweet, calm, and unshaken trust took possession of her soul ; she was able to lean on the Beloved, exclaiming, in a triumphant strain, “ No fears ! no fears ! ” sending precious texts to one and another of her relatives, such as, “ He will never leave you or forsake you ; ” her eyes positively beaming with joy, and uplifted with the view just about to burst upon her, of the glorious immortality. At the mo-



ment apparently of departure, with arms and hands raised, "Good bye! Good bye!" she exclaimed; the soul impatient to be detained, a radiance of joy and hope appearing on the sweet face not to be described hardly by those who witnessed it, and soon she fell asleep in Jesus.

Dear and valued sister! sweet in life, and sweet in death. We may well say, "Precious in the sight of the Lord are the souls of the righteous." They die not; they but sleep; the spirit ascends to glory, there to abide for ever, and come forth with the risen Saviour. The inanimate dust shall be raised, and made glorious at the resurrection. What blessedness should we not realise for all loved ones gone before! What hope for ourselves, the meeting again with them! but above all, the meeting with our Lord. Let us not fear death, then, but make the following words ours:—

" Jesus, the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowering charms;  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace  
If Christ be in my arms.

" Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
How sweet my minutes roll!  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
And glory in my soul."

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—It is proposed to have an Engraving in each future number of **CHEERING WORDS**, a Corner for Children, and other improvements. This cannot be effected at the present price, which does not nearly suffice to meet even the expenses of the work. But being averse to raise the price, we shall effect the intended change by inserting a few missionary and other interesting Notices and Advertisements on the outside leaves.

## THE PRAYER MEETING.

## THE ABSENTEE.

“BUT, Thomas!”—Ah, shall we proceed with the record? Shall we recite the guilt of a disciple? Why not? This very incident was written for our use. Mark, then, the emphasis—“*Thomas*”—*one of the twelve*—“was not with them when Jesus came!” It is surprising. Not Pilate—Herod—Annas—Caiaphas. Not any of those who raised the wild cry—“Crucify him!” What did they care for Jesus, except to crush his cause, and to blot his name from the earth! Strange place for them—the place of prayer! No—it was Thomas—one of the twelve! Called to be a disciple—to tell his grace, to be washed in his blood, to reign with him in glory! *He* was absent on that memorable night. Fellow-Christian, thy impenitent neighbour may not attend the prayer-meeting. He is not a vessel of mercy. He makes no profession of faith, hope, love. No throne and crown await him on high. Thou art chosen. Thou hast faith. Along thine eternal pathway spreads the eternal glory.

“Was *not* with them!” Well, what if he was not? It was a little matter—very little—just staying away from the prayer-meeting. Ah, my brother, it was large enough to be noticed by the Omniscient Eye—to be marked by the divine pen. The church, in all ages since, has read it. The world, far and wide, has known it. Coming generations, even to the end of time, will learn it. I do not know but in heaven they will still wonder at that strange line—“Thomas was *not* with them, when Jesus came!” Dost thou remember who notes *thy* absence from the prayer-meeting? Thinkest thou, when the books are opened, there will be no record concerning thee?

*Why* was not Thomas there ? Doubtless there was a reason. Perhaps his business was urgent. He must make sale of those fish ; or, may be, his net was broken, and must be mended. Perhaps he was invited to meet some friends, and must prayer interfere with a social visit ? Or, perhaps, there was some special attraction that night in Jerusalem—a concert of music, may be, or a lecture from some famous Rabbi ; and must these be foregone just for the church prayer-meeting ? Or, perhaps it rained, or, at least, was cloudy, or somewhat cold ; or—I do not know what was the reason. This I know —“ Thomas was *not* with them, when Jesus came !” Christian professor ! thou dost not know what kept Thomas from the prayer-meeting ; but what is it that so often keeps *thee* ? Is it a good reason ? Will it bear scrutiny now ? Will it appear valid from thy bed of death ? Will it stand the ordeal of the judgment ?

But some one says : “ It would indeed have had a better *look* if Thomas had been present. It would have been more consistent with his religious profession. But, really, what practical difference did it make ? Or, at most, if it did exert some slight influence for evil on others, did Thomas himself suffer any loss ?” Loss ! Alas ! who can tell what loss ? Was it not an occasion of deep and sacred interest ? Was not the glorious Saviour there ? Did he not fill those praying ones with divine peace ? Did he not impart to them the Holy Ghost ? Great, beyond expression, were the benefits, as well as joy, of that hour. It was an epoch in their earthly history. It will add brightness to their immortal being.

Reader ! dost thou belong to the church of Christ ? And yet, dost thou stay from the prayer-meeting ? I say nothing now of duty or consistency ; but consider, I pray you, art thou not a *loser* ?

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## HARD TEXTS EXPLAINED

GAL. iii. 24. "*Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ.*" A pedagogue. This was generally a slave, who severely watched over his master's sons, and was employed to lead them to and from school. The moral law shewed the evil of sin, and the ceremonial, by types, pointed to the great sacrifice for sin.

1 Peter v. 8. "*Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.*" The roaring of a lion in quest of his prey, resembles the sound of distant thunder, appalling every animal. A vigilant enemy must be watched with equal vigilance.

Job xxxvii. 4. "*He thundereth with the voice of his excellency.*" Eastern thunder is most terrific. If the elements in motion are so awful, how tremendous must be the thunder of Divine wrath!

Isa. lxii. 4. "*Thy land shall be married.*" An Eastern sovereign is spoken of as married to his dominions. Union with God is the bliss of the church.

Psaln lxii. 3. "*As a bowing wall shall ye be.*" Owing to heavy rains, floods, and bad foundations, Eastern walls are often seen much out of perpendicular. God's church stands, but its enemies are insecure as the building that sinks under its own weight.

Jer. xxv. 10. "*I will take from them the light of the candle.*" Respectable people in the East burn a lamp in the night. It keeps off poisonous reptiles. The threat implies that the smallest comfort should be taken away. When men will not regard God's word, they must expect to feel his rod.

Ps. ciii. 5. "*So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.*" A popular notion prevailed that the eagle when near 100 years old cast all her feathers. When God revives religion in the soul or restores the sinking frame, there is much reason for the warmest praise.

1 Peter i. 13. "*Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind.*" The Eastern robes required tucking up under a girdle to enable the

wearer to engage in any active employment. 'Gather up your affections that they hang not down to encumber you in your race.'

Col. iii. 10. "*Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.*" Married females in the East are in a state of great degradation, and often beaten. British females should love the religion of Christ, for they owe all their comforts to its influence.

Ps. xxxix. 11. "*Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth.*" Eastern moth is large, beautiful, shortlived. How often does a touch of God's hand consign youth and beauty to the dust!

Ps. lxxv. 1. "*Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion.*" The margin reads 'Praise is silent.' Silent praise and meditation are much practised by the Eastern people, who sit for hours completely absorbed in thought. Praise may well wait in silence, for who can utter all God's praise?

Ps. vi. 8. "*The Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.*" Silent grief is not known in the East; they say sorrow has a voice. The believer's tears have a prevailing voice with God.

Matt. xxv. 32. "*As a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.*" In Attica the sheep and goats, computed at 160,000, were intermixed. The sheep and goats graze in one pasture, but it will not be so always. The clean and unclean shall undergo a final separation.

Isa. xlviii. 12. "*I have refined thee, but not with silver.*" Metallurgists say that silver requires more heat than gold. God moderates the furnace of affliction that he may purify, but not consume.

Isa. lii. 15. "*So shall he sprinkle many nations.*" At an Eastern feast a person stands with a perforated vessel of scented water and sprinkles the guests as they approach. The eternal Son shall sprinkle many nations, and admit them into his presence in token of their purification and of his protection and favour.

Ps. lvi. 8. "*Put thou my tears into thy bottle.*" It seems that this custom, subsequently in use among the Romans, was practised by the Hebrews. God bottles the tears of his afflicted and persecuted people.

Jer. ii. 13. "*They have forsaken me the fountain of living waters.*" In Eastern language "living" is 'springing water,' 'bubbling water.' God is an all-sufficient fountain, and all our springs are in him.

## THE RESURRECTION LIFE IN THE WORLD TO COME.

### No. II.

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"I will pray the Father for you, and He shall send you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."—John xiv. 16.

"In whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance."—Eph. i. 13, 14.

"Know ye not that your bodies are the Temple of the Holy Ghost?"

1 Cor. vi. 19.

Moses and Xerxes, took a view of their powerful armies; the first from a mountain in the plains of Moab, (Deut. iii. 25) the others in the plains of Abydus. One rejoiced to see the land of Canaan and the goodly range of Lebanon, extending forty miles in length, which Israel was now ready to possess. The other wept, that his burdensome bulk of barbarous nations within one hundred years would be so many heaps of bones, wherein Death might stand, and blow his trumpet of triumph.

Saints have but Jordan's valley to pass through into eternal joys, while others wasting their precious time in vain designs, suddenly slip into eternal woe. Militant saints after many a sharp combat here, shall enter Paradise triumphantly. The best may labour under fears and tears, but one hour there, will make amends for all! Then our mists will be scattered by the radiance of the morning, and our tears washed away by the rivers of pleasure, which run through the New Jerusalem streets!

Here, the inhabitants of the earth build, plant, sail and fight upon an atom! The whole world is but an invisible point, to the external convex of heaven. What a smoke and smother do miserable mortals raise about a petty kingdom, when geometrical proportion may prove a molehill to be vastly more considerable to the earth, than the earth is to Empyrean circumference; then may an ant shine upon a straw, a more glorious emperor than we imagine.

If then, the inferior *pavement* of heaven, if the out-offices of the starry-chambers, be so magnificent, what is the chamber of his divine presence? What are those super-celestial spaces, where the

saints shall shine as so many *suns* in the kingdom of their infinitely blessed Father? Let us contemplate a little, the glorious state of the saints after the resurrection, so far as humility, in this our valley-state, may enquire from the Scriptures.

The *bodies* of saints at that day, shall be perfect, and entire, lacking nothing. They shall be as excellent and perfect as Adam, when he was created in the vigour of youth. As perfect as Christ's, when he rose in the strength of his years. In the sanctuary on high, none lame, impotent, crooked, maimed, blind, deaf, dwarfish, blemished, or deficient in limbs will be admitted to join in everlasting praise. All the holy, who *died* in, or under such inconveniences shall "*rise* without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," for the bodies of our humiliation shall be like his glorious body. Blind Isaac shall grope no more, and lame Jacob shall halt no more. Withered David shall need none to cheer, and Solomon's Ecclesiastes shall weep no more elegies over the hoary head, palsied hands, and trembling legs of stumbling age. Then, all the inward senses of fancy, imagination, and memory shall furnish a perpetual spring.

(2). For the *body* shall be incorruptible; no inequality of temperament, but perennial consistency between the active form and the impressed but scarcely passive matter. See Acts xiii. 34. "They shall neither hunger nor thirst any more," nor be subject to the influx of heavenly luminaries on digestive matter. Here we feed upon, and drink in the materials of corruption. But there, neither sun nor any heat shall light upon them, which are the great fermentors of corruption.

(3). The saints shall have *glorious* bodies—"Sown in dishonour, raised in glory." Three things make up *beauty*—symmetry, genuine colour, and vivacity. In yonder mansions there will be no more bleak, meagre, fixed visages; no more livid, leaden, blue, and pale, but as the *angels*, who are represented like young men with sprightly and orient countenances. How glorious will the saints be when they shine transparent like Moses from Mount Horeb, or as Christ in the vision to Habakkuk, with horns—*i.e.*, with beams flaming from his hands! or as the glorious triumvirate of Mount Tabor! Then shall all the saints sparkle in their triumphant

vigour, to render heaven most delicious, when their eagle eyes may pierce into the centres of all the luminaries, and their quickened ears shall pleasantly aid the melodious music of legions of angels.

(4). Their *bodies* shall likewise be wonderfully powerful, without the least gravitation, as our blessed Lord's, which ascended from Mount Olivet at his pleasure, and appeared to Stephen and Paul, when and where his heavenly wisdom thought meet. It is no incongruity to conceive that luminous bodies, being freed from the dark clogs and impediments of grosser matter, shall be as the stars and fit for motion, may walk on the sea, in the air, and within the heavens, at pleasure, "For they shall be like the angels who excel in strength." Psalm ciii. 10.

(5). The bodies of the saints are also styled *spiritual*. They shall need no sustentation, no repair, by meat or drink, nor relief by rest or sleep, but they shall be quickened by the emanations and impressions from the soul, and inundated from the Spirit of Christ, the *Head* of the mystical body.

(6). God declares the future *immortality* of the soul a degree of excellency beyond incorruption, because the external force of fire or sword, water or pressure, may destroy that body, which otherwise has no internal principle of dissolution. Here our Lord has brought life and immortality to light by the gospel. Here it is appointed for all to die—there, death no more. No more pain nor sickness, those alarming cannons, those forewarning bells, that ring us loud lectures of mortality. When once the saints have dipped in Jordan and gone to Canaan they are beyond the story of Achilles, and are invulnerable all over! The leaf of the tree of life is tasted as soon as ever they come within the gates of Paradise, and is medicine for without as well as within, and the crown they wear is formed of the leaves of that ever-living tree.

(1). Since we have touched a-while on the harp of the body, let us take a view of that divine musician the *soul*, who is then ready to sound the praises of his Redeemer. (2). Then all the faculties of the soul shall be amplified into a grand and august capacity to entertain more noble conceptions of the mystical union of our Redeemer to the Deity, and of the saints themselves to their Saviour,



and of the sevenfold luminaries of the Spirit of Christ to the saints (Rev. iv. 5). They shall be able to talk with angels without interpreters; the language of spirits shall be familiar. (3). The saints in glory shall have a nearer union to Christ than now, nay, than angels themselves,—“For he took not upon him the nature of angels;” and our Lord prays that the saints may be one, *even as* the Father and the Son are ONE. (4). The saints shall be “like God, and *see* him as *he is*,” without the glass of reflection by argument, *inferring* (as we do on earth) his power from the works of creation, and without the magnifying glass of ordinances to *help* the weakness of our spiritual senses, and without the perspective glass of faith, and promises, “They shall behold his face, and know as they are known.” 1 John iii. 2.

### BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED,

BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.

(Continued from page 20.)

#### BOOK X.

The Pilgrims meet with Ignorance, a poor, empty professor. They see Turnaway, an apostate, carried off by seven devils. Seduced by the flatterer, they are led astray and are drawn into his net, whence they are delivered by a Shining One, and chastised for their folly. They proceed and meet with an Infidel.

Now, pressing onwards on the end intent,  
Tow'rd's the Celestial Gate their course they bent,  
When, from a little crooked lane, there came  
A forward youth, one Ignorance, by name,  
Born in the neigh'ring county of Conceit,  
With pride and self-sufficiency replete.  
About his own good life the lad would prate,  
But nothing knew about the Wicket Gate.  
He boasts the pious 'motions of his heart,  
But ne'er, like Mary, chose the better part;  
He never felt the misery of the fall,  
Nor what for mercy on his God to call;

No need of righteousness in Christ he saw,  
 But trusts his own obedience to the law.  
 Together far such pilgrims could not walk;  
 He could not bear experimental talk;  
 No pleasure in their company could find,  
 But cried, "You walk too fast—I'll stay behind."<sup>(a)</sup>  
 When further they advanced a little way,  
 Through a dark gloomy lane their passage lay;  
 And here a dreadful object meets their eyes,  
 And both were filled with terror and surprise.  
 A man fast bound with cords seven devils bore  
 Towards the hill where they had seen the door.  
 "'Tis Turnaway," said Christian, "I believe!  
 I knew the man, and where he used to live."  
 "You're right," said Hopeful, "sure enough 'tis he;  
 A written paper on his back I see.  
 This man is damned for base apostacy!  
 Ah, brother! seeing this, what can we say,  
 But, help us always, Lord, to watch and pray?"<sup>(b)</sup>  
 Ah! easier said than done; for 'twas not long  
 Ere both our pilgrims failed, though now so strong.  
 A path presents itself, and joins their way;  
 Both, in appearance, straight before them lay;  
 But, somewhat doubtful, here a pause they make.  
 "Which of these two" said Christian, "shall we take?"  
 Just then, a man came up whose face was black,  
 Yet wore a splendid robe upon his back.<sup>(c)</sup>

---

(a) Great multitudes among us are exactly in the condition of this ignorant young man. Ignorant of the righteousness Christ has brought in, they go about to establish their own righteousness; their good lives, their good works, their good hearts, are their real dependence, even while they pretend to trust to the merits of Christ. These people greatly dislike experimental Christians, and forsake their company.

(b) Turnaway is an awful character; a wanton professor, who became at last a damnable apostate. Those professors who are light and wanton, and can trifle with sin, often become complete apostates.

(c) How soon did they forget the advice of the shepherds! the note they gave to our pilgrims was neglected.

"Pilgrims," said he, "you seem to makè a stand;  
 Pray give me leave to take you by the hand."  
 "The way" said they, "to Zion we would go;  
 But which of these is right we do not know."  
 "Your caution, gentlemen, is good," said he;  
 "I'm going there myself; pray follow me."<sup>(d)</sup>  
 Christian and Hopeful, who thus passive stood,  
 Followed the flatt'rer in the winding road.  
 Heedless they went, till, ere they were aware,  
 Their treacherous guide had caught them in his snare.<sup>(e)</sup>  
 Sudden he drew them both into his net,  
 Which artfully he for the purpose set.  
 Entangled hand and foot the pilgrims lie,  
 And loudly for some kind assistance cry.  
 "Ah, wretched men!" did Christian now exclaim.  
 "None but ourselves we surely have to blame.  
 By our own folly are we hither brought,  
 And in this black man's net our feet are caught.  
 Did not the shepherds kindly say, 'Beware,  
 Lest you're entangled in the Flatt'rer's snare?'"  
 "Yea," Hopeful said, "and, that we might not stray,  
 A note they gave us to direct our way."  
 At length, behold! a Shining One appears,  
 And in his hand a scourge of cords he bears.  
 He asks the pilgrims whence they came, and how  
 They met the present shameful overthrow.  
 Blushing, they own their folly and their shame,  
 And how into the Flatt'rer's net they came.

---

(d) Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light, and his ministers into ministers of righteousness.

(e) This is the Flatterer, of whom they were warned. Erroneous teachers, who would puff men up with a self-righteous opinion of their own goodness on the one hand, or, with the Antinomian notion that, being safe in Christ they need not mind sin, on the other, are equally flatterers, and equally dangerous. Luther used to caution the people against the white devil.

"I know the wretch," said he; "though black as night,  
 He oft assumes a garb of dazzling light;  
 But when he got you safe into his shell  
 The shining robe from his black body fell.  
 "Lie down," he adds, "and by chastisement learn  
 How evil 'tis from the straight way to turn;  
 Nor think it hard by means severe I prove  
 How much I hate your sins,—your persons love."  
 This done, he bids them go, with counsel grave,  
 And not forget the hints the shepherds gave.<sup>(f)</sup>  
 Admonished thus, their journey they pursue,  
 When lo! with much astonishment they view  
 A man approach, who seemed as if he came  
 Back from Mount Zion; Atheist was his name.  
 He asked the Pilgrims whither they were bound.  
 "To Zion, where true joys are only found,"  
 Was their reply. But he, a wit, and proud,  
 With scorn beheld them both, then laughed aloud.  
 "There's no such place," said he; "and all the pain  
 You suffer in your pilgrimage is vain.  
 A seeker I have been these twenty years,  
 But now am rid of all my hopes and fears.  
 Back to the world with eager steps I haste,  
 The pleasures I renounced again to taste."<sup>(g)</sup>

---

(f) "Often thus, through sin's deceit,  
 Grief, and shame, and loss I meet;  
 Like a fish my soul mistook,  
 Saw the bait, but not the hook.  
 Made by past experience wise,  
 Let me learn the Word to prize;  
 Taught by what I've felt before,  
 Satan's flattery to abhor."

Nawron.

(g) Jesus Christ, the Angel of the Covenant, restores the souls of his people, but he will cause their backslidings to reprove them. "He will visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with

Then Christian nearer to his fellow drew ;  
 "What think you, friend?" said he, "Can this be true?"  
 "What!" Hopeful answered, "no Mount Zion? then  
 No future state of rest for pious men.  
 What! give the lie to all Jehovah saith,  
 And make a shipwreck of our holy faith?  
 Did we not see the gate from yonder mount?  
 And shall we now the whole delusion count?  
 Oh, brother! hate the words that cause to err;  
 Depend upon it, he's the Flatterer."  
 "Hopeful," said Christian, mildly, "be not grieved,  
 Or think thy brother of his faith bereaved;  
 Indeed, I asked the question but to prove  
 The happy firmness of thy faith and love.  
 This man I know,—I know his carnal mind,  
 To Satan subject, and to sin inclined."  
 They quickly part; he laughing goes his way;  
 Onwards they urge their course to endless day.  
*(To be continued.)*

### LUTHER'S TWO MIRACLES.

ON the 5th of August, 1530, an awful crisis for the Reformation, when the firmest seemed to swerve and the boldest to tremble, Luther wrote thus to Chancellor Burch:—"I have recently witnessed two miracles. This is the first,—As I was at my window I saw the stars and the sky, and that vast and magnificent firmament in which the Lord has placed them. I could nowhere discover the columns on which the Master has supported this immense vault, and yet the heavens did not fall. And here is the second,—I beheld thick clouds hanging above us like a vast sea. I could neither perceive ground on which they reposed, nor cords by which they were suspended; and yet they did not fall upon us, but saluted us rapidly and fled away."

stripes." Characters of this description abound in our days, even such as have made profession of religion for many years; these persons having loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil, generally become cruel mockers. But, grace preserves the savingly called.

# CHEERING WORDS

VOL. VII.

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## Death of Infants.

**W**E are of dust, like a flower which springeth up in the morning, but withereth and fadeth before even-tide. How emblematic, this, of the death of the

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infant ! The sweet babe just born into the world, giving joy and gladness to the sorrowing mother, who forgetteth the past in looking on that peaceful face, so calm, so innocent ; but in a few short hours, or it may be days, the loved one is removed ; the God who gave has seen fit to take the precious gift to himself. The flower, how lovely and promising ! but how early doomed to pass away ! I remember a scene such as this ; a beautiful morning it was ; the sun was bright — all was bright, for a dear babe was born. How fair he looked ! — beautiful as a cherub ! He was laid beside his delighted mother ; a soft glow rested on the downy, delicate cheek ; the blue eyes so heavenly ! a smile already played on his infant face ; but soon, soon he was taken. Before the shades of night set in he had passed away to join the angelic choir, to unite his feeble but triumphant song with those above, and to be made perfect through the blood of the Lamb. It was an agonising moment for the mother ; she heard his last breath ; fainter and fainter it became, till all was hushed, and the fair spirit had returned to the bosom of Jesus — of Him who said on earth, “ Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Did that mother weep ? Yes ! but she remembered her sympathising Saviour, and she could rejoice, from the belief that one so precious to her was so to him, — near to her God, spared sin and sorrow, and already an inhabitant of the heavenly Canaan. This was her consolation, and this must be yours, ye afflicted parents who are called to a similar bereavement. The loss may seem nothing to

those who have not experienced it, but the loving, weeping mother knows what it is. To such I would speak words of comfort. Let not tears of sorrow fall without the bright hope arising to dispel them,—your sweet babe lives above, lives for ever, lives only to God; do you look up and live also. Think not of what you are deprived, but of what *he* is now enjoying. Let your hands be comforted. Your God and Saviour has remembered you differently to what you expected, but he has indeed remembered your precious one. He tells you so, in taking him to be where he is. That little angel says to you, “Follow me.” Obey the infant voice; follow Jesus; follow him in resignation, humility, obedience, faith, love, hope, and you shall have joy. The crown is yours; Jesus is yours; all is yours. Soon all shall pass away—sin be exchanged for holiness, sorrow for blessedness, weakness for perfection. A welcome awaits you, if followers of your Lord, a welcome from himself, from his saints, from your own sweet cherub. Yes, my child, I will follow Jesus, and so I shall follow thee to glory. I will look up, for all shall be light with me, as it is with thee. “Though a woman forget her child, yet will not I.” Remember these cheering words.

---

#### THE SECOND ADVENT.

Of all subjects calculated to raise, impress, and influence the human mind, there is none equal to the consideration of the second advent of our blessed Lord. Yet how little comparatively does this glorious theme engage the attention of christians in general! they see not, and therefore they



believe not the great things, which will assuredly come, and and may come soon on the earth : many give no heed to an event so stupendous in its consequences, so exciting in its nature ; others regard it with vague uncertainty and doubt, because the precise or definite time cannot be given. God's will and purpose being hidden from all, " No man knoweth but the Father, that day or that hour ; " but it will nevertheless come at the appointed moment, come as a thief in the night, when there shall be marrying, and giving in marriage. That the children of this world should give no heed to what must be only a forboding to themselves, can be no matter of wonder or surprise, but that those who love their Saviour, feel his preciousness, desire communion and fellowship with him on earth, should remain apathetic and uninfluenced, is extraordinary ; Was it so in the days of the apostles ? did they not in their inspired epistles, recommend this truth to the christians then living, that they should then be looking forward, and obtain such a realizing anticipation of the glory to be realized, as should actuate forcibly and permanently, their thoughts, conduct, and conversation and enable them increasingly to live above, and beyond this world sustained amid afflictions, persecutions, and trials, by a hope at once animating and consoling. We find this even in the expectation of an earthly friend, whom we love and cherish in fond memory ; how encouraging and soothing when the meeting draws nigh ; shall the Christian not indulge and keep alive in his own heart those fervent desires, those heavenly affections, this hope of all others inspires ? To see him whom their souls love ; to behold the King in his beauty ; no longer the man of sorrows, but the triumphant Conqueror. How cheering, how blessed the thought ? The adored one, the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely ; who has revealed himself hitherto by his spirit in the hearts of his children, to come among them ;

to be seen by them, eye to eye, face to face. This is a theme beyond expression glorious. We cannot now speak more of it or of the brightness of this coming. But let our spirits rise at the future, and casting away doubt, fear, and trembling, let us go on our way rejoicing. Soon shall the words be addressed to each poor fainting, yet humble and sincere, soul, "Come thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you." Precious Saviour! we will look up in faith, waiting for thee, day by day. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and reign upon this earth; and prepare thy people to receive thee with a joyful welcome. Blessed is that servant who shall be found ready waiting for his Lord when he appeareth in that great day.

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## ON PRAYER.

## PART I.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 Thess. v. 17.

WHAT is prayer? "The breath of new born saints." An evidence of spiritual life, and as such, as essential to its existence as the air we breathe is essential to natural life. It is, moreover, the means, and the only means, available to the believer, of communication between heaven and earth; between all the persons of the Deity and the soul of the Christian. Prayer is the channel through which the desires, and feelings, and hopes, and affections of the renewed heart go out after Christ; and through which the sweet accents of a Redeemer's love, and the manifestations of his presence, are realized in the soul. Prayer is the ladder which Jacob saw in vision, on which the angels of God ascended and descended; bearing the devout and earnest desires of the soul

up to the throne of God, and returning with gracious answers of peace. Its use is beautifully described in the words,

"Prayer was appointed to convey,  
The blessings God designs to give ;  
And while they live should Christian's pray,  
For only while they pray they live."

God has made in his word "exceeding great and precious promises" to his people, but he was determined that their fulfilment shall be received through the medium of prayer. "Yet," says he, "for all these things will I be enquired of by the house of Israel to do them."

But what is prayer? In attempting to give a still more particular answer to this question, I am anxious to come down to the state and condition of the weak and trembling saint—to the babes in Christ. Many there are of this class who often think that they have never as yet prayed at all. What shall be said to such? how shall we describe the holy exercise of prayer so as to meet their case? Can we possibly do it better than in the language of the poet, when he sang,

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near!"

When Christ takes possession of a sinner's heart by his spirit, and brings him to see, and to feel, that he is wholly undone, exposed to the eternal wrath of an offended God, and that nothing he can do will avert the destruction that seems ready every moment to overwhelm him; and when in connection with this he hears the proclamation of pardon through the blood of the Lamb, with what intense desire will he seek to learn something of the Saviour, that he may experience his pardoning love, and be saved from the wrath to come. How many a sigh will then ascend to heaven; how many a tear

will then fall ; what an anxious uplifting of the eye towards the throne of God, if but a faint ray of light and hope may irradiate the dark horizon of his soul. His feelings may be too big for utterance ; but a longing and panting after mercy and forgiveness will be the burden of them all. O ! this will be real prayer, and such as will come up with acceptance before the Majesty on High ; and with respect to which, angels will exult and say, " Behold ! he prayeth."

And not only at these seasons of first awakening will this be the case, but through the whole course of the Christian's warfare, when he is assailed by the fiery darts of the tempter, in their varied and diversified forms ; or when under the load of fresh contracted guilt, brought on the conscience by departures from God, either in heart or in life, or under the pressure of heavy trials, with what ardent longings will the truly living soul seek unto God in such seasons, in its fervent desires and groanings after help, and deliverance from the hand of the mighty God of Jacob. Indeed, there is often a much greater amount of real prayer in these outbursts of soul ; these thirstings after God, in the various aspects of love and mercy, in which he has revealed himself to his saints, than when words readily, and, alas, sometimes thoughtlessly, flow in a smooth and even current from the lips. O ! for the spirit of a wrestling Jacob, and the success of a prevailing Israel.

Surely, the healthful and thriving state of the soul, in spiritual things, can only be experienced in earnest, secret, outgoings of the soul after God. In being under the pervading influence of the feeling which filled David's soul, when he said, " As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul longeth for God—for the living God." And in proportion, as God confers on his children a deep, abiding, and feeling sense of their own utter weakness, helplessness, and want, will the frame of mind be kept alive, which will make it our habitual and most

delightful exercise to be "instant in prayer." And how blessed is it to know and feel by happy experience, that the throne of grace is accessible at all times, and from all places—at home or abroad—in sickness or in health—in prosperity or adversity—and that,

"Where there is a heart to pray,  
There is a God to hear."

The "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords," has revealed himself as a Father in Christ Jesus, to whom, in this endearing character, we are privileged with access, under all circumstances, through our glorious elder Brother, who is also our Advocate and Intercessor before the throne.

(*Part II. in April.*)

**BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED,  
BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.**

(*Continued from page 32.*)  
**BOOK XI.**

Christian and Hopeful reach the Enchanted Ground, which they pass over safely—Hopeful relates his conversion and experience—They arrive at the charming country of Beulah; whence they have delightful prospects of the celestial City.

With hopes of glory now their songs abound,  
When presently they reach th' Enchanted Ground:  
The narrow way with caution due they keep,  
But Hopeful found himself inclined to sleep,  
Some drowsy property the air possess'd,  
Which strangely prompted men to wish for rest.  
"Christian," said he, "your company I prize,  
But find I cannot open keep my eyes.  
Let us lie down and rest while here we can,  
For sleep is pleasant to a lab'ring man." (*a.*)

(*a.*) By the Enchanted Ground, the Author seems such a state of prosperity and ease, as may incline the Christian to slumber and neglect the

By no means," answer'd Christian, "if we do,  
Some mischief sure, will come to me or you ;  
For still, methinks, the Shepherd's voice I hear—  
You pass th' Enchanted Ground, O sleep not there.  
Shake off dull sloth ; resist the sleepy air,  
And let us sober be, and watch to prayer."  
" Thank you, good brother, thank you," Hopeful cries,  
" Your salutary counsel much I prize,  
Alone, into what danger had I run,  
But two, I see, are better far than one,  
Now then, lest drowsiness prevail again,  
Let good discourse the moments entertain ;  
What subject," Hopeful adds, "shall we discuss ?  
Let us begin, where God began, with us :

Too long," said he, " I tarry'd in the fair,  
Delighting in the follies practis'd there.  
I first began to think about my state,  
When pious Faithful met his cruel fate :  
Some horrors then, upon my conscience fell,  
And Sin, I saw, the certain road to Hell,  
Yet I re-  
And I re-  
with convictions fight ;  
often did I spurn,  
ould again return :  
hanced to meet  
the Street,  
- bell,  
death and hell ;  
u thought I,  
die !  
own my life  
I wish.

This would not do, for presently I saw,  
 I still remain'd a debtor to the law.  
 If all were good, and all that good should last,  
 I saw it would not cancel what was past,  
 In short, I found no righteousness I have,  
 In whole, or part, a guilty soul to save.  
 'Twas then, indeed, I first began to pray,  
 And, "God be merciful," in truth, to say :  
 To Jesus now, my helpless soul inclin'd,  
 Thankful in him, my righteousness, to find.  
 Trusting in Him, from guilt my mind was free ;  
 I saw the Saviour liv'd and dy'd for me :  
 My heart was fill'd with joy, my eyes with tears,  
 And Jesus banish'd all my doubts and fears."  
 Thus sweet discourse beguil'd the tedious way,  
 Which, long across the Ground Enchanted, lay  
 The danger past, the country now before  
 The beauteous face of happy Eden bore,  
 The cheerful birds were always singing there,  
 Unwith'ring flow'rs perfum'd the wholesome air.  
 The pilgrims here enjoy'd perpetual light.  
 The sun was always smiling, always bright ;  
 No gloomy cloud of fear could intervene,  
 And Doubting Castle, not so much as seen,  
 To Beulah, (so this charming land they name,)  
 Bright Angels, oft on gracious errands came,  
 Convers'd with mortals, and the wonders told,  
 Of the Celestial City, built of gold ;  
 The rays reflected from that glorious place,  
 Gild and adorn the intermediate space.  
 The pilgrims now can scarce their absence bear,  
 But sicken with their longings to be there. (a.)

---

(a.) Beulah is a name taken from Isaiah ch. 62, v. 4; signifying,  
 "Thy land shall be married." The Author intends to describe that  
 peace passing all understanding, and that joy full of glory, with which  
 some christians are indulged, when life is about to close, and they ripen-  
 ing for heaven. Happy they whose life's Evening is thus distinguished.

As nearer they appear'd on either hand  
Orchards and gardens decorate the land;  
In these they walk, and feed with new delight,  
And here they find refreshing rest at night.

# BOOK XII.

The Pilgrims conducted by Angels, come to the River of Death—would gladly avoid fording it, but finding no other possible way to the Celestial City, ventured in—Christian greatly dejected and distressed—but encouraged by Hopeful, who felt the bottom all the way—at length, Christian is comforted by a promise—they gain the Shore—are met by a host of Angels, who conduct them to the Gate—they are readily admitted, and join in the chorus of the redeemed.

Again they forward press, with strong desire,  
To full enjoyment of their souls aspire;  
When lo! two men they meet in garments white,  
Their faces radiant as the Solar light.  
These kindly ask'd the Pilgrim's how they far'd,  
Since first they set their faces Zionward?  
Then, smiling said, "but little yet remains,  
Before you reap the fruit of all your pains." (a.)  
And now, behold, to terminate the road  
A river, wide and deep, majestic flow'd. (b.)  
They anxious turn'd their eyes and gazed around,  
As if some other path might yet be found:—  
Then, as with fearful and foreboding heart,  
"But is it deep alike in every part?"  
"No," they replied, "the waters sink or rise,  
As grace is more or less in exercise;  
If faith is lively you may feel the ground,  
If unbelief prevails no bottom's found." (c.)

---

(a.) Death is compared to a river; the passing of Israel through Jordan, to enjoy Canaan, sufficiently justifies the figure.

(b.) There is no discharge in that war; we must needs die. "It is appointed for man once to die." "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Death is unavoidable: Enoch and Elijah only excepted from death.

(c.) Faith alone can conquer fear. "According to thy faith be it



Now, humbly calling on their Saviour, God,  
 They trembling plunge into the chilling flood ;  
 " Ah, me," said Christian, " now I sink as lead,  
 The waves and billows overflow my head."  
 " Courage, my dearest brother," Hopeful said,  
 " I feel the bottom, do not be afraid."  
 Christian replied, " O pray for wretched me,  
 The glorious City I shall never see ;  
 Despair and darkness overwhelm my mind,  
 And not a ray of comfort can I find."  
 This agitation more and more prevailed,  
 For Satan, now, with all his pow'r assailed,  
 And, for a season, Christian's senses failed. (d.)  
 Meanwhile his utmost efforts Hopeful tries,  
 Holds up his head, and bids him view the prize ;  
 " Brother," said he, " I view the splendid gate,  
 And angels ready to receive us wait,"  
 " Ah !" Christian cries, " the angels that you see,  
 For you are waiting, brother, not for me."  
 " Where my heart right, with God, I should receive  
 Comfort, like yours, my soul he would not leave ;  
 But, sin has brought me now into the snare,  
 And justly am I left to perish there !"  
 " Oh, say not so, my friend," then Hopeful cried,  
 " You're not forsaken ! you are only tried,  
 Now call the goodness of our God to mind,  
 And you shall yet sweet consolation find."  
 Then Christian mus'd,—his sky began to clear,  
 And Hopeful added, " God will yet appear !"  
 " He comes," said Christian, " comes to break the chain,  
 He comes, he comes, my Jesus comes again."

---

unto thee." All Christians die with equal safety, but not with equal comfort.

(d.) The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death ; and we are not to wonder that Satan, knowing his time is short, should make a terrible assault, charging the dying Christian with his sin. Happy they who have Hopeful at hand to comfort.

I hear him say, "When in the waters thou,  
 The mighty waters shall not overflow :  
 Then, give not way to black desponding fear,  
 For I, thy Saviour, God, am with thee there !"  
 That instant Christian found the promise true,  
 The waters ev'ry moment shallow'r grew :—  
 On solid ground the Pilgrims quickly stand,  
 And shout salvation in Immanuel's land.  
 From danger now and apprehension free,  
 With joy, the angels, once again they see,  
 Their mortal garments being left behind,  
 Agility before unknown they find ;  
 With ease to Zion's lofty tow'rs they rise,  
 And far beneath them leave the starry skies.  
 Thus while with speed the shining way they trace,  
 The angels paint the glories of the place.  
 "Now you approach," say they, "the eternal throne,  
 And soon shall view the blessed Three in One !  
 No veil shall intercept the glorious sight,  
 You'll bask in beams of uncreated light,  
 Sorrow and sin for ever done away  
 Find no admission to these realms of day."  
 "Now you shall reap the fruit of all your pray'rs,  
 Your labours, conflicts, sufferings, and your tears,  
 Delicious fruits of life's immortal tree  
 Your rich and everlasting food shall be.  
 Each brow shall wear a crown of precious gold,  
 And palms of vict'ry too your hands shall hold ;  
 There join your faithful brethren gone before,  
 And love and praise the Lamb for evermore."  
 And now approaching nearer to their home,  
 Behold ! a num'rous host of angels come.  
 "Welcome," they cry, "ye sinners bought with blood,  
 Welcome to heav'n, to see your Saviour, God."  
 Hark ! hark ! the angelic trumpet's charming sound  
 Makes heav'n itself with songs of joy resound.  
 Conducted thus in triumph and in state,  
 They reach, at length, the bright Celestial Gate.

"Now, then," the angels said, "the only task  
 Is for your own admission here to ask!"  
 Aloud they call, at once their voice is heard,  
 And Moses and Elias straight appear'd:  
 "These pilgrims," said the angel-guards, "we bring—  
 Sinners redeem'd, who loved our gracious King!  
 The City of Destruction they forsook,  
 And here for crowns of glory great they look."  
 Each, then, presents the roll they first receiv'd,  
 When, at the Cross, on Jesus he believ'd.  
 These carried to the King, he reads, approves,  
 And grants admission to the men he loves.  
 "Open the gates, admit them both," said he,  
 "And let them live, and let them reign with me."  
 The golden gates their ready leaves unfold,  
 The Pilgrims enter in with joys untold:  
 At once transfigur'd, gloriously they shine,  
 Each face and form looks heav'nly and divine.  
 Bright crowns of glory on their heads are worn,  
 And palms of vict'ry in their hands are borne.  
 Now, as they pass the shining ranks along,  
 Each heav'nly legion bursts into a song:  
 Glory to God on high the myriads sing,  
 'Till heav'n's high arches with the triumphs ring.  
 The Pilgrim's, too, amidst the throng rejoice,  
 And strains like these employ their tuneful voice.

"Now, to the Lamb that once was slain,  
 Be endless blessings paid,  
 Salvation, glory, joy remain,  
 For ever on his head!  
 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
 Hast set the Pilgrims free,  
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
 And we shall reign with thee!"

The gates were clos'd, the pleasing dream was o'er,  
 I disappointed, wak'd, and saw no more.

#### CONCLUSION.

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delightful exercise to be "instant in prayer." And how blessed is it to know and feel by happy experience, that the throne of grace is accessible at all times, and from all places—at home or abroad—in sickness or in health—in prosperity or adversity—and that,

"Where there is a heart to pray,  
There is a God to hear."

The "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords," has revealed himself as a Father in Christ Jesus, to whom, in this endearing character, we are privileged with access, under all circumstances, through our glorious elder Brother, who is also our Advocate and Intercessor before the throne.

*(Part II. in April.)*

**BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" VERSIFIED,  
BY THE LATE GEORGE BURDER.**

*(Continued from page 32.)*  
**BOOK XI.**

Christian and Hopeful reach the Enchanted Ground, which they pass over safely—Hopeful relates his conversion and experience—They arrive at the charming country of Beulah; whence they have delightful prospects of the celestial City.

With hopes of glory now their songs abound,  
When presently they reach th' Enchanted Ground :  
The narrow way with caution due they keep,  
But Hopeful found himself inclined to sleep,  
Some drowsy property the air possess'd,  
Which strangely prompted men to wish for rest.  
"Christian," said he, "your company I prize,  
But find I cannot open keep my eyes.  
Let us lie down and rest while here we can,  
For sleep is pleasant to a lab'ring man." (a.)

(a.) By the Enchanted Ground, the Author seems such a state of prosperity and ease, as may incline the Christian to slumber and neglect the

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 Some mischief sure, will come to me or you;  
 For still, methinks, the Shepherd's voice I hear—  
 You pass th' Enchanted Ground, O sleep not there.  
 Shake off dull sloth; resist the sleepy air,  
 And let us sober be, and watch to prayer."  
 "Thank you, good brother, thank you," Hopeful cries,  
 "Your salutary counsel much I prize,  
 Alone, into what danger had I run,  
 But two, I see, are better far than one,  
 Now then, lest drowsiness prevail again,  
 Let good discourse the moments entertain;  
 What subject," Hopeful adds, "shall we discuss?  
 Let us begin, where God began, with us:  
 Too long," said he, "I tarry'd in the fair,  
 Delighting in the follies practis'd there.  
 I first began to think about my state,  
 When pious Faithful met his cruel fate:  
 Some horrors then, upon my conscience fell,  
 And Sin, I saw, the certain road to Hell,  
 Yet I rebell'd against the growing light,  
 And love of sin would with convictions fight;  
 Against those fears how often did I spurn,  
 And yet, convictions would again return:  
 If when abroad, I only chanced to meet  
 A godly neighbour walking in the Street,  
 Or, if at night I heard the tolling bell,  
 My dismal thoughts would run on death and hell;  
 If sudden death was mentioned, then thought I,  
 What will become of me if I should die?  
 Well then," said I, "I must reform my life  
 And put an end to all this inward strife.

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concerns of the soul and eternity. Innumerable facts concur to prove how extremely dangerous such a state is to the profession of religion, happy are they who enjoy the faithful counsel of a christian friend, for "two, as proved, are better than one."



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and nature which surrounds you ; he has redeemed you not only by his death but by his resurrection ; not only by his life on earth, but by his intercession on the right hand of God, not only by his actions, but by his word ; not only by his humanity, but by his divinity ; not only by what he was in time ; but what he is throughout eternity.—THOLUCK.

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## ON PRAYER.

### PART II.

“Pray without ceasing.”—1 Thess. v. 17.

How many, and delightful too, are the encouragements and helps to prayer which the Divine word affords. When temptations assail, “Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.” When the mind is bowed down with earthly cares and anxieties, and the things of time and sense seem to have taken a firm hold of all our faculties and powers, “My soul cleaveth unto the dust—quicken thou me according to thy word.” When we come to the Bible, and it appears as a sealed letter, and all former delights in its perusal seem as though they had been imaginary and unreal, “Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.” When fightings without, and fears within, seem to shake our hope to its very base, can we not plead the precious promise, “As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.” How many a believer, when sorely pressed, has taken refuge in this blessed promise, and found it, when applied to his heart, an anchor hold for his sinking soul.

How important then must earnest, fervent prayer be, both as evidence of the state before God, and as a means by which a holy and constant nearness to God is kept up and maintained.

The dearest and most hallowed pleasures of time, of which

we can form a conception, will by their constant repetition satiate the mind, and it will turn away from them dissatisfied and disappointed. What is the reason of this? Is it not to be found in the fact, that the soul of man was originally made to enjoy God alone, and to hold uninterrupted intercourse with him; and that even in those enjoyments which would have been natural to man, had he remained in his first estate, he would only have found pleasure in them as they were a means of leading out his affections after God, and became helps to holy and sacred intercourse with his Maker. How widely different are those pleasures which arise from a habit of constant fellowship and communion with a God in Christ. The effect of it will be, in a measure, to bring the immortal spirit of the believer back again into the sacred element in which God intended it to live, and move, and have its being. And thus, instead of satiating the soul, every successive act of communion will but increase the desire for further manifestations of love and grace, till we reach the throne of our divine Lord and Master, "in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Indeed every occasion of nearness to Christ will produce a longing and intense desire for still closer fellowship, and the soul of the believer, instead of being satisfied with what it has attained to, will be ever crying out,

"Draw me yet closer, closer still,  
In fellowship with thee;  
Till I arrive on Sion's hill,  
And all thy glory see."

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness," and not till then. If what has been stated above, is a correct outline of the effects resulting from earnest, fervent, and constant prayer, we shall not wonder at the apostle urging the Christians at Thessalonica, to "Pray without ceasing." And

will not the heart of every renewed soul respond, "Lord, teach us to pray."

Closely connected with the outpouring of the Spirit, as a spirit of grace and supplication, will be the holiness, happiness, and usefulness of the believer. In its bringing us into closer contact with our adorable Redeemer, and into more habitual intimate communion with him, we shall be more like him, reflect more of his image, and as a necessary consequence be more holy; and in proportion as we live nearer to, and are more like, Christ, every power and passion of the soul being brought into sweet subjection to the obedience of him; in just the same proportion will be our happiness, and not only our happiness, but our usefulness also. When our hearts are filled with the love of God and we are brought to sit continually at the feet of Jesus, and to hear the gracious words which proceed out of his mouth; we cannot but be desirous that others should share in the same love which we have so blessedly experienced, and hear the same words of grace which have often fell so sweetly on our own ears: we shall be anxious to embrace every opportunity within our reach, to say a word or two for our divine and gracious Master—to speak of his love—of the perfect freedom of his service—and the blessed expectations of those whom he has redeemed with his most precious blood, and on whom he has bestowed a spirit of grace and supplication. "The fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Blackfriars.

S.

THE earth is now traversed by self-denying missionaries, who encounter every hardship to carry Christianity to remote regions. But where is the infidel who has exiled himself from his country to civilise savage tribes? Not one is to be found. They sit at home nursing their pride, and deriding the virtue which they cannot equal.

### INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

---

“He ever liveth to make intercession for us.”

**J**ESUS, the eternal and everlasting Son of the Father, who rested from all eternity in the bosom of his love; the mighty God, who once stooped so low for poor, miserable, fallen creatures, but now is exalted at the right hand of the throne above; He ever liveth to give grace and strength, by and through his all-prevailing intercession. What an Advocate we have!—Jesus Christ the Righteous, who hath wrought out a perfect atonement sufficient for all, free and welcome to all, without money and without price. Glorious news for the needy! cheering words for the disconsolate! soul-satisfying truth for the perishing!—“He ever liveth!” This is the testimony. We change, but he endureth; we faint, but he remaineth, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. God help each who reads this to embrace so gracious a declaration. “The young men shall faint and fail, but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.” They shall not want any good thing, because he liveth to bless, to support, to comfort, and deliver from all that shall harm. Our Advocate, our Great High Priest, to stand between us and condemnation and judgment. “Who is he that condemneth?” Are we not more than conquerors through Christ Jesus, the all-powerful Intercessor, the Pleader for his people? Let the eye of faith be uplifted; let the feeble hands be strengthened; let the sinking

heart be comforted. Jesus, the risen and glorious Head, intercedes for us, and he shall and must prevail. Do our sins appear before us as a great mountain? His blood, which speaks better things than that of Abel, rises to the mercy-seat, and shall cleanse all away, justifying, pardoning, and restoring the trembling, fallen outcast, through his own infinite merits; holding out the hand of reconciliation to every returning sinner, and bidding him welcome to his heavenly Father. Can we for a moment view the well-beloved Son, the mighty God, advocating our cause, and entertain a doubt we shall not be heard? Poor fellow-pilgrim, take courage, from the consideration of our gracious High Priest, who abideth evermore, bringing us near through the blood of his cross, exciting in our hearts heavenly desires, speaking to us by his blessed Spirit, and filling our souls with joy and peace in believing. Hail! thou adorable Immanuel! thou Conqueror over death, hell, and the grave, for thy anointed ones! Thou risen Saviour, and glorious Intercessor, glory be to thee in the highest! adoration, thanksgiving, and praise! "Thou livest, and because thou livest we shall live also." Though poor and weak we shall be made strong in thee, and ere long shall be where thou art, to abide with thee for ever.

Saviour divine, who reignest above,  
Great Intercessor, full of love,  
Who ever pleadest for thy saints,  
Who hearest always their complaints,—

To thee I look, to thee I cry ;  
 Jesus my Lord is ever nigh ;  
 Shall doubt or fear my mind assail,  
 When thy great merits shall prevail ?  
 Forbid it, Lord ; this shall not be ;  
 Though great my sins, thou plead'st for me ;  
 None shall condemn, for thou dost live ;  
 Blessings, and grace, and pardon give.

## RESURRECTION.

No. III.

*(Continued from page 32.)*

HERE upon earth we behold the sun at a distance, but cannot mount up to walk among those mountains of brightness ; but then the Church shall be clothed with the Sun of Righteousness. There was of old a little spark of glory in the temple, and holy David desired to see that beauty which shined in the Sanctuary. But O ! what profusion of glory shall animate the soul in heaven, when that glory shall be illustrated by the morning knowledge of angels !

It is a cordial to refresh our spirits in these days, to recall the state of Peter's three worlds (2 Peter iii. 6 and 7,) and to gather maxims for direction in a difficult and stormy deluge. To revolve the prophecies, as to the rise, growth, and decline of the four mighty monarchies in Daniel ; and to observe that when they touched the apple of God's eye (his church) how *then*, they began to totter and fall.

All the toes of Daniel's image shall as certainly be broken in pieces as the head and shoulders, &c. ; and the statue shall become like the chaff of the summer threshing floor, which the wind shall carry away and no place be found for them, and the *stone* that smites *that* image shall become a great mountain, a glorious kingdom filling the whole earth ; such illustrious things however are small in comparison with what the saints shall see in the mount of glory !



Then the reasons of all the motions of the wheels in Ezekiel conveying the chariot of cherubims shall shine as bright as the wheels themselves. Then they shall admire Heaven's reasons for the afflictions and difficulties of the church in all ages, and nations; and the foundation of glory which then shall follow. The Jews affirm that *manna* tasted to the palate of their fathers according to every one's wish and fancy. However *that* story stands, we are certain that in the bread of life the very desires and wishes of the saints shall be exceeded and transcended. "It hath not entered into the heart of Man to conceive what God hath in reserve for them that love Him?"

It will be a *soul-satisfying* feast to the utmost. "When I awake (says David) I shall be satisfied with thy likeness." (Psalm xvii. 15, Judges ix. 13). It will be a triumphal coronation, and nuptial feast, there will be satisfaction connected with longing, yet a continual enjoyment of the same delight, *without* the fear of our being deprived.

Its duration shall be *everlasting*. No evening shadows shall ever darken those Olympian mountains. Saints shall never rise from the festive table, but "everlasting joy shall be upon their heads." And the Everlasting Father shall wipe away all tears from all eyes.

There will be an innumerable company of angels in their gorgeous apparel of snowy white and shining raiment, with crowns of gold upon their heads. Luke xxiv. 4; Rev. iv. 4. O! what a glittering show shall stand round about the celestial and sapphire throne! It will appear as though *one* angel in his magnificent glory were enough to extinguish the sun and all the bright lamps of the inferior heavens. Rev. xxi. 23.

There will be the whole congregation of the first born, from Abel to Enoch, Noah to Abraham, from Moses to Samuel under the waving standards of Israel's tribes! All enjoying their heavenly union. There will be Lazarus talking in the arms of Abraham; and beloved John once again asking questions in the bosom of Christ! The persecuted Thessalonian brethren shall be the joy and crown of rejoicing to holy Paul at that day in the presence of Jesus Christ 1 Thess. ii 19. Then the refusers of the Head Stone of the corner

shall see the ancient Patriarchs in the kingdom of God, and themselves thrust out. Luke xiii. 28. Then shall Moses and Elias continue their ancient discourse with our blessed Lord, all the disciples hearing, and upon a higher mountain than *Tabor*, without any cloud to overshadow them more ! Mark. ix 7.

Then reflect upon the banquet, the music, the harps and voices, the fatted calf (for the prodigal son,) when the heavenly intelligences and the shepherds of all the churches shall be present ! Rev. xxi. 11.

Then shall the King of the church himself begin the psalm, singing aloud in the midst of that vast host, followed by the harpers, and singers answering to the new song of the Lamb before the throne ; and the four living creatures (alluding to the four cherubims in Solomon's temple, and before the four-and-twenty elders, representing the twenty four orders of priests.

Though none can learn this song but such as are redeemed from the earth, yet it is composed and presented to us from the pen of the beloved disciple, " Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb for ever ! Rev. v. 8. During all this, the joyful guests are entertained with fragrant odours perfuming the mercy seat, the spikenard of the gardens of Zion, and of Lebanon sending forth its fragrance as the king of the Church, in all his royalty, sits at his table in glory ! S. Song i. 12.

But before that august and resplendent day, we must ponder seriously upon the archangel's tumpet, which shall awake the bodies of all the saints, and they shall arise from their embalmed dust, wherein they lay perfumed by the spices, of their Lord's sacred body.

This *doctrine* of the resurrection to life, is confirmed by the Holy Scriptures, as a foundation for faith, and also by divers varieties in nature. Every morning utters it. Every spring *revives* it. Every trumpet over the new moon *proclaims* it. And every emersion of the planets from under the sun's combustion, darts a beam upon this notion. Chemistry also would supply us with powerful emblems from the mineral kingdom. But, in conclusion,

Let us, with holy Peter look, for and hasten to that glorious day, and labour to be among the number who make up the unspotted bride of Christ. Let us have our loins girt, our lamps burning,

our vessels filled, that so, at the great midnight cry, "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him," we may be ready to enter with him to the marriage.

May the writer and reader again meet on the *other side of the stream*. Amen!

T. CHURCH.

---

TRUST IN THE LORD.

---

Nor seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
Deceitfully goes forth the morn ;  
Not seldom, evening, in the west,  
Sinks smilingly foresworn,

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove  
To the confiding bark untrue ;  
And if she trust to stars above,  
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,  
Full oft when storms the welkin rend,  
Draws lightning down upon the head  
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord !  
Thou didst vouchsafe for man to die ;  
Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word  
No change can falsify.

I bent before thy gracious throne,  
And ask'd for peace with suppliant knee ;  
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,  
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy.

WORDSWORTH.

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# CHEERING WORDS

VOL. VII.

MAY, 1857.

No. 73.



**T**HON cottager who  
weaves at her  
own door,  
Pillow and bob-  
bing all her little store;  
Content, tho' mean, and  
cheerful, if not gay;  
Shuffling her threads  
about the livelong day;  
Just earns a scanty pit-  
tance, and at night  
Lies down secure, her  
heart and pocket light:  
She for her humble sphere  
by nature fit,  
Has little understanding  
and no wit;  
Receives no praise: but,  
tho' her lot be such,  
(Toilsome and indigent)  
she renders much;  
Just knows, and knows no  
more, her Bible true—  
A truth the brilliant  
Frenchman never knew;  
And in that charter reads,  
with sparkling eyes,  
Her title to a treasure in  
the skies.

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**HE IS OUR PEACE.**

---

**BLESSED** words ! ever to be remembered in a world full of sin, trouble, and death. We need such, that we may not faint by the way, and that we may be enabled to possess our souls in patience ; nay, more—that amid tribulations and sorrows, that may and will in God's providence come upon us, we may rejoice evermore, knowing we have Him who is our peace, both for time and for eternity. Like the weary sufferer stretched on a bed of sickness, waiting for the approach of morn, or the tempest-tossed mariner, who catches at the rope to save himself from shipwreck, so would we lay hold on this precious truth, "He is our peace." We have felt there is no other refuge but Christ Jesus, the beloved One ; no other harbour wherein to flee for safety, but the bosom of his everlasting love. Here we may securely repose. From this no earthly power can dislodge ; no enemy from within or without separate. The prophet Isaiah styled our blessed Saviour "The Prince of Peace." How fully did he confirm whilst on earth the testimony given ! When the Babe lay in the manger, what glorious tidings sounded from on high—"Glory to God in the highest ! peace on earth ! good will towards men !" When the troubled waves rose so high, and threatened destruction to all on board, so that the disciples came saying, "Master, we perish," who exclaimed, "Peace ! be still ! and there was a great calm ?" Who brought health to the sick, power to the weak, rest to the weary, life to the

dead? He, of whom it was said, he should "not cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets." Who gave pardon to the penitent, bidding him to "depart in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee?" Even he, who bruised not the broken reed, nor quenched the smoking flax; gave his back to the smiters; when brought before his accusers answered not a word—willingly resigned his life for our sakes, that he might make peace through the blood of his cross. Wondrous grace and truth!

We read, also, how on the evening of the first day of the week, when the disciples were assembled together, their beloved Jesus appeared to them, saying, "Peace be with you!" And on another occasion soon after, when the unbelieving Thomas had joined the little company, he again saluted them with, "Peace be unto you!" This was more fully demonstrated on the day of Pentecost, when all were with one accord gathered together into one place, there sat upon each of them cloven tongues as of fire; "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," which was promised to come upon them; so that in every view we must admit, "He is our peace." Exercising our faith on the past encourages us for the future. The same Jesus and Lord who then spake on earth, having now risen and ascended up to glory, speaketh from his celestial throne peace to the mourner, peace to the returning prodigal, peace to the doubting and trembling, peace to the humble, believing, waiting Christian, to uphold from day to day, to be his watchword, his stay and abiding portion during this life's conflict and last trial. When brought to the broad river of Jordan, of what value will



this peace then be found ! All other useless. The sympathy of friends and relatives, of what avail at that hour, when the path must be trodden alone, and unassisted by any earthly ? But He who has spoken peace before, will again appear and speak peace, making the dark valley light, and as a shadow. The natural light may fade and disappear, but it is only to give place to the Sun of Righteousness, who cometh with healing on his wings. The clay tenement may see corruption for a time, but it also shall rise a glorious body, after the appointed season, whilst the soul triumphant shall enter into that heavenly rest, where all is peace, joy, harmony, and love.

Dear friends, let us all more earnestly seek and prize this peace, have an increase of it in our hearts, live in the fuller reality of it, and walking with Him who is our peace, we shall never be without that peace which passeth all understanding. Lord, evermore give us thy peace !

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### THE WIDOW'S LAMP.

SOME years ago there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the sea shore. All around her the coast was rugged and dangerous ; and many a time was her heart melted by the sight of wrecked fishing boats and coasting vessels, and the piteous cries of perishing human beings. One stormy night, when the howling wind was making her loneliness more lonely, and her mind was conjuring up what the next morning's light

might disclose, a happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood on an elevated spot, and her window looked out upon the sea: might she not place her lamp by that window, that it might be a beacon-light to warn some poor mariner off the coast? She did so. All her life after, during the winter nights, her lamp burned at the window; and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp—many a crew were saved from perishing. That widow woman "did what she could;" and if all believers kept their light burning as brightly and steadily, might not many a soul be warned to flee from the wrath to come? Many Christians have not the power to do much for Christ; but if they would live as lights in the world, they would do much. If those who cannot preach to the old, or teach the young, would but walk worthy of him who hath called them to his kingdom and glory, how much would the hands of ministers and teachers be strengthened, and their hearts encouraged! We are told that the chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus to death, because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away, and believed on Jesus. Lazarus does not seem to have been either a teacher or a preacher, yet his very presence was a convincing proof of the power of the Lord of glory. Should not all who have known the power and grace of him who is still the Resurrection and the Life, so walk that men may take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus?

---

**CHRIST IN THE VESSEL.**—Christ is ever present in and with his people: and while he is on board, the ship cannot sink. He may, indeed, seem to sleep for a time, and to disregard both the vessels and the storm. Do you awake him by prayer and supplication.

# AM I WELCOME TO THE SAVIOUR ?

Yes, heartily welcome, if a sinner feeling your need of salvation. This is the only condition of a full and free acceptance ; and even this he performs in you, and for you, by his Holy Spirit :

“ All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him :  
This he gives you ;  
’Tis his Spirit’s rising beam.”

Perhaps you will ask, are not all sinners equally needing salvation ; and, therefore, equally welcome ? That we are all sinners, guilty before God, and, as such, liable to his just wrath and indignation, there can be no doubt. Nor can there be any question as to the necessitous condition of every son and daughter of Adam. But whether all mankind, indiscriminately, are alike welcome to Christ, is quite another matter, and one on which I do not now intend to offer any remarks, my object being to endeavor to meet the case of those who are proposing to themselves, with sincerity and earnestness, the above question.

Mankind are divided into two classes ; and but two, in the sight of God. Christ himself marked the distinction, when he said, “ I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” From these words it is clear that there are those who think themselves righteous, while there are those who feel themselves to be sinners. When we come to look a little carefully at this very important distinction, and are able to appreciate it, we shall, at once, see that that class who feel themselves sinners, and not that who think themselves righteous, is the one welcome to the Saviour. And this grand and essential distinction between these two classes, into which the whole family of Adam is divided, is beautifully illustrated and enforced by the parable, put forth by Christ, of the pharisee and publican who went up into the temple to pray. The one was a self-righteous sinner, who had not been made acquainted with his own heart, while the other was a convinced sinner, feeling his lost and ruined condition, and his great need of God’s mercy.

To which, reader, do you belong of these two classes? for on this hangs the answer to your question.

There is another beautiful simile used by Christ, further illustrating this important distinction, where he says, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." As the sick man, and not the healthy, seeks unto the physician, so the soul that has been brought to feel the leprosy of sin seeks to the Great Physician for healing, and asks, with eager desire, "Is there not balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? O! tell me where I may find him, the loathsome disease of sin has spread over every part of body and soul; where can I find a remedy? Who shall deliver me from the wrath to come? I feel that it is even now ready to consume me; whither shall I fly from the impending ruin?" While they that are whole, unconscious of the soul's great malady, unconscious of danger, and living carnally secure, seek not to the Great Physician; flee not from the danger, because they see it not; but, throwing around them the cloak of their own supposed righteousness, go on comfortably, hoping all will be right at last. To these, "Christ is as a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness, or any beauty that they should desire him." While to the soul convinced of its malady, could it but be certain that it was interested in his great salvation, he would be as the "rose of Sharon" and "the lily of the valley," and "his name as ointment poured forth." These reflections will furnish a criterion by which you may know whether you are welcome to the Saviour. No sinner, unenlightened by the Spirit of God, ever did, or ever will, see any beauty in Christ, for the very reason involved in the Saviour's words, that he does not feel the malady of sin. Do you, dear reader, feel it? do you deplore it? There are those who are declared to be "dead in trespasses and sins," while there are others who are said to be quickened to a sense of sin, and to feel that their sins deserve the just and eternal displeasure of God. What is your case? Are you among the former or the latter of these? Are you crying out, with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" or with St. Paul, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" or are you entirely unconcerned about the

matter? If you have been brought really to see your state before God, to feel yourself a lost, ruined, and hell-deserving sinner, utterly helpless and hopeless, crying for mercy, sensible that nothing less than the free, sovereign, and unmerited mercy of God in Christ can meet your desperate condition, then verily you are welcome to the Saviour, and shall find a gracious, loving reception. It is to such as you he says, "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Ah! say you, I often feel that he is just the Saviour I want; in all respects so suited to my helpless condition that if I could but hope he was mine I should exclaim with his church, "He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely."

Another way in which you may know whether you are welcome to Christ is by your willingness to come to him. Are you willing? Surely, says the poor trembling soul, you cannot be serious in asking such a question. What? dreading eternal ruin, fully aware that nothing but the precious blood of the Lamb can heal me of the malady, or save me from the penalty due to my sins, and yet ask if I am willing to be saved? Did I but know that Christ was as willing to heal my poor plague-smitten soul as I am willing and desirous that he should heal me, my doubts would be soon removed, and my happiness complete. When the poor leper came to Jesus for a cure he did not express any doubt of his ability, but, like you, he doubted his willingness: "Lord," said he, "if thou *wilt*, thou *canst* make me clean." What was the gracious reply? "I will be thou clean;" as though the Saviour had said, "If you have no doubt of my power to bestow the mercy you need, do not question my willingness, it is my delightful work." Do not, then, grieve him by any more doubts as to his willingness to grant you the mercy you so much need, while he is said to be "*able and willing* to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him." Does he not say by his Spirit,

"None that come to seek my grace  
Shall seek that grace in vain?"

Your willingness proves that you are welcome, for none are willing

to be saved but those whom the Divine Spirit has enlightened to see their lost and ruined condition ; and who, through his gracious and effectual teaching, have been made willing in the day of his power. He must work in us, " both to will, and to do of his good pleasure." How can it be otherwise ? Where there is no sense of danger, there can be no desire for salvation. They who are emphatically dead in trespasses and sins, can have no spiritual apprehensions, either of their own state, as sinners, or of the necessity of salvation by Christ. " For the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

*(To be continued.)*

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#### LIFE-GIVING TEXTS.

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SUPPOSE that each were to mark in golden letters the text which has been to him the gate of heaven ; the text through whose open lattice a reconciled God has looked forth on him, or through whose telescope he first has glimpsed the cross. The Ethiopian chamberlain would mark the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, for it was when reading about the Lamb led to the slaughter, that his eyes were directed to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world ; and he went on his way rejoicing. The English martyr, Binney, would indicate the faithful saying, " Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief ;" for it was in sight of these words that the burden fell from his back which fasts and penance had only rendered more weighty. There was a " stricken dere," who had long been panting for the water brooks, but he had yet found no comfort ; when, one day, listlessly taking up a Testament, it opened at the words, " Whom God hath set forth a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare His righteousness for the sins that are past

and instantly realized the sufficiency of the atonement, and embraced the Gospel; and, doubtless, the bard of Olney would signalize, by the most brilliant memorial, the spot where the Sun of Righteousness first shone into his soul: "Now, unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen." These were the words which instantly converted into a living temple the calm and stately mind of Jonathan Edwards; and we may be sure that, like Jacob, who at Luz would always see the light of the ladder lingering—every time he turned to the passage, even in his most cursory perusal, the devout theologian would receive a surviving trace of the manifestation which, into his vacant, wistful soul brought "the only wise God," and in glorifying that God gave him an object worthy the vastest powers and the longest existence.—*James Hamilton, D.D.*

---

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LUTHER pronounced pronouns to be the sweetest and most consolatory expressions to be found in the Word of God. What, in fact, more tenderly elevating than where the prophet Isaiah heralds peace and refreshing to the people of Israel? "Comfort ye, comfort ye *my* people, saith *your* God." No longer the "Lord God, the Lord strong and mighty," "*your* God and *my* people." And how marked the difference between saying, The Lord is a Shepherd, and, "The Lord is *my* shepherd;" between the heathen who acknowledge God as the Father of all things, and the ransomed of his well beloved, who behold in the Lord "*Our* Father which art in heaven," and say, "the Lord will hear *me* when I call upon him," and who hear Christ answer "*Lo*, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

THE NEW JERUSALEM;

OR,

THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER HER HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

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---

O! MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,  
 When shall I come to thee?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end—  
 Thy joys when shall I see?  
 O happy harbour of God's saints!  
 O Sweet and pleasant soil!  
 In thee no sorrows can be found,—  
 No grief, no care, no toil.  
 In thee no sickness is at all,  
 No hurt nor any sore;  
 There is no death, nor ugly sight,  
 But life for evermore.  
 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,  
 No cloud nor darksome night;  
 But every soul shines as the sun,  
 For God himself gives light.  
 There lust and lucre cannot dwell,  
 There envy bears no sway;  
 There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,  
 But pleasures every way.  
 Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
 Would God I were in thee!  
 O that my sorrows had an end,  
 The joys that I might see!  
 No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,  
 No woeful wight is there;  
 No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—  
 No well-away, no fear.



**THE NEW JERUSALEM.**

Jerusalem the city is  
Of God our King alone ;  
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,  
Sits there upon his throne.

O God ! that I Jerusalem,  
With speed may go behold !  
For why ? the pleasures there abound  
Which here cannot be told.  
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles,  
With carbuncles do shine,  
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,  
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,  
Thy windows crystal clear,  
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—  
There angels do appear.  
Thy walls are made of precious stone,  
Thy bulwarks diamond square,  
Thy gates are made of Orient pearl—  
O God, if I were there !

Within thy gates no thing can come  
That is not passing clean ;  
No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust,  
No filth may there be seen.  
JEHOVAH, Lord, now come away,  
And end my grief and plaints ;  
Take me to thy Jerusalem,  
And place me with thy saints.

Who there are crowned with glory great,  
And see God face to face ;  
They triumph still, and aye rejoice—  
Most happy is their case.

But we that are in banishment  
Continually do moan ;  
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep—  
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,  
Our pleasures are but pain,  
Our joys not worth the looking on—  
Our sorrows aye remain.  
But there they live in such delight,  
Such pleasure and such play,  
That unto them a thousand years  
Seem but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem !  
Thy joys when shall I see ?  
Thy King sitting upon his throne,  
And thy felicity ?  
Thy vineyards and thy orchards,  
So wonderfully rare,  
Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruit,  
Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks,  
Continually are green ;  
There grows such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.  
There cinnamon and sugar grow,  
There nard and balm abound ;  
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,  
The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring—  
The music's ever sweet ;  
There many a fair and dainty thing  
Are trod down under feet.

## THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Quite through the streets with pleasant sound  
 The flood of life doth flow ;  
 Upon the banks on every side  
 The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripen fruit—  
 For evermore they spring ;  
 And all the nations of the world  
 To thee their honours bring.  
 Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,  
 Full sore I long to see :  
 O that my sorrows had an end,  
 That I might dwell in thee !

There David stands with harp in hand,  
 As master of the choir ;  
 A thousand times that man were blest  
 That might his music hear.  
 There Mary sings " Magnificat,"  
 With tunes surpassing sweet ;  
 And all the virgins bear their part,  
 Singing about her feet.

" Te Deum " doth St. Ambrose sing,  
 St. Austin doth the like ;  
 Old Simeon and Zacharie  
 Have not their songs to seek.  
 There Magdalene hath left her moan,  
 And cheerfully doth sing,  
 With all blest saints whose harmony  
 Through every street doth ring.

*(To be concluded next month.)*

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# CHEERING WORDS

VOL. VII.

JUNE, 1857.

No. 74.

## FAITHFUL MERCIES.



LET us with a gladsome  
mind  
Praise the Lord, for he is  
kind;  
For his mercies shall en-  
dure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.  
Children, come, extol his  
might;  
Join with saints and an-  
gels bright. [For, &c.  
All our wants he doth  
supply;  
Loves to hear our humble  
cry. [For, &c.  
He of old our fathers blest,  
Led them to the land of  
rest. [For, &c.  
His own Son he sent to  
die,  
Us to raise to joys on  
high. [For, &c.  
Let us, then, with glad-  
some mind  
Praise the Lord, for he is  
kind. [For, &c.

Price One-halfpenny; or 10 copies for 4d.

## LOSSES BY RELIGION.

NEAR London there dwelt an old couple : in early life they had been poor, but God had blessed their industry, and they were living in a comfortable retirement, when one day a stranger called on them to ask their subscription to a charity. The old lady had less religion than her husband, and still hankered after some of the Sabbath earnings and easy shillings which Thomas had forfeited, from regard to the law of God ; so when the visitor asked their contribution, she interposed, and said, " Why, sir, we have lost a great deal by religion, since we first began ; my husband knows that very well. Have we not, Thomas ? " After a solemn pause, Thomas answered, " Yes, Mary, we have. Before I got religion, Mary, I had an old slouched hat, a tattered coat, and mended shoes and stockings ; but I have *lost* them long ago. And, Mary, you know that, poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk and quarrelling with you—and that, you know, I have *lost*. And then I had a burdened conscience, and a wicked heart, and ten thousand guilty fears ; but all are *lost*—completely *lost*, and, like a millstone, cast into the deepest sea. And, Mary, you have been a loser too, though not so great a loser as myself. Before we got religion, Mary, you had a washing tray, in which you washed for hire ; but since then you have *lost* your washing tray : and you had a gown and bonnet much the worse for wear, but you have *lost* them long ago ; and you had many an aching heart concerning me at times, but these you happily have *lost* : and I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost ; for what we lose by religion will be an everlasting gain. The inventory of losses by religion runs thus : A bad character—a guilty conscience—troublesome temper—sundry evil habits—and a set of wicked companions. THE BLESSINGS GAINED BY RELIGION, INCLUDES ALL THAT IS WORTH HAVING IN TIME AND ETERNITY. " Happy is the people whose God is the Lord."

### COMPLETE IN HIM.

---

THE late Lady Colquhoun was one who knew the preciousness and power of resting on Christ Jesus alone for peace, comfort, and salvation, and from personal experience she was "able to teach others, also." Let the anxious and inquiring ponder the following excellent remarks, which were addressed by her to a young friend, and take the comfort they are calculated to convey:—"As well in our winters as our summers the foundation standeth sure—'Christ is all.' With him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Precious truth! Let us rest upon it, and cease from the vain endeavour to find anything in us that can give the shadow of hope. Abiding hope must be fixed on the object that changeth not. We change daily, hourly, He remains glorious in holiness eternally. And this Perfection is in the court of heaven our representative. Can we want more? Shall we say, I will add a few of my virtues and graces to the account? When we are guilty of this folly, we weary ourselves seeking for them, for they cannot be found, and our harp hangs upon the willows. But we resume the songs of Zion when we look entirely from ourselves to 'the Lord our righteousness.' How is it with you, dear A.? Can you rejoice in the Lord always? If not, experience will teach you that living on frames and feelings will not do—that comfort ebbs and flows with them—and that you equally delude yourself when you take comfort from the feeling of nearness to God, or when you lose it because you lack that joy in devotional exercises, which is, nevertheless, extremely desirable, and much to be prized. This, however, is distinct from joy in Christ crucified, and in Christ our righteousness; and it is very possible to feel little heart for prayer, and to mourn



an absent God, and yet to stand firm on the sure foundation, rejoicing in Christ, and never doubting that we are complete in him."

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### THE PLUCKED FLOWER.

---

A GENTLEMAN's gardener had a darling child, in whom his affections seemed to be centered. The Lord laid his hands upon the babe—it sickened and died. The father was disconsolate, and murmured at the dealings of Providence.

The gardener had in one of his flower-beds a favourite rose. It was the fairest flower he had ever seen on the tree, and he daily marked its growing beauty, intending, when full blown, to send it to his master's mansion. One morning it was gone—some one had plucked it. Mortified at what he thought was the improper conduct of one of the servants, he endeavoured to find out the culprit. He was, however, much surprised to find that his master, on walking through the garden, had been attracted by the beauty of the rose, and, plucking it, had carried it to one of the beautiful rooms in the Hall. The gardener's anger was changed into pleasure. He felt reconciled when he heard that his master had thought the flower worthy of such special notice.

"Ah, Richard!" said the gentleman, "you can gladly give up the rose, because I thought it worthy of a place in my house. And will you repine because your Heavenly Father has thought wise to remove your child from a world of sin, to be with himself in Heaven?"

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## AM I WELCOME TO THE SAVIOUR?

*(Continued from page 73.)*

ARE you looking unto Jesus? He is the author and finisher of faith. Do you ask, how can I look while I have no evidence that I have any spiritual perception—that the eyes of my understanding have been enlightened? If this be your case, which I much doubt, you cannot look to Christ any more than one deprived of the sense of sight, can look at any natural object. They, and they only, can look to Christ whose minds have been illuminated by God's Spirit; and in whose hearts the true light hath shined. The Israelites, who had been bitten by the fiery flying serpents, and who were already dead, could not look at the brazen serpent set up by God's command. Those of them only who were yet in life could look and be saved. And it is equally true in spiritual things. If there is no Divine life in the soul, there can neither be a right perception of ourselves as sinners, nor a "looking unto Jesus" as the only hope of salvation. But what is meant by this spiritual perception, to which you think yourself a stranger? What did Christ say of the Spirit's work? "When the Spirit of truth is come, he shall convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and judgment." What say you to being convinced of sin? Indeed, you reply, I cannot doubt but that I see myself in a very different aspect to what I formerly did; and that I do see and feel most painfully that I am a great sinner—so vile and so unworthy that if God were to deal with me on the ground of my deservings, he would be just in eternally banishing me from his presence into that place where hope can never enter. I feel more and more, every day of my life, the guilt and burden of sin; but this may all be nothing more than the awaking up of natural conscience. Stay awhile. It is quite true that natural consciences may, and sometimes will, wound the heart very deeply, and beget a fear of death and judgment. But this is not *all* you feel; you are longing for salvation, not merely as an escape from the punishment, but that you may be cleansed from the pollution of sin. You want to know that he is *your's*, and that you are *his*; for if I mistake not, you said, just

now, that if you did but know that Christ was as willing to heal your soul, as you were willing that he should do so, your happiness would be complete. Natural conscience never inspired such feelings and desires as these in any poor sinner's heart. It has made many dread hell; but it has never created a really spiritual salvation like that of which you are now the subject.

There is much instruction and encouragement to be gathered from the case of the man born blind, and on whom Christ bestowed the sense of vision. (See John's Gospel ix). The poor man having been questioned again and again, as to how his eyes were opened, and who opened them, exclaimed, at last, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." It is evident that the Jews tried hard to make the man discredit the miracle the Saviour had wrought on him. Their hatred of Christ was such that they would say or do anything to bring him into dispute among the people. Whatever the intentions of the Jews may have been, with regard to this miracle, one thing is certain, that the great enemy of souls, working on an evil heart of unbelief, adopts this course to induce those who are under the first leadings of God's spirit, in conviction of sin and a sense of danger, to question the reality of their feelings, and of that work of grace which has been commenced in their hearts. And, instead of taking comfort from the fact of their now being awakened to a sense of their lost and ruined condition, and of their having a cry for mercy put into their hearts, they are writing bitter things against themselves, held in legal bondage, and robbing the Saviour of that gratitude which such a change in their views and feelings, from what they once were, should have a tendency to awaken in their hearts. But, Satan was a liar from the beginning: he robbed our first parents of Paradise by a lie. Do not, therefore, think he will speak the truth to you. He will try hard to keep you from the Saviour, by telling you that your feelings and desires are nothing more than natural excitement, and that they have nothing to do with real religion. He will use his utmost endeavours to persuade you that your's is a hopeless case, and that you may as well give it up, at once, as a delusion: that your sins are too many, and too great

to be pardoned : that you have sinned away the day of grace and that many have felt, as you now feel, who have gone back to the world, and have had neither part nor lot in the matter. How many times, says the poor distressed soul, have I felt like this, and have been ready to give all up as lost. I have bent the knees of prayer, but I could not pray. I have only groaned in spirit, my feelings have been too big for utterance. I have gone to the Word of Life with a mind dark, agitated, and bewildered. I have read the promises of grace and mercy to those who seek in truth, but they appeared not to be made for me; and I have come to the conclusion, that I was not seeking aright, or the longed-for-mercy would surely come. It is the same with me in the sanctuary : I hear with the outward ear, but that is all ; and while others speak of the preciousness of the Saviour, and of the word of his grace to their souls, how it has been to them as honey and the honey-comb ; to me it has been as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered—without savour, without efficacy, without life. Nothing seems to give me peace of mind : the means of grace in which I sometimes hope to find comfort are as wells without water, and as clouds without rain. Why is it thus with me ? If your case appears thus hopeless, then why not give it up and return to the world, and seek comfort in its enjoyments and pleasures, running with the giddy multitude to do evil, as you formerly did ? you had none of this deep anxiety and concern then, all went on smoothly enough ; try it again. Oh ! no, says the poor smitten heart, though I often fear that such will be the result, I will never willingly go back “into the broad road that leadeth to destruction.” I will hope ; and though his mercy may never be manifested to me, yet it shall never be said that I did not hope for it through the merits of the Redeemer. If I perish, it shall be with a cry for mercy on my lips. If such, dear reader, be thy case, hope on, for your hope shall not be in vain. This is a good hope through grace, of which you shall never be ashamed. It is a blessed hope, one which the Spirit of God has created in thy heart ; and even if it should never be more than a hope, bless God for it, and take courage, for it shall eventually be crowned with eternal glory. “He that hath

pleasure; but from her home advantages and sheltered position, there was little opportunity for deciding whether propriety of conduct was the result of living faith, or only the effect of careful education. About four years ago I heard of her marriage (my own connection with the village in which she then resided having ceased some time previously), and a few weeks after this event I met her at a railway station. But little opportunity was here afforded for observing anything, except that absence and distance had in no wise diminished the warm affection which had ever caused the work of teaching her to be emphatically a "labour of love."

From this period, though I occasionally heard of her, I did not see her until a few months ago, when her sister came over and told me of her severe and increasing illness,—an illness that in all human probability would be "unto death,"—and after some hesitation on account of the distance, she expressed Caroline's earnest wish to see me before she died. I arranged to visit her on the following day; and I do not think while memory holds her place, that visit will ever be forgotten. Her fair and transparent complexion, bright eyes, and beaming smile, made her most interesting to look at, and her words literally seemed to "burn" with love and joy. After the first greeting was over, she said, "I thought I should like to see you once more, and thank you, and ask you to thank Miss B——, for your teaching; it has been a great blessing to me. I often think of my school days, and bless God for them." In the course of our conversation she made use of these expressions: "I would not change my bed of pain for all the world could give; God deals so lovingly with me; I am kept in perfect peace; I suffer dreadful pain at times, but never is God so present with me as at those times." I quoted the passage, "Shall he not with him freely give us all things?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "that is it; *with Christ*

pain and trial are welcome ; with him I have not one pain to many." She spoke of her sinfulness : " It seems too much that such a sinful worm should have heaven ; but it is not too much for Christ to receive for us : he is worthy to receive salvation ; all for us." Again she said : " How much those lose who do not love and serve the Saviour ! *what happiness I have !*" She inquired if I had a Sabbath-school class now, and on my answering in the affirmative, and that I hoped to see them the next day, she said : " I wish I could see them." " And if you could," I rejoined, " what would you say to them ? " " Oh," was her reply, given with the brightest of smiles, " I would tell them *how happy it would make them to serve the Lord early.*" She had lost an infant a short time before I saw her, but she spoke sweetly of him as " safe folded in his Saviour's arms ;" and referring to her little girl, now two years and a half old, she said, " It has been my greatest trial, the thought of leaving her motherless in the world ; but now I feel I can leave her with God ; her mother's God will never forsake her." I left her on this occasion with the promise of repeating my visit in a few days ; but on doing so, I found her too weak to converse, though the same bright smile told of her inward joy. I said, " I gave your message to my girls, and they are very anxious to hear of you again ; I shall not have a very good account to give them." " Not of my body," she whispered, " but my soul is in *perfect peace.*"

Once more it was my privilege to see her, and then she had considerably revived. Again she gratefully recalled the past, saying, " I remember so well my school days—those happy days ; I forget every thing now, but I do not forget what I learned there. Oh, no one knows but those who have experienced it, how great is the happiness of seeking the Lord in childhood." She referred to her state of suffer-

ing the last time I had seen her, saying: "I have had two or three disappointments; I thought I was just at home, but I have been brought back." I said, "Our strongest desire should be, that Christ should be magnified, whether it be by life or by death." "Oh, yes," was her answer, "if he will but glorify himself, how gladly will I wait his time, though it be years." She referred to some hymns as full of comfort, particularly, "I lay my sins on Jesus;" and one commencing, "One there is above all others, O, how he loves!" "Do you not remember," she said, "teaching us to sing it?" "You have found," I asked, "Jesus to be a friend?" "Oh yes," was her reply; "*such* a friend! He never has failed me; he will never leave me nor forsake me; O, how he loves?" "And can you feel this," I inquired, "when suffering?" "The promises need affliction," was her answer, "to make us understand them; but he doth not afflict willingly; I only long to glorify him." When I was leaving her, she said, "I hope I shall live to see you again." "But if not?" I said. "Oh, then," she rejoined, with a glad smile playing over her lips, "we shall meet in the kingdom, 'and go no more out.'"

Soon after this interview I left home, and on my return heard from Caroline's sister that she was still alive, but in such a state of suffering and weakness that it was deemed undesirable to excite her by a visit; if she rallied, I was to be at once informed. Again I heard, but she was at rest, her last utterance being the words, "The conflict is over,—*all is peace*;" and one of her last messages, a charge to write immediately on her death to me, and say, "How gracious the Lord was *even to the end! We shall meet in the kingdom!*"

---

## THE NEW JERUSALEM ;

OR,

THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER HER HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

BY DAVID DICKSON,

*A Scottish Divine of the Olden Time.*

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*Continued from page 78.*

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !

Thy joys fain would I see ;  
 Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,  
 And take me home to thee !  
 O paint thy name in my forehead,  
 And take me hence away,  
 That I may dwell with thee in bliss,  
 And sing thy praises aye !

Jerusalem, the happy home—  
 Jehovah's throne on high !  
 O sacred city, queen, and wife  
 Of Christ eternally !  
 O comely queen, with glory clad,  
 With honour and degree,  
 All fair thou art, exceeding bright—  
 No spot there is in thee.

I long to see Jerusalem,  
 The comfort of us all ;  
 For thou art fair and beautiful—  
 None ill can thee befall.  
 In thee, Jerusalem, I say,  
 No darkness dare appear ;  
 No night, no shade, no winter foul—  
 No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,  
 No glittering stars to light ;  
 For Christ, the King of Righteousness,  
 For ever shineth bright.



## THE NEW JERUSALEM.

A Lamb unspotted, white, and pure,  
 To thee doth stand in lieu  
 Of light—so great the glory is  
 Thine heavenly King to view.  
 He is the King of kings, beset  
 In midst his servants' sight ;  
 And they his happy household all  
 Do serve him day and night :  
 There, there the choir of angels sing ;  
 There the supernal sort  
 Of citizens, which hence are rid  
 From dangers deep, do sport.  
 There be the prudent prophets all,  
 The apostles six and six,  
 The glorious martyrs in a row,  
 And confessors betwixt.  
 There doth the crew of righteous men  
 And nations all consist ;  
 Young men and maids that here on earth  
 Their pleasures did resist.  
 The sheep and lambs that hardly 'scap'd  
 The snare of death and hell,  
 Triumph in joy eternally,  
 Whereof no tongue can tell ;  
 And though the glory of each one  
 Doth differ in degree,  
 Yet is the joy of all alike  
 And common, as we see.  
 There love and charity do reign,  
 And Christ is all in all,  
 Whom they most perfectly behold  
 In joy celestial.  
 They love, they praise— they praise, they love  
 They " Holy, holy " cry ;  
 They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,  
 But land continually.  
*(To be concluded next month.)*

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# Cheering Words.

VOL. VII.

JULY, 1857.

No. 75.



## FORGET ME NOT.

VERY frequently in Scripture do we find allusions made to outward objects, to the sun, moon, and stars, to the mountains, the seas, the rivers, and valleys, to

the animated creatures great and small, to the trees of the forest, and the flowers of the field, which all combine in testifying to the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator. At this season, nature puts on its most beautiful and inviting colours, and young and old are to be seen rejoicing in its displays. See these children. How happy they seem to be, and yet God may be forgotten even in the midst of scenes so fitted to call him to remembrance, and stir up our hearts to praise him.

"Grandmother," said little Philip, "why do you call this beautiful flower, growing by the brook, a 'Forget-me-not?'"

"My child," said his grandmother, "I once went with your father, who was going on a long journey, to this brook. He told me, when I saw this little flower, I must think of him; and so I have always called it the 'Forget-me-not.'"

Said happy little Philip, "I have neither parents, nor sisters, nor brothers, from whom I am parted: I do not know whom I can think of when I see the Forget-me-not."

"I will tell you," said his grandmother, "some one of whom this flower may remind you; Him who made it. Every flower in the meadow says, 'Remember God;' every flower in the garden and the field says to us of its Creator, 'Forget me not.'"

---

### THE BACKSLIDER.

SOME years ago there lived, in the village of A—y in Berks, a young woman of very interesting manners and appearance, who was afflicted with hip disease, and confined to her bed. She had been long afflicted, and her afflictions were much blessed to her, so that her pastor and his wife, and other persons of piety in the neighbourhood, loved to visit her, not only to impart, but to receive. She never expected to rise again from her sick bed; but she was resigned and happy in looking forward to eternity; while, at the same time, she was very diligent in working with her needle, reading, writing, &c. At length a physician came to reside in a neighbouring village, who became greatly interested in her case, and whose prescriptions were so blessed to her that, instead of her death, which we all expected, we heard at length of her recovery—and I was one day surprised to see her walk into our house with some work which had been sent her to do.

I observed then that she looked very pretty and delicate, and her cap, which was trimmed with pink ribbons, heightened the effect of her delicate colour. I could not help observing this, as there was evidently a desire to look pretty, which surprised me in one who had been so long on the brink of the grave and who had been so happy in the prospect of eternity.

The next time I heard of her was at a country wake, in company with her unconverted relatives, and soon after she came one day to the Rectory for a marriage licence. The young man to whom she was married bore but an indifferent character for sobriety, &c.; but she was obliged to marry him to save herself from greater disgrace. Not long after

we were told she had given birth to an infant, and was very ill.

Her former Christian friends turned their backs on her—as Christians are too apt to act towards backsliders—and made no effort, that I ever heard, to find out whether she was penitent; so she went on for a few short years. Her husband drank, and was unkind to her; her children were probably sickly, like herself; and doubtless she had a sad life. It was said that she also took to drinking, probably to drown care; at all events, one night she sat up late to finish some work, and when at length it was finished, she lay down exhausted and weary on her bed, without taking off her clothes. A spark had fallen on her dress, and when her husband woke she was enveloped in flames. He made an effort to tear her dress off, but unsuccessfully, and she was burned to death.

Thus died poor Jane D—, who had once been thought an eminent Christian, but who fell by little and little into worldliness and sin, and ended a course, which had at one time shined so brightly, under an obscure and impenetrable cloud. If she had the root of the matter in her—if she had ever touched the hem of Jesus' garment by a real faith, she was "saved yet so as through the fire"—(1 Cor. iii. 15)—if she was self-deceived, the fair show of her profession, and her fruits, so like those of the Spirit, were but as the apples of Sodom, and avail her nothing now. Whatever her ultimate destiny, she reads a solemn lesson to professors of godliness—that the wages of sin is death. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall" (1 Cor. x. 12). E. G.

---

### EVERY MAN MUST SPREAD THE "GLAD TIDINGS."

In a sermon of Dr. Wayland, entitled, "The Apostolic Ministry," he illustrates the duty of every man to take part in preaching the Gospel, spreading the glad tidings, *evangelising* the world :—

"At the close of the last war with Great Britain, I was in the city of New York. The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been for two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth, and as she had now concluded a peace with the continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single-handed. Our harbours were blockaded. Communication coastwise between our ports was cut off. Our ships were rotting in every creek and cove where they could find a place of security. Our immense annual products were moulding in our warehouses. The sources of profitable labour were dried up. Our currency was reduced to irredeemable paper. The extreme portions of our country were becoming hostile to each other, and differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of every household. The credit of the government was exhausted. No one could predict when the contest would terminate, or discover the means by which it could much longer be protected.

"It happened that on a Saturday afternoon in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a cartel, bringing home our commissioners at Ghent from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily before any intelligence from the vessel had reached the city. Expectation became painfully intense as the hours of darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing



the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the action of our government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words first fell, rushed with breathless haste into the city, to repeat them to their friends, shouting, as they ran through the streets, 'Peace! Peace! Peace!' Every one who heard the sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches were flying to and fro, shouting like madmen, 'Peace! Peace! Peace!' When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few men slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fireside, beguiling the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agony of war was over, and that a worn-out and distracted country was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. Thus, *every one becoming a herald*, the news soon reached every man, woman, and child in the city, and in this sense the city was *evangelised*. All this you see was reasonable and proper. But when Jehovah has offered to our world a treaty of peace, when men doomed to hell may be raised to seats at the right hand of God, why is not a similar zeal displayed in proclaiming the good news? Why are men perishing all around us, and no one has ever personally offered to them salvation through a crucified Redeemer?"

---

## HEAVEN.

Oh, how this corruptible body presseth down the soul! Oh Adam, what hast thou done? There had been no sickness had there been no sin: but no sin, no Saviour—and no

Saviour, a happiness far short possibly of what we hope for through him. Oh, what will it be when our eyes close on this scene and open upon the world of spirits! The joys of heaven will be unspeakable and full of glory; rest in the bosom of God and the Saviour, and a full enjoyment of his presence, chiefly present themselves to my mind. The meeting with dear friends will, I should think, constitute a part of our felicity, but a very subordinate one. Like Whitfield, I think we shall be apt to say, "Stand back, and keep men off from me, that I may behold my Saviour."—*Hannah More.*

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#### A BOW DRAWN AT A VENTURE.

BY THE REV. DR. WISNER.

ABOUT twenty years ago, I was called, in the providence of God, to preach a sermon in a village a little more than twenty miles from where I was then settled. I preached from Rev. iii. 20, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

After pointing out some of the ways in which Christ knocked at the doors of sinners, I remarked, that he was then knocking at the door of that young man who had recently been bereaved of a beloved parent, and inquired whether he would then listen to the Saviour, and open the door. I did not at that time know that there had been any recent bereavement in the congregation; but twenty years afterwards, at a meeting of Synod, one of the elders from that church came to me, and with deep emotion informed me that the remark to which I have alluded was to his soul

"a nail in a sure place, fixed by the Master of assemblies." He was, at the time of my preaching, mourning the loss of a beloved mother; and when I unwittingly alluded to his case, and inquired whether he would listen to Christ's voice and open the door, his heart responded, "I will," and there in his seat, in the house of God, the Saviour came "in unto him," and filled his soul with joy and peace, according to his gracious promise.

How wonderful, that Jesus Christ, after having died for poor lost sinners, should be standing, year after year, at their doors, knocking for admission, and that so few should consent to hear his voice and open the door; that each incident of the kind is not only deeply interesting when made known to men, but is a special subject of joy among the angels of God! Well might the Saviour say, "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sins."

Impenitent reader, how long has Christ been standing at your door, offering you the rich blessing of communion with himself, if you would open unto him? Which of you have not been called upon, by the death of some dear friend, to hear his voice and open the door? Will you persist in this soul-destroying course until the Saviour shall be constrained to say, "Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh: when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind: then shall ye call on me, but I will not answer?"

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## TWO CHILDREN IN DIVERSE HOMES.

"Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptation."—Luke xxii. 23.

THERE were two children, who were placed in different homes, at a distance from the father whom they loved. One child was with a family, every member of which esteemed his father; his name was never mentioned but with love and veneration; his character was upheld as a very model of excellence; and the child's admiration for his father grew with his years, and strengthened with his ripening understanding.

FAR different was the case with his brother. The family he was placed with seemed bent on weaning his affection from his father, and undermining the confidence he reposed in him. They seldom, indeed, ventured upon open accusation, but were ever insinuating doubts as to his father's uprightness, discretion, or love. The child was deeply hurt at these suspicions; he stifled them continually; but they awoke thoughts of which he could not always lose at once the painful impression. Often did he say to himself, "Let them talk as they will, I *know* that my father is good, and wise, and tender; I *know* that he loves me; how often have I proved it; I am foolish to be so distressed; ere long I shall see him face to face, and hear from his own lips an explanation of many things which I cannot now unravel: till then, suspect and suggest as they may, I *will* believe in his excellence and love."

IN due time the father sent for both his children to his own home; but think you he welcomed that child with less affection and approval who would love on and trust him through base insinuation and suspicion?

See here a picture of two believers. Few doubts ever

assail the happy faith of one. The other passes through deep spiritual conflict: a malignant devil, an unbelieving world, and a corrupt heart, are ever whispering hateful suspicions of his God. "Though perplexed, he will not despair;" though silenced and confused, he continues to follow; though beaten by the waves, he clings to the rock. Though his Master is slandered and traduced, he keeps in his service. He continues with him in his temptations; and in the day of God, he, too, shall hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"—*Bickersteth*.

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#### WHO HAD THE DAUGHTER'S PORTION?

A GENTLEMAN who was collecting money to spread the knowledge of God, called at the house of a poor widow who had just lost her only child, a beloved daughter. She received him gladly, and when his errand was made known, handed him a sum of money so large that it greatly surprised him, and he could not help hesitating to take it. "Indeed, you must take it all," was her reply: "I had laid it up as a portion for my little daughter, and I am determined that He who has my daughter shall have her portion also."—*Child's Paper*.

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#### THE MARTYR'S PRAYER.

WHEN Leonard Keyser, who was burned at Scherding, 1527, for adhering to the Protestant faith, drew near the stake, he looked at the crowd, and exclaimed, "Behold the harvest! O Master, send forth thy labourers!" How full of the spirit of Christ was that blessed martyr! What ministers, what Christians, what churches, would such a spirit make! Let us cherish it; let us pray for it.

### FOR HALF-DAY HEARERS.

A GENTLEMAN thus accosted Dr. Bedell, in a place where he was preaching upon a visit: "Well, sir, you are the only man who could bring me out twice a-day." "Sir," was his reply, "I am sorry that your respect for me is stronger than your sense of duty to your God."

---

### EXTRACTS FROM RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS.

CHRIST'S cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bare; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, as sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbour.

Hold fast Christ, but take his cross and himself cheerfully; Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, however they part at heaven's door.

To be crucified to the world is not so highly accounted of by us as it should be. How heavenly a thing it is to be deaf and dead to this world's sweetest music!

Make others to see Christ in you, moving, doing, speaking, and thinking. Your actions will speak of him, if he be in you.

Go where you will, your soul will find no rest but in Christ's bosom. Inquire for him, come to him, and rest you on Christ the Son of God. I sought him, and I found in him all I wish or want.

Lose not sight of Christ in this cloudy and dark day. Learn not from the world to serve Christ, but ask himself the way. The world is a false copy, and a deceitful guide to follow.

All come not home at night who suppose they have set their faces heavenward. It is a woeful thing to die, and miss heaven. How many a mere professor's candle is blown out, and never lighted again! Many now take Christ by guess; therefore, I say, be sure

you take Christ himself; his sweet working in the soul will not lie; it will soon tell whether it be Christ indeed whom you have met with.

The day of the Lord is at hand, when all men shall appear as they are. There shall be no borrowed colours in that day. Men borrow the lustre of Christianity, but how many counterfeit masks will be burned in the day of God!

I wish our thoughts were, more frequently than they are, upon our country. Heaven casts a sweet perfume afar off to those who have spiritual senses.

Go on in the strength of the Lord, and put Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed. We *employ* not his love, and therefore we *know* it not.

I would not have believed that there is so much in Jesus as there is. It is little to see him in a book; but to draw nigh to Christ is another thing.

That Christ and a sinner should be one, and share heaven between them, is the wonder of salvation. What more could love do?

## THE NEW JERUSALEM;

OR,

THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER HER HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

BY DAVID DICKSON,

*A Scottish Divine of the Olden Time.*

(Concluded from page 92.)

O passing happy were my state  
 Might I be worthy found  
 To wait upon my God and King,  
 His praises there to sound;

And to enjoy my Christ above,  
His favour and his grace,  
According to his promise made,  
Which here I interlace.

O happy thousand times were I,  
If, after wretched days,  
I might with listening ears conceive  
Those heavenly songs of praise,  
Which to the eternal King are sung  
By happy wights above—  
By saved souls and angels sweet,  
Who love the God of love.

“O Father dear,” quoth he, “let them  
Which thou hast put of old  
To me, be there where, lo, I am,  
Thy glory to behold;  
Which I with thee, before the world  
Was made in perfect wise,  
Have had; from whence the fountain great  
Of glory doth arise.”

Again, “if any man will serve  
Thee, let him follow me;  
For where I am, he there right sure,  
There shall my servant be.”  
And still: “If any man loves me,  
Him loves my Father dear,  
Whom I do love; to him myself  
In glory will appear.”

Lord, take away my misery,  
That then I may be bold  
With thee in thy Jerusalem,  
Thy glory to behold;



And so in Zion see my King,  
My love, my Lord, my all;  
Whom now as in a glass I see,  
There face to face I shall.

Oh ! blessed are the pure in heart,  
Their Sovereign they shall see ;  
O ye most happy heavenly wights,  
Which of God's household be !  
O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,  
These gins and fetters strong ;  
For I have dwelt within the tents  
Of Kedar over long !

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out,  
Fetch me thy fold unto,  
That all thy angels may rejoice,  
While all thy will I do.  
O mother dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee ?  
When shall my sorrows have an end—  
Thy joys when shall I see ?

Yet once again I pray thee, Lord,  
To quit me from all strife,  
That to thy hill I may attain,  
And dwell there all my life,  
With cherubims and seraphims  
And holy souls of men,  
There sing thy praise, O God of hosts,  
For ever, and amen.

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# Cheering Words.

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## HINTS TO MOTHERS AND TEACHERS.

UNDER the head of the *mother's duty*, we shall endeavour to express what we have to say as briefly as possible, in the form of a few plain, practical hints.

*Be loving.* This is the sceptre of your power : if this is broken, your empire over their hearts is at an end. And then, remember that though you may truly love your children, you may often fail to show your love ; and thus, by apparent, though not real unkindness, sadly chill the young affections of your child. Love, to be winning and endearing, must be felt ; and there are some mothers who, by a rude and harsh exterior, sadly mar the influence of a kind and faithful heart.

*Be firm.* Never let your love degenerate into indulgence. As you deny yourself in everything else for its sake, learn also to deny your own feelings, when faithfulness and the true welfare of your child demand the sacrifice. Let your love be tempered with decision, your decision sweetened by love. Be tender and gentle at all times, yet calm and steadfast to your purpose in everything that concerns their real good.

*Be hopeful and aim high.* Who knows what rich success the Lord may be pleased to vouchsafe to your loving and faithful endeavours ? He promises you your wages, and who can tell what rich guerdon that may be ? That quick, precocious boy, or girl, that now so greedily drinks in the rudiments of knowledge, and whose keen, bright eye and open brow bespeak the ardent spirit within—who can tell what he or she may yet be, what a burning and shining light in the church of God ? Such things have been, and such things will be again. Even so it may be with you. Or should it

be otherwise—should an humbler and quieter lot be assigned to the child of your womb, at least he may be a saint of God, a faithful disciple of the Lord Jesus, a light of the world on earth, a star in the firmament in heaven; and whether he shall be that or no depends, more than on any other influence, under God, on his mother.

*Be cheerful*, and make *all happy* around you. Mix religion with everything, and let it be a happy religion. Let it be a calm, bright, sunny, loving piety—hallowing all, sweetening all, endearing all. Let your children learn to associate religion with whatever is truest and most blessed in life, and with everything that is dearest and most precious in their mother—with her calm smile, her gentle voice, her cheerful, happy step—with quiet Sabbath days, and sweet Bible texts, and holy hymns and prayers first learned upon her knees. So shall the family on earth be a lively image, and it may be also, through divine grace, an earnest and foretaste of the eternal family in heaven.

And, finally, continue your efforts *perseveringly* to the last. Never despair of the grace of God. . So long as the day of grace lasts, and your child is still in the land of the living, work on *perseveringly*, *hopefully*. The prodigal may wander long, yet be brought home at last. The spring may be chill and backward, yet a glorious harvest may come after all. "In the morning," then, "sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not

thy hand, for thou knowest not which will prosper, whether this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." Let your efforts for their salvation begin with their birth, and terminate only with their death. When they are infants on the breast, give them again and again to Jesus. When they are boys and girls, train them up for him. When they go out into the world, still follow them with your counsels and your prayers. Crowd the audience-chamber above with your petitions and your arguments. Cling to his feet like her of old who pled for her afflicted daughter, and take no denial. Then, though for a time He may seem to spurn you from his feet, to you too may the gracious answer come at last:—"O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."—*Rev. Islay Burns in "Sanctity of Home."*

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## HAST THOU FAITH?

*Extracted, with additions, from, "Are you forgiven?"*

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A.,

*Rector of Helmingham, Suffolk.*

READER,—The question before your eyes is one of vast importance. Pardon or no pardon,—forgiveness or no forgiveness,—peace with God or no peace—all hinges on this one point, "Hast thou Faith?"

Faith, simple faith, is the only thing required, in order that you and I may be forgiven. God asks us to come to Jesus as sinners with our sins,—to trust in Him,—rest on Him,—lean on Him,—confide in Him,—commit our souls to Him,—and, *forsaking all other hope, cleave only to Him.*—This is all and everything that God asks for. Let a man only do this, and he shall be saved. His iniquities shall be completely pardoned, and his transgressions entirely taken away. Every man and woman that so trusts is at once wholly forgiven, and reckoned perfectly righteous. His sins are clean gone, and his soul is justified in God's sight, however bad and guilty he may have been. In himself he deserves nothing but hell. But he believes on Jesus, and is saved.

Faith is the only thing required, *not knowledge*. A man may be a poor unlearned sinner, and know little of books. But if he sees enough to find the foot of the cross, and trusts in Jesus for pardon, I will engage he shall not miss heaven. To know Christ is the corner-stone of all religious knowledge.

Faith I say, and *not conversion*. A man may have been walking in the broad way up to the very hour he first hears the Gospel. But if in that hearing he is awakened to feel his danger, and wants to be saved, let him come to Christ at once, and wait for nothing. That very coming is conversion.

Faith, I repeat, and *not holiness*. A man may feel all full of sin, and unworthy to be saved. But let him not tarry outside the ark till he is better. Let him come to Christ without delay just as he is. Afterwards he shall be holy.

Reader, I call upon you to let nothing move you from this strong ground, that *faith in Christ is the only thing needed for your justification*. Stand firm here, if you value your



soul's peace. I see many walking in darkness and having no light, from confused notions as to what faith is. They hear that <sup>living</sup> ~~saving~~ faith will work by love and produce holiness, and not finding all this at once in themselves, they think they have no faith at all. They forget that these things are the fruits of faith, and not faith itself. To doubt whether we have faith, because we do not see its fruits at once, is like doubting whether a tree be alive, because it does not bear fruit the very day we plant it in the ground. I charge you to settle it firmly in your mind that in the matter of your forgiveness and justification there is but one thing required, and that is, simple faith in Christ.

Reader, hast thou this precious faith? Ask thine own heart. If not, pray night and day that thou mayest have it. It is the beginning of all peace within. If thou hast it, pray for more. Cry often to the Lord, "Increase my faith."

---

"This is the glad tidings, that we are made righteous by Christ. It is not a righteousness wrought by us, but given to us, and put upon us. This carnal reason cannot comprehend, and being proud, rejects and argues against it—How can this thing be? But faith closes with it, and rejoices in it. Without either doing or suffering, the sinner is acquitted and justified, and stands as guiltless of breach as having fulfilled the whole law."—*Archbishop Leighton*, 1670.

"The spiritual hand whereby we receive the sweet offer of our Saviour is faith; which, in short, is no other than an affiance in the Mediator. Receive peace, and be happy; believe, and thou hast received."—*Bishop Hall*, 1640.

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## MIND THE DOOR.

DID you ever observe how strong a street door is? How thick the wood is? how heavy the chain is? what large bolts it has? and what a lock? If there were nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be needed; but as there are precious things within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong, and we must mind the door.

We have a house. Our heart and mind is that house. Bad things are for ever trying to come in and go out of our mind and heart. I will describe some of these bad things to you.

Who is that at the door? Ah! I know him; it is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce he looks! I will hold the door, and not let him in, or he will do me harm, and perhaps some one else.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as if it were too mean for his notice. Ah, wicked Pride, I will hold the door fast, and try to keep him out.

Here is some one else. I am sure, from his sour look, his name is Ill-Temper. It will never do to let him in; for if he can only sit down in the house, he makes every one unhappy, and it will be hard to get him out again. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go away.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, my fine fellow; we have too much to do to attend to such folks as you. Mind the door.

Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace, I think I know him. It is Sloth. He would like nothing better than to live in my house, sleep or yawn the hours away, and bring me to rags and ruin. No, no, you idle drone, work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away; you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! what a kind face! She looks like an angel. It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in; we must open the door for you.

Others are coming. Good and bad are crowding up. Oh, if men kept the door of their heart, bad thoughts and bad words would not come in and go out as they do. Welcome to all things good, war with all things bad. We must mark well who comes in; we must be watchful and in earnest. Keep the guard! Mind the door! Mind the door! "Keep thy heart with all diligence: for out of it are the issues of life."

And would you know how to keep it? Let Jesus in, and He will give you daily and hourly of his Spirit. "Behold," he says, "I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me."

---

### THE GLORY OF SALVATION.

WHAT a surprise will it be to them that now have come to God by Christ, to see themselves in heaven indeed, saved indeed, and possessed of everlasting life indeed. For alas! what is faith to possession?—faith that is mixed with many

tears, that is opposed with many assaults, and that seems sometimes to be quite extinguished—I say, what is that to a seeing myself in heaven? Hence it is said, that “he shall then come to be admired in them that now believe;” then they shall admire that it was their lot to believe when they were in the world. They shall also admire to think, to see, and behold, what believing has brought them to; while the rest, for refusing to come to God by Christ, drink their tears mixed with burning brimstone.

What a joy will it be to the truly godly to think now that they are come to God by Christ. It was their mercy to begin to come; it was their happiness that they continued coming; but it is their glory that they are come, that they are come to God by Christ.

To God! why, He is all in all; all that is good, essentially good, and eternally good. To God, the infinite ocean of good. Oh, that I could imagine, O that I could think, that I might write more effectually to thee of the happy estate of them that come to God by Christ!—*Bunyan*.

---

### LOOK TO THE COPY.

WHEN a boy is learning to write, his master either gives him a copy-slip, or else writes the first line in the page for him. Now, I have often seen a boy write the next line with some care, looking at the letters he had to copy. But when he came to the third line, instead of looking at his copy, he looked only at his own writing just above. And what came of that? Why, he copied all his faults, and made more too, so that every line down the page was worse than

the one before it! He never tried to make each line more like his copy.

So there are some boys who never try to improve, but just seem to copy their own faults day after day, and so really grow worse, more idle, more disobedient, more careless. Instead of this, they should read their Bible, and see what the Saviour did; and try, by God's grace, to follow His example.

---

#### KINDNESS THE BEST PUNISHMENT.

A QUAKER, of most exemplary character, was disturbed one night by footsteps around his dwelling; and he rose from his bed and cautiously opened a back door to reconnoitre. Close by was an out-house, and under it a cellar, near a window of which was a man busily engaged in receiving the contents of his pork barrel from another within the cellar. The old man approached, and the man outside fled. He stepped up to the cellar window, and received the pieces of pork from the thief within, who, after a little while, asked his supposed accomplice, in a whisper, "Shall we take it all?" The owner of the pork said, softly, "Yes, take it all;" and the thief industriously handed up the balance through the window, and then came up himself. Imagine his consternation when, instead of greeting his companion in crime, he was confronted by the Quaker. Both were astonished, for the thief proved to be a near neighbour, of whom none would have suspected such conduct. He pleaded for mercy, begged him not to expose him, spoke of the necessities of poverty, and promised faithfully never to steal again.

"If thou hadst asked me for meat," said the old man, "it would have been given thee. I pity thy poverty, and thy weakness, and esteem thy family. Thou art forgiven."

The thief was greatly rejoiced, and was about to depart, when the old man said, "Take the pork, neighbour."

"No, no," said the thief: "I don't want the pork."

"Thy necessity was so great that it led thee to steal. One-half of the pork thou must take with thee."

The thief insisted he could never eat a morsel of it. The thoughts of the crime would make it choke him. He begged the privilege of letting it alone. But the old man was incorrigible, and furnishing the thief with a bag, had half the pork put therein, and laying it upon his back, sent him home with it. He met his neighbour daily for many years afterwards, and their families visited together, but the matter was kept secret; and though in after years the circumstance was mentioned, the name of the delinquent was never made known. The punishment was severe and effectual. It was probably his first—it was certainly his last attempt to steal.

Had the man been arraigned before a court of justice, and imprisoned for the petty theft, how different might have been the result! His family disgraced, their peace destroyed, the man's character ruined, and his spirit broken. Revenge, not penitence, would have swayed his heart; the scorn of the world would have blackened his future; and in all probability he would have commenced a course of crime at which, when the first offence was committed, his soul would have shuddered. And what would the owner of the pork have gained? Absolutely nothing. Kindness was the best punishment, for it saved while it punished.

---

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"BE NOT OVERCOME OF EVIL."

Saints, when provoked, are too often so like sinners, that it is impossible to discover any difference.—Rom. xii. 21.

"WE SEE BUT IN PART."

A traveller, as he passed through a large thick wood, saw a part of a huge oak, which looked misshapen, and also appeared to spoil the scenery.

"If," said he, "I was the owner of this forest, I would cut down that tree."

But when he had ascended the hill, and taken a full view of the forest, this same tree appeared the most beautiful of the whole landscape.

"How erroneously," said he, "I have judged, while I saw only a part."

"This plain tale," says Dr. Olin, "illustrates the plans of God. We now see but in part. The full view,—the harmony and proportion of things, are all necessary to clear up our judgment."

## PROVIDENCE.

When a man becomes a Christian, he is written upon, as it were, "To be provided for;" and he ought therefore to notice, as he goes along, how Providence does provide for him.—Matt. vi. 33.

## RUN FOR IT.

Yes, run for it, as John Bunyan said, for he that will have Heaven must run for it. The devil, law, sin, death, hell, are all making after thee. Run for it!

## THE "LANGUAGE INTO LIFE."

A deep subduing glory softly hung  
O'er the rich summer skies. The sweet perfume  
Of honeysuckle, rose, and heliotrope,  
Blended with the soft air which gently stole  
In at the open casement, and then fanned  
The clear, white forehead of the dying one.

Her unbound locks lay carelessly upon  
The snowy pillow, damp with death's cold dew.  
The breath came feebly through the parted lips;  
And the blue eye, unnaturally bright,  
Roamed to and fro, save when it stayed to beam  
Unutterable tenderness upon  
The trembling forms beside her.

They were there  
Whose love had made her young life beautiful,  
Hushing the beatings of their bleeding hearts,  
And vainly yearning for the power to snatch  
Their precious one from the cold, chilly arms  
Of Death. At length one took the wasted hand  
And asked her if she knew them. For awhile  
She strove to dwell upon the scene around  
And give the answer Love desired. But ere  
Her quivering lips had framed the words, her soul  
Flew to another subject, and a smile  
Intensely beautiful illumed her face,  
As with a thrilling tone she said, "*I know  
That my Redeemer liveth!*"

Fainter grew  
The pulse of life; and o'er her eyes there stole  
A thickening mist, darkening the well-known room.  
She heard, as in a dream, a husky voice  
Say sadly, "She is going." Then she saw  
Floating around her seraphs robed in light,  
And one, the fairest of them all, leaned o'er  
And loosed the silken cord. *And she was free.*

She rose up through the dazzling depths of light  
Surrounded by ethereal beings, till  
The gate of the celestial city stood  
Before them in its beauty. 'Twas not barr'd  
To them, and she, the newly born, walked in.



The shining angels brought the blood-washed robe  
And threw around her. On her brow they placed  
The fadeless crown of life, and in her hands  
A harp with strings of gold. And then they led  
Her on, and on, and on, o'er the vast plains  
Studded with amaranthines, till she gained  
The temple of the Holiest! There she stayed,  
Her spirit bathed in rapture, and drank in  
Melodious music from unnumbered lyres,  
And sweet, unflinching voices. There she saw  
Myriads of radiant spirits clothed in light;  
But One there was more beautiful than all,  
Who seemed the Fount of all the glory.  
Nearer she drew to Him, and then she saw  
The wounded hand and pierced side, and knew  
That it was her Redeemer.

With a cry  
Of rapturous adoration, low she knelt  
Before His great white throne, and cast her crown  
At His dear feet. Then in His majesty  
He raised and folded her in His own arms,  
And bade her welcome to her home in Heaven!

When morning dawned, Earth had another scene  
Of agonizing woe. A little band  
Of stricken mourners stood beside the clay,  
And wept that earth was darker still.

But Heaven!

Ah, there *was* joy in Heaven!

Farningham.

MARY ANNE HEARN.

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# Cheering Words.

VOL. VII.

SEPTEMBER, 1857.

No. 77.



WE were lately called, by an afflicting Providence, to visit Bath—a city which had so long been the field of the Christian labours of that honoured servant of God, the late Rev. William Jay. We found his name and memory strongly cherished, and could not but feel, as we thought of his pastoral and other services, how much good one man, owned, directed, and blessed by God, could be the instrument of effecting. His successor, the Rev. W. Brindley, we rejoice to think, is following in his footsteps. The great source of Mr. Jay's usefulness and success was in his dependence upon God. The duty and conse-

quences of which he so well describes in the paper, which we subjoin.

## "MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THEE."

BY THE LATE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—Exod. xxxiii. 14.

THIS exceeding great and precious promise belongs to us as well as to Moses. What are we authorised to expect from it?

My presence shall go with thee to *guide* thee, and I will give thee rest from *perplexity*. How miserable would a man be, in travelling, if his journey were important, and yet he was ignorant of the way, and every moment liable to err. In this case, nothing would relieve him so much as a guide who was willing to go with him, and able to show him the course he should always take. And his satisfaction would be in proportion to the confidence he reposed in the disposition and capacity of his leader. Nothing can equal the importance of the journey we are taking: life or death, salvation or perdition, depends upon the issue; and "the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." If left to himself he will err in every step, and in the greatness of his folly for ever go astray. The Christian feels this, and therefore prays, "Lead me in thy truth, and guide me; for thou art the God of my salvation, on thee do I wait all the day." And does God disregard his cry? "I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit; which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go." This extends to doctrine, to experience, to all his temporal concerns. He is not, indeed, to look for miracles; but he is under the conduct of God, and he has given no promise but shall be fulfilled. When the Jews were marching to Canaan, they had a pathless desert to go

through; but they were free from all perplexity, because they had a fiery cloudy pillar to regulate all their movements. We have the same; for "this God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death."

My presence shall go with thee to *guard* thee, and I will give thee rest from *apprehension*. A Christian has not only a pilgrimage, but a warfare to accomplish. No sooner has he set his face Zionward than he has reason to exclaim, "Many there be which rise up against me; many there be that say of my soul, there is no help for him in God." And what wonder, if while without are fightings, within are fears? And how is he to prevail over them? He knows that, if left to himself, he must perish, long before he reaches that better country. But he is not alone. There is one at his right hand, who says, "Abide with me; for he that seeketh thy life, seeketh my life; but with me thou shalt be in safeguard." At the sound of this, his mind is relieved, his confidence rises, and he sings, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?"

My presence shall go with thee to *provide* for thee, and I will give thee rest from *anxiety*. The manna was not to be hoarded, but gathered daily; and we are to feel our constant dependence upon God for the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. And is this trying? Could we wish it to be otherwise?

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."  
 "My strength is sufficient for thee." What more can we desire? When we have trusted in God for the soul, it might be imagined that it would be easy to trust in him for the body. But temporal things are sensible, and near, and pressing; and some cases would be enough to awaken all their forebodings. But he has said, "I will never leave

thee, nor forsake thee." "Fear the Lord, ye his saints; for there is no want to them that fear him. The young lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall want no good thing." Jehovah-jireh! the Lord will provide.

My presence shall go with thee to *comfort* thee, and I will give thee rest from *sorrow*. However you may be stripped, you shall not be destitute of consolation. Though the fig-tree shall not blossom, nor fruit be in the vine, you shall rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of your salvation. His presence is a substitute for any creature; it can more than repair every loss. Some leave us from want of principle; some from infirmity, rather than depravity. Death abridges our circles. Who can look back over a few years, and not exclaim, "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintances into darkness?" Yet if the lamps be extinguished, the sun continues. If the streams fail, we have the fountain. Are the consolations of God small with thee? In the multitudes of thy thoughts within thee, do not his comforts delight thy soul!

But oh! when I shall gather up my feet into the bed, and turn my face to the wall,—then, all creatures withdrawn,—and flesh and heart failing,—oh! what can support me in the prospect, and, above all, in the experience of that event? Be of good courage. He who is with thee in the wilderness will be with thee at the swellings of Jordan, and open a way through the flood, and give thee a dry-shod passage over into the land flowing with milk and honey. He who has been with thee in life, will be still more with thee in death. And therefore you may boldly say with one before you, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

From this hour, let me never forget this blessed promise,

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Let me believe it with a faith unfeigned. Let me ascertain my title to it. Let me plead it before the throne of grace. Let me apply it in my perplexities, my apprehensions, my anxieties, my sorrows. Let me bind it about my neck, and write it upon the table of my heart, that when I go, it may lead me; when I sleep, it may keep me; and when I awake, it may talk with me.

---

### VISITATION OF THE POOR.

WE are told in Scripture, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." To this truth we can heartily say, Amen, including what doubtless was intended, visiting the poor. This gratification must be experienced before it can be known, but it is one of the highest kind, draws out the best feelings of our nature; and in doing good to others we in fact do good to ourselves. This work is not for the praise of man, and if performed in a right spirit, shall return a hundred-fold to him who so follows the path of our beloved Lord and Master. We meet oftentimes amongst the poor such simplicity, natural frankness, warmth of heart, and genuine gratitude, and hear in their touching tale so many instances of God's gracious dealings towards them, that we may well stand amazed to see how wonderfully they are carried on from day to day, and brought through their various distresses. Those lose a great deal, who hold no intercourse with them, though we hardly think a devoted Christian would be wilfully lacking in this particular. This pleasure,



for we must call it one, is more or less in the reach of all. We may not be able to give much of the gold or silver, but we can read and pray; and in extending our sympathy and opening our own hearts, how far may not God open out to us. This is the recompense we look for, and shall obtain; the remembrance of such visits, too, is refreshing. I recall one opportunity some time since. When passing through a lovely part of England, I had to go through a long glen, with rocks covered with wood on either side; a beautiful stream ran along the bottom of this sweet spot, for the distance of two miles; the scene so unexpected reminded me of Switzerland; brilliant was the day, the sun shone forth in all its magnificence, and every thing looked smiling and beautiful around. I felt thankful to be permitted such earthly enjoyment, and my heart went out in praise to the Giver of so many mercies. I thought no human being was nigh, but my eye was speedily attracted by the appearance of three humble, but neat cottages; outside of which were placed benches for the traveller to rest, if weary. I did not, however, avail myself of this comfort, but chose rather to enter one of these simple dwellings. The room was beautifully clean, and all arranged in good and comfortable order. Near the window, where grew the sweet rose and jessamine, sat an aged woman, evidently a widow, who arose and invited me to sit down. I soon entered into conversation with her, and found she had been bereft of her husband two years, who seemed to have departed in the faith, leaving behind, what only he had to give, his blessing; very short had been his illness, and without his daily labour, she had none near to look for help. Her good daughter, however, for she had one, came to her, leaving the place she had filled as a domestic, with much credit to herself, gave all her saved earnings to her widowed mother, and all her affectionate heart. When

the mite was nearly exhausted, God raised up a friend, in a stranger who came into the neighbourhood, and who soon united his lot with the good daughter, cheering his mother-in-law's home whenever he could leave his work, which was at some distance, but would on no account remove her dutiful child from her. "See," said the old creature, "how the Lord hath provided for me, now I am deprived of my husband; and now let me show you my little grandchild," who was lying in his cot fast asleep. Here was the earthly loss made up! My aged friend could not read; and, far away from church or chapel, could not have the privilege of hearing, and rarely did a good angel, in the form of a minister, come to speak to her. She joyfully acceded to my request to read a chapter with her; and though she expressed her feelings rudely, yet there appeared a real desire in her heart for the living water. We talked together of the suffering, but now risen and glorious Saviour; of the only hope and strength coming from him; of his love to poor sinners, and willingness to receive all who draw nigh to the foot of the cross. I seem to see the lighting up of that aged face, and the smile that beamed on the wrinkled visage, while the tear started in her yet clear blue eye; a chord had evidently touched her heart, not to be disguised. Ah! thought I, the same wonderful grace, which hath appeared to so many, hath come to this lowly abode. Blessed be God, the Friend of the poor, the widow, and the fatherless! What a sympathy arose in my own heart, as we afterwards knelt down together to give thanks for light given, and to implore for grace and peace to come. When we arose, I said, "You will not forget our meeting to-day?" "Ah, no;" she replied, "I will never forget you till I die." How grateful and how touching! As I parted from her and pursued my way, I thought who could withhold from visiting the poor, when such a gratifi-

cation may be the result ; and why may not our hearts be continually refreshed and warmed by such living testimonies amid God's poor and afflicted ones ? Hath he not chosen the poor of this world, rather than the rich and mighty ; and shall we not search them out ? All may not be like this poor widow ; but if permitted to speak and visit, we can hardly fail of some good being accomplished. Gentle reader, try and follow this work, in dependance upon Him who once said, " Go thou and do likewise."

---

### THE TIDE OF GRACE.

LET me now urge on you the advantage and duty of improving to the utmost every season of heavenly visitation. There are seasons more favourable and full of grace than others. In this there is nothing surprising, but much that is in harmony with the common dispensations of Providence. Does not the success of the farmer, seamen, merchant—of men in many other circumstances—chiefly depend on their seizing opportunities which come and go like showers—which flow and ebb like the tides of ocean ? The sea is not always full. Twice a-day she deserts her shores, and leaves the vessels high and dry upon the beach ; so that they who would sail must wait and watch, and take the tide ; and larger ships can only get afloat, or, if afloat, get across the bar and into the harbour, when, through a favourable conjunction of celestial influences, the sea swells in stream or spring-tides beyond her common bounds. The seaman has his spring-tides ; the husbandman has his spring-time ; and those showers, and soft winds, and sunny hours, on the

prompt and diligent improvement of which the state of the barn and barn-yards depends. If the season of heavenly visitation be improved, who can tell but it may be with you as with one well known to us? She was a fair enough professor, yet had been living a careless, godless, Christless life. She awoke one morning, and, most strange and unaccountable, her waking feeling was a strong desire to pray. She wondered. It was early dawn, and what more natural than that she should say, there is time enough—meanwhile “a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep?” As she was sinking back again into unconsciousness, suddenly, with the brightness and power of lightning, a thought flashed into her mind, filling her with alarm—this desire may have come from God; this may be the hour of my destiny, this the tide of salvation, which, if neglected, may never return. She rose, and flung herself on her knees. The chamber was changed into a Peniel; and when the morning sun looked in at her window, he found her wrestling with God in prayer; and, like one from a sepulchre, she came forth that day at the call of Jesus, to follow him henceforth, and in her future life to walk this world with God.—*Rev Thomas Guthrie, D.D.*

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## PRACTICAL PRAYER.

IN the vicinity of B—lived a poor but industrious man, depending for support upon his daily labour. His wife fell sick, and not being able to hire a nurse, he was obliged to confine himself to the sick-bed and the family. His means of support being cut off, he soon found himself in need.

Having a wealthy neighbour near, he determined to go and ask for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay as soon as his wife became so much better that he could leave her and return to his work. Accordingly, he took his bag, went to his neighbour's, and arrived while the family were at morning prayers. As he sat on the door-stone, he heard the man pray very earnestly that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort all that mourn. The prayer concluded, the poor man stepped in and made known his business, promising to pay with the avails of his first labours. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, for he had promised to lend a large sum of money, and had depended upon his wheat to make it out; but he presumed Neighbour—— would let him have it.

With a tearful eye and a sad heart, the poor man turned away. As soon as he left the house, the farmer's little son stepped up and said, "Father, did you not pray that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort mourners?"

"Yes; why?"

"Because if I had your wheat, I would answer that prayer."

It is needless to add that the Christian father called back his suffering neighbour, and gave him as much as he needed.

Now, Christian readers, do you thus answer your own prayers?

---

### “SON, BE OF GOOD CHEER.”

“Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.”—**MATT. IX. 2.**

Whether the sick man most desired or expected this forgiveness at the hand of Christ we cannot tell, but if he thought not of it, what a surprise of love! It is good coming to Jesus on any terms, upon any errand. They that seek pardon with sorrow will be sure to find it with joy; and they that find it without previous sorrow, shall yet be sure to find that sorrow for sin after pardon, if not before. And truly, it seems sweetest and kindest when mercy melts the heart. Well may Christ say, “Be of good courage, thy sins are forgiven thee.” What can dismay after this? The whole heart filled with divine peace and love, bears up all, and sorrow is turned into joy before a soul thus assured. But though this is great encouragement to sinners, it is no encouragement to sin. If thou bring thy sins to Jesus Christ, as thy malady and misery, to be cured of and delivered from, it is well; but to come with them as thy darlings and delight, thinking still to *retain them* and to *receive him*, is a gross mistake, a miserable delusion. The great intention of the blessed Jesus in the redemption he wrought, is to separate our hearts from sin.—*Matthew Henry.*

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### HINTS ON PREACHING.

A **VERY** celebrated Divine was in the habit of preaching so as to be rather beyond the comprehension of his hearers. A lady of his parish met him one day, and asked him what the duty of a shepherd was. “To feed his flock, of course,” was the reply. “Ought

he then to place the hay so high that but few of the sheep can reach it?"

A similar story is told of a Christian negro in America. "Well, Uncle Sam, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "Well, Marsa Tom, the trut' of the bisnis is jes this: when I goes to church, I loves to see the preacher take the bread of life and break it up in little pieces, and then put these pieces on different shelves, some high and some low, so that the smallest child of CHRIST can get his piece, and the highest man of God can get his. Now when the Doctor preaches, he takes the whole loaf, and puts it away up yonder, where nobody can get it but himself, and some few, smart as he is."

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#### EJACULATORY PRAYER.

EJACULATORY Prayer is the breath of the Christian,—his private passage to his hiding-place!—his express to heaven in times of emergency! The key of all his devotions to put them in tune! The Christian's sling-stone, which will break the power of temptations before the enemy ever is aware. It is the great secret where the great strength of the Christian lieth! And of all devotions it is the most convenient; the Christian should never be without this arrow on his bow.

---

#### THE SIN OF DETRACTION.

It would be well, if, when we cannot say any good of a person, we make it a matter of conscience to say no harm. A Clergyman once visited this spirit with a very salutary reproof. He had been inquiring whether a person who had recently settled in the neighbourhood, was very benevolent. A young lady replied to his inquiry, that she knew the person, and believed she was active among the poor, but, continued she, *the worst of her*—"Stop," said the Clergyman, "I did not ask *the worst of her*, but *the best of her*." The young lady never forgot the reproof, and endeavoured afterwards to set a watch over the door of her lips.

## A GOOD ACTION.

THREE things enter into the composition of a good action, scripturally so considered:—these are, a right PRINCIPLE, a right RULE, and a right END.

The right principle is the love of God.

The right rule is the Word of God.

The right end is the glory of God.

In proof of the first, we quote 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.,

In proof of the second, 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

In proof of the third, 1 Cor. x. 31.

Were mankind aware that such was a true definition of a good action, how few among them, one would imagine, could be found deliberately self-righteous and pharisaical; how few priding themselves in actions so destitute of all that can constitute them truly good!

## GOING HOME.

“But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.”—1 THESS. iv. 13.

“Unser Lieben sind geschieden.”

Our beloved have departed,

While we tarry broken-hearted,

In the dreary, empty house;

They have ended life's brief story,

They have reached the home of glory,

Over death victorious!

Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly;

On we travel, daily, nightly,

To the rest that they have found,—

Are we not upon the river,

Sailing fast to meet for ever,

On more holy, happy ground?



Whilst with bitter tears we're mourning,  
Thought to buried loves returning,  
Time is hasting us along,  
Downward to the grave's dark dwelling,  
Upward to the fountain welling  
With eternal life and song !

See ye not the breezes hieing,  
Clouds along in hurry flying ?  
But *we* haste more swiftly on,—  
Ever changing our position,  
Ever tossed in strange transition,—  
Here to-day, to-morrow gone !

Every hour that passes o'er us,  
Speaks of comfort yet before us,  
Of our journey's rapid rate,  
And, like passing vesper-bells,  
The clock of Time its chiming tells  
At Eternity's broad gate.

On we haste, to home invited,  
There with friends to be united  
In a surer bond than here ;  
Meeting soon, and met for ever !  
Glorious hope ! forsake us never,  
For thy glimmering light is dear.

Ah, the way is shining clearer  
As we journey ever nearer  
To the everlasting home :  
Comrades, who await our landing,  
Friends, who round the throne are standing.  
We salute you, and we come !

—LANGE.

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# Cheering Words.

Vol. VII.

OCTOBER, 1857.

No. 78.



MOST beautiful are the scenes which creation often discloses to our view ; and it is right in us to notice, to admire, and enjoy them as proceeding from the great and gracious God, and designed by Him for the purpose of displaying His own glory and contributing to the gratification and happiness of man. But how strange and melancholy their perverseness. Numbers

## WITH ME WHERE I AM.

"FATHER, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."—John xxvii. 24.

Paul determined not to know anything, save Jesus Christ and him crucified: that is, 1. Jesus Christ—his person: and, 2. Him crucified—his work.

The work of Christ consists of atonement and intercession. His atonement lays the foundation for his intercession, and his intercession is just the counterpart of his atonement; He intercedes for those who were given him, and for whom he died, and his intercession is prevalent—he ever liveth to intercede, and the Father heareth him always.

As to the manner of his intercession we need not be curious to know. It is enough that He appears in the presence of God for us, exhibits the infinite merit of his death, and so procures what we need. This chapter is a specimen, and so is the text.

I. He prays to the Father. This implies official inferiority as Mediator—God manifest in the flesh. As to his divinity, He is equal with the Father; as God man—Mediator—He is officially inferior, and as such He addresses the Father—Father, I will.

II. He prays for his people—for those given him. If any one truth is plainly revealed in the Bible, it is, that Jesus Christ is the head and representative of a chosen people—a people given to him before the foundation of the world. And not only given to him in eternity, in the everlasting covenant, but also given to him in time, when, in the fulfilment of that covenant, they are renewed by the Spirit.

called out from the world, and united to Christ by faith. Hence they are believers for whom He intercedes—his own people.

III. Here is the manner of his intercession, as well as the matter. 1. A glimpse at the manner; "I will." He has only to express his will; but his will always coincides with the will of the Father. And as He has our nature, He also wills what is for our good. Hence, 2. For what He intercedes—that "they may be with him where He is."

We may think it best they should remain here—that their friends need their presence and aid—that the Church needs their prayers and their help; but He sees differently. They cannot always remain here; they must go—must die. Such is the will of Jesus Christ; and this is better than to remain here. Hence we should regard the death of Christians as just the expression of the will of Jesus Christ that they should be with him. He takes them to himself. So He said, they that believe in me shall never die; their death is only a departure, a removal, a transfer to a better world, a world of glory and blessedness.

But if you would get a glimpse of heaven, look, I pray you, at what is here said: if you would see heaven opened, as Stephen did, come and listen to this prayer of Jesus Christ! He prays:

1. That his people may be *where* he is—in heaven; he ascended with his risen body; it occupies some place, and that place, where he is, there is heaven. O, to be where he is! But this is not all:—

2. He prays that they may be *with him* where he is—not in some distant apartment of the many mansions—but with him—in his presence; and *his presence makes heaven!* O, to be for ever *with the Lord!* But this is not all:—

3. Not only with him, where he is, but to *behold his*

*glory!* But who can look at the exceeding brightness? We must be unclothed, or clothed upon; mortality must be swallowed up of life, for mortals cannot look upon it; we must become immortal before we can behold it. The transfiguration may give some faint idea of it; but O, to see it!

"Behold my glory,"—see it—and not only see it, but enjoy it, and have it for our own; for we are joint-heirs with him; we shall sit upon his throne; we shall participate in his glory—possess the same glory! And it is the glory given him as the reward of his work, and the same as He had with his Father before the world was. Such is the glory to which the departed has gone; and who would recall her?

IV. The argument by which the prayer is urged—"Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." 1. The Father loved the Son—his eternal Son—his well-beloved Son. 2. He loved the people He represents. 3. And his love never fails—it secures all He has promised. So Jesus loves his own; and when it was whispered in the ear of the deceased, "Jesus Christ is merciful and faithful," she promptly added, "Even unto the end!"

Remarks:—1. Two aspects of this subject afford abundant consolation to the afflicted:

(1.) The death of Christian friends is but *an answer to the intercessory prayer of Jesus Christ*. They just go to be with him; they are taken from his kingdom here to his kingdom above. The kingdoms are one. Some of his people are here, in this part of his kingdom; others are on the other side of Jordan, in his kingdom there—near the throne—called here by the King himself to be with him where he is. In regard to them he sees in its full completion of the travail of his soul—the glorious result of his

atoning sacrifice and the answer to his intercession; and who shall *complain when the Father hears the Son*? Ah, who shall mourn because the intercession of Jesus Christ is prevalent, and, in answer to his prayers, our loved ones are taken home to glory?

(2.) As the death of Christians is an answer to the intercession of Christ, so that *intercession is the true source of comfort for the afflicted*. He ever lives to intercede; he will ask and obtain what we need, and send the Spirit to comfort us, and abide with us for ever. Ye afflicted, look up! Your friends are in glory where Jesus is! And though they are dead, *Jesus lives*! Yes, he is alive for ever; and because he lives, ye shall be comforted, and ye too, shall live also!

2. Sinners! This is the Saviour offered to you, and you need him, for you must die! Seek an interest in him, repent of your sins, and turn unto the Lord now!

W. J. M.

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### ALL IN CHRIST.

MAN, or woman, or child, do you want anything? Are you anxious about the matters of your soul? Are you disturbed, are you ignorant? Do you feel, "It is wisdom I want," or "It is righteousness I want" or "It is peace I want," or "it is power I want," or "It is heaven I want?" Well it is all in Christ. In the knowledge of Him is eternal life. And do you understand, it is all with Christ? You do not receive it FROM Christ; you receive it WITH Christ: "He that hath the Son, hath life." There is no salvation out of Him. We



become bound up with Him by faith, and then all that belongs to Him is ours. As it is all IN Him, it is all WITH Him. Once more, it is all FOR Christ. Do you understand that everything we receive is to go back to Him?—it is given to us that we may glorify his holy name. Are we justified? Are we sanctified? Are we blood-bought? Are we temples of the Holy Ghost, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ? It is that we may have liberty to love God, and glorify the name of our Redeemer. Thus, all that salvation implies is IN Him, is WITH Him, and for Him, in time and eternity. My brethren, Christ is a root, Christ is a rock. He is a root, out of which flows the sap of grace, through the branches; and the soul that is united to Him as a branch, receiveth it. He is the Rock of ages; and the soul that is based on Him, the gates of hell cannot prevail against it; it shall rise up a mighty tower unto the skies, a building that shall manifest the wisdom, the power, the grace, and the glory of God, throughout eternity.

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### I'M ALMOST HOME.

A WANDERER, weary and worn, covered with the dust of travel, and suffering from many privations, sees in the distance the curling smoke ascending from his homestead, and choked with feelings almost too big for utterance, exclaims, while tears of joy are rolling down his cheeks—" *I'm almost home.*"

The playful child having wandered from its fond parents, trembles for fear of approaching danger as darkness gathers

around its footsteps; yet as it sees some well-known object, shakes its curly locks and claps its glad hands, exclaiming—*"I'm almost home."*

The mariner, after a long and toilsome journey, desories in a far distance, the outline coast of his native land, and sings aloud with joy, while his heart is full to breaking—*"I'm almost home."*

The Christian, after having fought many hard battles, buffeted many hard storms, endured many trials, resisting many temptations, suffered from many afflictions, and grieved over many shortcomings, feels gradually approaching the hand of disease, and being admonished thereby of his speedy dissolution, lifts his glad eye heavenward, while his heart melts within him as he exclaims in triumph—*"I'm almost home."*

Christian professor, thou, too, art almost home! Art thou wearing this world as a loose garment, so that it may be thrown off at a moment's notice? Are thy affections and desires fixed on things above? And art thou daily becoming more weaned from the things of time and sense? Or, like thousands on every side, art thou taking thy rest here and living as though thou wert at home already? Be on thy guard—have thy lamp trimmed and burning, for at midnight the cry may sound in the ear—"Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

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### I.—CHRIST'S DYING LOVE.

THERE is a story told of the Covenanters—of one named Patrick Wellwood—whose house was surrounded at a time

when a minister had for security been hidden there. Claverhouse's dragoons were at the door, and the minister had fled. The master of the house was summoned, and it was demanded of him, "Where is the minister?" "He is gone; I cannot tell whither, for I know not." But they were not satisfied with that; they tortured him, and since he could not tell him where he was (for in reality he did not know) they left him, after inflicting upon him the torture of the thumb-screw; and they took his sister, a young girl who was living in the house. I believe she did know where the minister was concealed, but on taking her they asked her, and she said, "No; I can die for myself, but I can never betray God's servant, and never will, as He may help me!" They dragged her to the water's edge, and making her kneel down, they determined to put her to death. But the captain said, "Not yet; we will try to frighten her;" and sending a soldier to her, he knelt down, and applying a pistol to her ear, she was bidden to betray the minister or die. The click of the pistol was heard in her ear, but it was not loaded. She slightly shivered, and the question was again asked her. "Tell us now," said they, "where is he, or we will have your life." "Never! never!" said she. A second time the endeavour was made; this time a couple of carbines were discharged, but in the air, in order to terrify her. At last they resolved upon really putting her to death, when Traill, the minister, who was hidden somewhere near, being aroused by the discharge of the guns, and seeing the poor girl about to die for him, sprang forward and cried, "Spare that maiden's blood, and take mine! This poor, innocent girl what hath she done?" The poor girl was dead even then with the fright; but the minister had come prepared to die himself, to save her life. What wondrous love!

O, my friends, I have sometimes thought that her heroic martyrdom was somewhat like the blessed Jesus. He comes to us and says, "Poor sinner, wilt thou be my friend?" We answer "No!" "Ah! I will make thee so," saith He; "I will die for thee;" and He goes to die on the cross. O, methinks I could spring forward and say, "Nay, Lord Jesus, nay; thou must not die for such a worm." Surely such a sacrifice is a price too large to pay for poor, sinful worms! And yet, my hearers, to return again to what I have uttered before, you will hear all this, and nine out of ten will retire from this place and say, "It was an old story; and while you can drop a tear for aught else, you will not weep one tear for Jesus, nor sigh one sigh for him, nor will you afford him even a faint emotion of love. Would it were different! Would to God He would change your hearts, that so you might be brought to love him!

Reflect again. When we were sinners, we were sinners against the very Person who died for us. "'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, 'tis wonderful," that the very Christ against whom we have sinned died for us! If a man should be injured in the street, if a punishment should be demanded of the man who attacked him, it would be passing strange if the injured man who attacked him, should for love's sake bear the penalty, that the other might go free; but it was even so with Christ. He had been injured, yet He suffers for the very injury that others did to him. He dies for his enemies—dies for the men that hate and scorn him! There is an old tradition, that the very man who pierced Christ's side was converted; and I sometimes think that, peradventure, in heaven we shall meet with those very men who drove the nails into his hands, and pierced his side. Love is a mighty thing; it can forgive great transgressors.

I know my Master said, "Begin at Jerusalem;" and I

think he said that because there lived the men who had crucified him, and He wanted them to be saved. My hearer, hast thou ever blasphemed Christ? Hast thou ever mocked him, and scoffed at his people? Hast thou done all thou couldst to emulate the example of those who spit in his holy face? Dost thou repent of it? Dost thou feel thou needest a Saviour? Then I tell thee, in Christ's name, He is thy Saviour. Yes, thy Saviour, though thou hast insulted him—thy Saviour, though thou hast trampled on him—thy Saviour, though thou hast spoken evil of his people, his day, his word, and his Gospel. Must our glorious Lord give up his blood to buy poor worms, that they may join their little notes with the great swell of the choral universe? Yes, He must! And inasmuch as we are sinners, and could by no possibility repay him for his kindness, "God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

## II.—CHRIST IN US.

HAVE you heard that pretty fable told by the Persian Saadi moralist? He took up in his hand a piece of scented clay, and said to it,—“O clay, whence hast thou thy perfume?” And the clay said, “I once was a piece of common clay, but they laid me for a time in company with a rose, and I drank in its fragrance, and have now become scented clay.” Believer, thou too art nothing but a piece of common clay, but if thou liest with the Rose of Sharon—if thou hast Jesus in thy company, thou wilt be a piece of scented clay, and where'er thou goest, thou wilt smell of him. I will know the company thou keepest by the fragrance thou hast. If thou hast lain in beds of spices, thou wilt smell of the myrrh, and the aloes. I will not believe thee a child of

God, until thou hast the lineaments of thy Father, nor will I think that thou hast been with Jesus, unless I can perceive that thou hast learned of him. O! if you would reform yourselves, and amend your lives; if you would curb sin, and restrain the hot-mouthed steeds of your lust—if you would overcome your iniquities, and persevere in holiness, here are the means: "Behold the man;" look you there at Christ Jesus.

### III.—SINNER, LOOK TO CHRIST.

Now I will give the poor sinner a means of detecting Satan, so that he may know whether his convictions are from the Holy Spirit, or merely the bellowing of Hell in his ears.

In the first place, you may be always sure that that which comes from the devil will make you look at yourselves, and not at Christ. The Holy Spirit's work is to turn our eyes from ourselves to Jesus Christ; but the enemy's work is to the very opposite. Nine out of ten of the insinuations of the devil have to do with yourselves. "You are guilty," says the devil—that is self. "You have no faith"—that is self. "You have none of the joy of the Spirit, and therefore cannot be one of his"—that is self. Thus the devil begins picking holes in us; whereas the Holy Spirit takes self entirely away, and tells us that we are nothing at all, but that "Christ is all in all."

Satan brings the carcass of self and pulls it about, and because that is corrupt, tells us that most assuredly we cannot be saved. But remember, sinner, it is not thy hold of Christ that saves thee—it is Christ; it is not thy joy in Christ that saves thee—it is Christ; it is not even faith in Christ, though that is the instrument—it is Christ's blood and merits. Therefore look not so much to thy hand, with

which thou art grasping Christ, as to Christ; look not to thy hope, but to Christ, the source of thy hope; look not to thy faith, but to Christ, the author and finisher of thy faith. If thou do that, ten thousand devils cannot throw thee down. But as long as thou lookest at thyself, the meanest of those devil spirits may tread thee beneath his feet.

---

## GOLDEN GLEANINGS.

"A CERTAIN woman named Martha, received him into her house." O happy house, into which the Son of God vouchsafed to set his foot! O blessed woman, that had the grace to be the hostess to the God of heaven! How should I envy your felicity herein, if I did not see the same favour, if I be not wanting to myself, lying open to me! I have two ways to entertain my Saviour—in his members, and in himself. In his members, by charity and hospitality: What I do to one of those, his little ones, I do to him: in himself by faith: if any man open, he will come in and sup with him.—*Hall.*

"Lord, dost thou not care?" How ready is our weakness, upon every slight discontentment, to quarrel with our best friend, yea, with our good God: and the more we are put to it, to think ourselves the more neglected, and to challenge God for our neglect! Do we groan on the bed of our sickness, and languishing in pain, complain of long hours and weary sides? Straight we think, "Lord dost thou not care" that we suffer? Doth God's poor Church go to wreck while the ploughers, ploughing on her back, make long furrows? "Lord, dost thou not care?" But know thou, O thou feeble and distrustful soul, the more thou dost, the more thou sufferest, the more thou art cared for: neither is God

ever so tender over his Church, as when it is most exercised. Every pang, and stitch, and gird is felt of him that sends it. O God, thou knowest our works, and our labour, and our patience: we may be ignorant, and diffident, thou canst not but be gracious.—*Hall.*

THORNS grow everywhere, and from all things below, and to a soul transplanted out of itself into the root of Jesse; and peace grows everywhere too, from him who is called our Peace, and whom we still find the more to be so, the more entirely we live to him, being dead to this world, and self, and all things beside him.—*Leighton.*

I AM heartily glad to find that your heart is more set upon obtaining the "one thing needful"—*Christ* in us, with all his graces, the "hope of glory." I beg, in my Master's name, you would cherish the conviction of the need of this prize of your high calling, and pursue it in the new and living way in which the fathers trod—that of the *cross*, and that of *faith*. We travel in the first, by continually denying self, in the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eye, and the pride of life; and we advance in the second, by *aiming* at Christ, *claiming* Christ, *embracing* Christ, delighting and *rejoicing* in Christ received in the heart, through the channel of the Gospel promises.

To be able to go in the way of the cross, and that of faith, you stand in need of much recollection, and steady watchfulness over the workings of your own heart, and diligent attention to the whisperings of Divine grace.—*Fletcher of Madely.*

THE Lord give us to mourn more and more, until we have mourned away our unbelief, our carelessness, and hardness of heart! The soul, I verily believe, is never safer than when, with returning Mary, we stand at the feet of Christ, behind him weeping.—*Toplady.*

THE weaned soul is cheerful, and not fretful, in its resignation. He says, not only *just*, but "good is the will of the Lord." It makes a man carry Christ's yoke evenly, for to go drooping under it is a sign of a heart not right weaned. What God does, is not only well done, but best done; so says the weaned soul. The weaned soul



stands on other grounds when created comforts are with him, and even when created things are running full. He draws his support in both cases from God as the foundation. Such say, like Hannah (1 Sam. ii. 1), and with David, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock." The world's good things will not be their good things. The weaned soul will stand without them when these are gone, for they were not the props on which his soul rested. Ah ! that soul is in a sad case whose comfort waxeth and waneth, just according to waxing and waning of created comforts. A weaned soul would make you very easy. The man that has it, can never be miserable, meet with what he will. The heaviest cross will be very light, if eased of the over-weight an unweaned soul lays upon it.—*Boston.*

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### THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED.

"I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed "in us"

WOULDEST thou inherit life with Christ on high ?

Then count the cost, and know

That here on earth below

Thou needs must suffer with thy Lord and die.

We reach that gain to which all else is loss,

But through the cross.

Oh think what sorrows Christ himself has known !

The scorn and anguish sore,

The bitter death He bore,

Ere He ascended to his heavenly throne ;

And deemest thou, thou canst with right complain,

Whate'er thy pain.

Not e'en the sharpest sorrow we can feel,

Nor keenest pangs, we dare

With that great bliss compare

When God his glory shall in us reveal.

That shall endure when our brief woes are o'er

For evermore !

*Simon Dach, 1640.*

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# Cheering Words.

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VOL. VII.

DECEMBER, 1857.

No. 80.

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## FAITH IN GOD.

ANOTHER fair day is dying into darkness. The wain is crossing the old bridge, and nearing its resting-place. Earth is preparing for her slumber. Whatever the past day has brought to the sinner, it has been a *good* day to the saint. O thou, that art ready to deny this statement because of thine own sadness, read the following anecdote, and may the Holy Spirit give thee consolation.

An eminent minister was much troubled with doubts and fears concerning his *own* salvation, and many of his

hearers who laboured under similar distress, coming daily to him, for direction, increased the burden. One day, after much wrestling with God in prayer for deliverance, it was impressed on his mind to go to such a place, and he would find a person that would be of spiritual use to him. Accordingly, on passing through his own churchyard, he met a very aged man, to whom the minister observed, "It is a very good day." The old man answered, "I never saw a bad day in my lifetime." At hearing this, the minister, fetching a deep sigh, asked him, "How it was that he, who appeared to be so old a man, had never seen a bad day." To which the other replied, "My mind is so sunk into the will of God, that knowing his unerring wisdom and goodness, whatever is *his* will is *my* will." "And what," said the minister, "if God were to cast you into hell, would you be resigned to his will in that particular?" To which it was answered, "God hath given me two long arms,—the arm of *faith*, and the arm of *hope*; and was the Lord even to cast me into hell, I would not let go my hold of him." This simple word was so blessed to the afflicted minister, that from that time he could rejoice in the Lord as his God.—*Spurgeon*.

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### THE WINTER, AND ITS MORAL ANALOGIES.

"Thou hast made . . . . winter."—Ps. lxxiv. 17.

This Number of CHEERING WORDS will reach our readers as the Winter months fairly set in.

The sky is gloomy,—the light brief and faint,—the earth torpid, sterile, and deprived of beauty,—the whole system

of the elements ungenial,—like a general refusal of Nature to please us, or afford us anything. Well, but mind, with the aid of wisdom and religion, may not only flourish within itself, but may compel the very winter to afford assistance to its doing so. It may raise a richer produce than what the agriculturist can in spring and summer.

Let us consider, for a few moments, what the winter season might offer in aid of instructive reflection. And we may revert to the expression of the text, “Thou hast *made* . . . . winter.” God’s work and wisdom in it are to be regarded. We must have our winter, in order that the inhabitants of another part of the world may have their summer. The sun and the fine season leave us to go to them. The winter, therefore, seems to inculcate upon us a great lesson of equity and charity,—that we should be willing to share the benefits of the system with the distant portions of our great wide-spread family,—willing to part with a pleasing possession for a season, for their sakes, even if we could retain it.

Again; the winter should, by the very circumstance of its unproductiveness, remind us of the care and bounty of Divine Providence, in that other seasons are granted us which furnish supplies for this, and for the whole year. The ground seems not willing to yield us anything but a grave; and *that* it is yielding every day to numbers to whom it would have yielded nothing else! Striking consideration! that for *this* service the earth is always ready.

Observe, again; the winter has a character of inclemency and rigour,—has ideas and feelings associated with it of hardships, infelicity, suffering. In this, it should be adapted to excite thoughtful and compassionate sentiments respecting the distress and suffering that are in the world,—

the distresses attendant in a special manner on the season itself,—but also hardships, distresses, oppressive situations considered generally. Such consideration should naturally be promoted by the grave character of the season, in which Nature seems clad in mourning. The fair and cheerful aspect of the world is veiled, as if that our thoughts may take another direction.

Another thing observable of winter is, how strikingly it shows the transitory quality of the beauty, variety, magnificence, and riches, which had been spread over the natural world. Recall to your imagination what you so lately beheld and admired. All vanished like a dream! gone into air, into the dust, and into dead masses! It is amazing to think what an infinity of pleasing objects have perished,—so soon perished and gone! Just as yesterday the fair profusion was *here*,—*now* it is no more to us than the earliest beauty of Eden.

May we not here find an instructive emblem of another order of things? Think of the bloom and vigour, and animated action and expression of the human person, destroyed by sickness or disease! Think of delightful hopes, shedding spring and summer on the heart, suddenly extinguished! Think of a state of exuberant prosperity changed by a rapid reverse to one of difficulty, calamity, or desolation! Examples are occurring in all times. You have seen men displaying themselves in splendour and pomp, as if they thought themselves mirrors made to reflect the sun, putting all sorts of men, and things, and arts in requisition,—assembling around them the wealthy, the gay, the fashionable, and the tribe of self-interested flatterers. They have had a brilliant and envied career for awhile, but the effect of public calamity, or of individual disaster, has suddenly come upon them, and they have passed from the glare

and sunshine of a summer state to a dreary winter of condition, almost without an interval! Or there has been a more moderate and modest state,—ease, plenty, and comfort; but this changed to loss, ruin, and indigence,—a winter indeed! Or there is recollected some instance of a man who has seen his family grown up, or nearly so, and entering on life under the most promising appearances; but several of them, within a short space of time, have been smitten by death; another, through ill-judged or unfortunate connections has been plunged in misery for life; and another perverted, irreclaimably, to a reprobate course. Alas! it is gloomy and oppressive with *him*! The sight of the graves of those who are gone *makes* winter, though all the bloom and verdure of spring were smiling around; or a visit to his unfortunate child; or the very name of the depraved one! The consideration of the transitoriness of the beauty and glory of the year, as forced upon us by the winter, easily carries our thoughts to these parallel things in the condition of human life.

We will note but one more point of analogy which has already occurred to every one's thoughts; namely, the resemblance of winter to *old age*. The direct resemblances are too obvious to need illustration. We shall just only name one or two. Those in the earlier seasons of life are sensible that they look on the aged as in life's winter. But whether they are disposed to entertain a wicked contempt, or a benevolent respect, let them never forget that they too are to come to that winter, unless prematurely cut off. Those who are now aged were so admonished in *their* earlier seasons. The old age of the wise and good resembles the winter in one of its most favourable circumstances,—that the former seasons improved have laid in a valuable store; and they have to bless God that disposed and enabled them



to do so. But the most striking point in the comparison, after all, is one of unlikeness. Their winter has no spring to follow it,—in this world. It is to close, not by an insensible progression into another season, but by a termination, absolute, abrupt, and final,—a consideration which should shake and rouse the most inveterate insensibility of *thoughtless* old age. But the servants of God say, “*That is well!*” They would not make such a gradation into a spring of mortal existence, if it could be put in their choice. Their winter, they say, is quite the right time for a great transition. It was in Nature’s winter (or towards that season) that their Lord came to the earth; it was in the winter that He died for their redemption; and the winter of their life is the right time for them to die, that the redemption may be finished. And there is eternal spring before them! What will *they* not be contemplating of beauty and glory, while those who have yet many years on earth are seeing returning springs and summers!

This may suggest, as a last observation, that the gloomy circumstance of winter on our globe, points to the desirableness of an abode where there shall be nothing like winter, or of a mode of existence quite superior to all elemental evils. The theory of such a condition of existence we cannot distinctly form in our minds; but so much the better; for that would imply such a resemblance to the present economy, as one should be reluctant to admit. So much the better, that “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart been able to conceive, the things that God hath prepared.”—*Foster.*

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#### CHEERFUL FIRESIDE.

NOTHING makes the fireside so cheerful as a blessed hope beyond it. Even when you sit most lovingly there,—though

the daily task is completely done, and the infant in the cradle fast asleep; though this is Saturday night, and to-morrow is the day of rest; though the embers are bright, and from its fat and poppling fountain in yon coal the jet of gas flames up like a silver scimitar; and though within your little chamber all is peace, and warmth, and snug repose,—the roaring gusts and rattling drops remind you that it still is winter in the world. And when that withered leaf tapped and fluttered on the window, mother, why was it that your cheek grew pale, and something glistened in your eye? You thought it perhaps might come from the church-yard sycamore, and it sounded like a messenger from little Helen's grave. It said, "Father and mother, think of me." Yes, dreary were the homes of earth were it not for the home in heaven. But see to it that yourselves be the Saviour's followers, and then to you He says, "Let not your heart be troubled! In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you." And when you come to love that Saviour rightly, you will love one another better, more truly, and more tenderly. And, trusting to meet again in that world where they "neither marry nor are given in marriage," a purifying hope and a lofty affection will hallow your union on earth. And, if not inscribed above your mantel-shelf, there will at least be written in your deepest self the motto, sent to his bride by that illustrious scholar, Bengel:

"Jesus in heaven;  
Jesus in the heart;  
Heaven in the heart;  
The heart in heaven.

---

## THE BLIND BEGGAR'S BANK.

IN one of my walks, I passed a blind man who sat by the wayside with a card on his hat saying, "*Will you help a poor blind man?*" I passed him, but the word *help* had arrested my attention. I returned and dropped a piece of money into his hand. I then asked him if he had any money in the bank. He said "No." I asked him why he did not put some into the bank. "Because," said he, "I cannot get it." "Is that the reason why you do not lay up a treasure in heaven?" "I suppose not," said he. "It may be the will of God that you should be blind and poor in this world;—but not in the next. There, He bids you to be rich." "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven;" this is his command to every one, and every one can do it. For, '*Ask, and ye shall receive,*' is the promise of God. You say you cannot lay up money in the bank; but you can do a great deal better; and it will be your own fault if you are not a very rich man in a few years. Won't you try for it?" "Yes; I will try," said the poor man, struck with the novel idea that he might in another world be as well off as anybody else; and I passed on.

A few weeks after, I saw the same blind man, begging as before. I dropped a penny in his hand, and asked him if he knew me. "Yes," said he. "Who is it?" "It was you that asked me if I had any money in the bank." I asked him if he had laid up anything yet. He replied that he had been trying ever since, to do as I directed him, and hoped he should succeed. I exhorted him to persevere, in full assurance that "he that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth." I asked him if he could get his wife to read to

him the first thirteen verses of the fifty-first Psalm, every day, until he could repeat them himself. He said he would ; and I left him, hoping that he might yet see.

---

### THE WORLD.

THE world that knew not Jesus when He came, is the same world still ; and Jesus, who was despised and crucified by the world, is the same Jesus still. Are we in Christ ? Then Christ is formed in us, and dwells in us, and Christ in us lives and feels, even as he lived, and thought, and felt, when He was in the world. The love of the world is enmity with God.—*Hewitson.*

THE world is a lying, empty pageant ; and men are ensnared with the show. My part in it, as a Christian, is to act with simplicity as *the servant of God*. What does God bid me do ? What, in this minute of time, which will soon be gone, and carry me with it into eternity—what is my path of duty ? While enemies blaspheme, and friends are beguiled, let me *stand on my watch-tower*, with the prophet, "*listening to what the Lord God shall say to me.*" In any scheme of man I dare not be drunken. We, who are of the day must be sober. The sentiment of the multitude is ensnaring ; but the multitude is generally wrong. I must beware of contagion. Not that I am to push myself into consequence. The matter is between me and my God—not one step out of a holy quiet and obscurity, but *as the servant of God.*—*Cecil.*

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## APPLYING SERMONS.

A CLERGYMAN having once ventured to denounce with great severity a particular sin of one of his congregation, was not a little alarmed, after the sermon, by seeing the offender enter his vestry-room, as not doubting that he was going to complain of the attack; when, to his great relief (in one respect, though not in another), the person in question begged to thank him particularly for his sermon, "on account," as he said, "of its particular suitableness to Mr. M——."

It is no uncommon thing for hearers to suppose themselves particularly pointed at, when nothing was more remote from the preacher's intention than to notice them; but this was a remarkable instance of the readiness with which a peccant member of the body could find a convenient mode of escaping what was really intended for himself, by transferring it to another to whom it had no reference.

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REMISSION OF SIN.

THE remission of sin is not in the power of the pope, or of the bishop, or of the priest, or of any man whomsoever, but depends solely on the word of Christ, and on thine own faith. For Christ is not willing that we should found our consolation, or our salvation, on the word or work of man, but solely on himself, his own work, and his own word. Thy repentance and thy works may deceive thee; but Christ, thy God, will not deceive thee.—*Luther.*

## FRAGMENTS.

To have the smiles of that world which frowned upon Jesus, is a sort of treason.

The tear that the broken-hearted sinner sheds at the Cross of Christ, hath more of the element of happiness in it, than all the laughter of a scornful world; even the dark side of our Lord's hill hath more of brightness in it than the brightness of ten thousand worlds.

Is He so vast? cavil not at His depths.

The correction is as much from God the Holy Ghost, as is the consolation. When we go to our pillow abased, it is as much his work as when we rejoice in a clear sense of our adoption.

That which we learn profitably, for the most part, we learn slowly.

If we were better acquainted with the depth of His sufferings, we should think less of the ripples of our sorrows, amidst the tempest of His anguish.

From whence can *filial tears* flow, but from *filial eyes*?

There is but one thing makes me feel that I am something, and that is the sprinkled blood of Christ. In virtue of this relation to the precious blood, I feel myself to be somewhat precious, so that whilst in Christ, I am something; I feel that apart from Him, I am nothing. Blessed, peaceful, and restful thought! In its shade, which is the shadow of Christ, I am happy.

If you ask what I mean by fervent prayer, — it is not knocking *and going away*; but knocking in the name of Jesus, and knocking *until we obtain*. The man who wanted the bread, did not go away until he had obtained it.

Next to the consciousness of one's own sin, I know of nothing more painful, than to see the heart-burnings among the Lord's family.—*J. H. Evans*.

“There is no keeping foot without new supplies from the Lord.”

## RADIANT CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

BRIGHT clouds ! ye are gathering one by one,  
 Ye are sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,  
 With crimson banner, and golden pall,  
 Like a host to their Chieftain's funeral ;  
 Perchance ye tread to that hallowed spot  
 With a muffled dirge, though we hear it not.

But methinks ye tower with a lordlier crest  
 And a gorgeous flush as he sinks to rest ;  
 Not thus, in the day of his pride and wrath,  
 Did ye dare to press on his glorious path ;  
 At his noontide glance ye have quaked with fear,  
 And hasted to hide in your misty sphere.

Do you say, *He is dead?*—You exult in vain,  
 With your rainbow robe and your swelling train ;  
 He shall rise again with his strong, bright ray,  
 He shall reign in power when you fade away,  
 When ye darkly cower in your vapoury hall,  
 Tintless, and naked, and noteless all.

The soul !—the soul !—with its eye of fire,  
 Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire ;  
 It shall spread its wings o'er the hills that pained,,  
 The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained ;  
 It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath away,,  
 And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.

SIGOURNEY.

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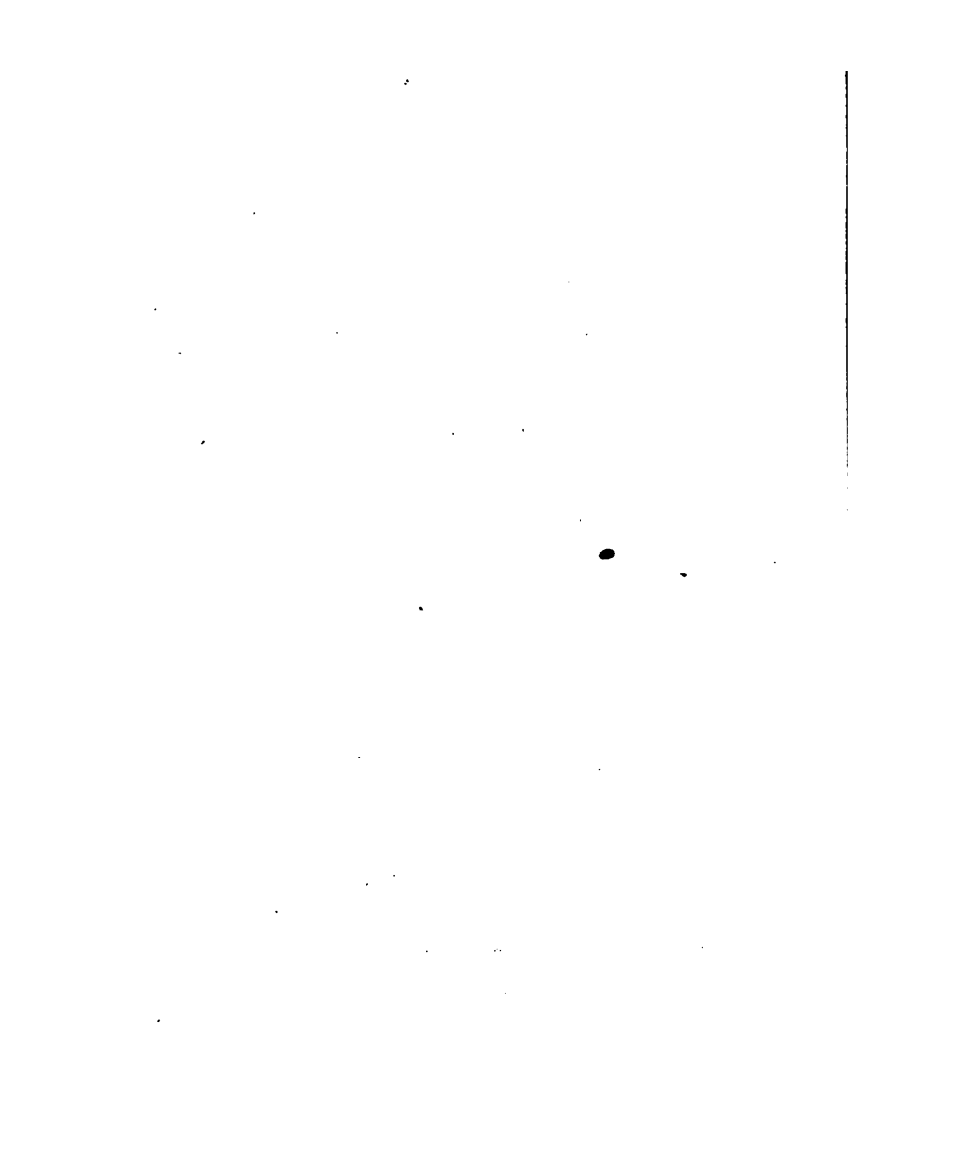
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'Tis with the righteous well."

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**Cheering Words**  
**FOR WOUNDED WARRIORS,**  
**AND WEEPING WIDOWS,**

"WE have a thousand, or more, of wounded soldiers coming home from the Indian wars," said a friend, the other day; "some have lost legs, arms, eyes, and ears, and most are disabled for life; while, altogether, thousands have been cut off, and are gone down to the chambers of darkness, leaving behind them bereaved widows, orphan children, and disconsolate relatives in all directions." Surely, these are awful times! The consequences of the fall are still rolling down upon us! A much more dreadful exhibition, was, perhaps, never seen than has been witnessed, and yet has to be felt, in the outbreak and rebellion of India against Britain's reign and rule. We have before us a history of that singular country—its religion—its complex character—its idolatries—its cruelties—and the character and effects of the late fatal calamity. We purpose to write a few chapters on the same—deducing therefrom the evidences of Satan's attempt to throw a black cloud over the little gospel kingdom which has been struggling for life in that nation for many years, and the cheering testimonies that that kingdom is indestructible, and must ultimately prevail. But, now, in this short paper, we only address ourselves to those three classes of deeply afflicted persons who are suffering most severely from those destruc-

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tive and paralyzing elements which this Indian war has thrown into the hearts and habitations of tens of thousands of our fellow-men.

First.—To those brave fellows who have been sent out to defend us, and our possessions, in those parts where Satan holds so powerful a sway. There is no class of men whose condition so demands our sympathies, our prayers, our charity, and our energies to lead them to the Great Captain of our salvation, as those warriors, those brave men, who have faced the foe; periled their bodies and their souls; left their families and their friends, in order to drive back—as God's army, and as his instruments—the rolling in of Satan's mighty flood of death, destruction, and wild dismay.

British Soldiers! while your life is spared unto you—while your wounds are still bleeding—while you are prostrate in sickness and weakness—while you have leisure to reflect upon the past, and to think of the future, let us come, and address a few words to you.

You have seen your adversaries mowed down as by the black scythe of death—in the fullness of their strength—in the heat of their passions—driven on by dire necessity—you have seen "*the wicked driven away in his wickedness*:"—you have seen your own fine-dressed officers levelled to the dust—you have looked upon many of your own comrades as they lay in the agonies of death: you have seen their lifeless remains at length laid in the pit: but you are spared—your lamps of life as yet hold out to burn. *Why* you are spared—why your soul is not cast into hell, and your body into the dust—is not for me to say—it may be that the Almighty is given you space *for* repentance—and that He will work in you *the grace of* repentance—and it may be through the blessing of the Spirit attending your reading or hearing this, or any other book that this great change may be wrought. God, grant it may be so! Oh! Thou Holy Lord God! We pray thee, to send this little message of mercy into many a poor bleeding soldier's heart—that they may cry out as that good soldier Paul did, "*I was alive without the law once, but*

*when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died."* And as that old warrior, when the arrows of the Almighty were fast in him, cried, "Have mercy upon me, O God of my salvation." Now, then, brave soldiers! listen to little "CHEERING WORDS" for one moment.

The first word that flows into our soul for you is that most surprising word of grace from the Throne of Heaven itself, "*Come, now—Come, now—let us reason together—saith the LORD—though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.*"

Come, sick and dying soldiers! these are "*Cheering words,*" not of man's making; but of God's speaking. Listen to them! Look at them—if ye can, pray over them. What? do ye say—How can we tell, that the Almighty speaks such gracious words to us? The answer is close at hand—"If," HE says—"if ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be destroyed with the sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

See ye "if there be in your hearts, a deep and sincere willingness to talk with the Almighty, and truly to see His face—depending only for salvation on the blood and righteousness of his dear Son Jesus CHRIST; then ye shall eat the good of the land—the meat and marrow of the Gospel—the flesh and blood of Him who said—"I am the Bread of life, of which if a man eat, he shall live for ever." Hallelujah, my brave men—for such tidings! God help you to look, to live, to lean, and build only upon, the dear Friend of sinners—and eternal glory shall crown your brows for ever and ever; and with all the ransomed you will sing—

Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound;)  
That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

By faith I see My Saviour bleed,  
And by the sight from guilt am freed;  
This sight breaks down the power of sin,  
And quickens heavenly life within.



Then let my soul march boldly on  
 Press forward to the heavenly gate ;  
 There peace and joy eternal reign  
 And glittering robes for conquerous wait.

We must leave the Soldier's Hospital, and turn to the desolate abodes where bereaved widows and fatherless sons and daughters now abide. A vacancy is made, which, perhaps, no one can ever fill up.

Death is a dreadful divider of hearts—a breaker-up of homes—and a great spreader of desolation in all directions. But, then, *death is no stranger*. He has been in the world from the moment that Cain rose up against Abel his brother. Every day he is in our streets—every night he is in our chambers—every moment he is about our habitations—and, instead of being wild with frenzy because he has removed away a husband, a son, a brother, a friend, it is much higher wisdom to be watching for him, and to seek by grace to "*be ready*," either to go cheerfully ourselves when for us he may call, or to say of his removal of our friends, as Job said of his children, "*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

Old Symon Patrick hath furnished us with a most wonderful discourse, designed "*to prevent immoderate grief*." We would gladly transfer it to our pages, but our little half-penny book is not large enough to contain it. We shall entreat the editor of "*The Half-penny Pulpit*" to give it in his new work, as it will act like wholesome medicine on pure and penitent souls.

Addressing disconsolate widows, that old divine doth speak like this:—

"Stay a little, I beseech you: Did you never think of this before now? Did you not take one another with this clause (*Till death us do part*)? Death and you ought to have been better acquainted before this time. It sought your acquaintance long ago, and would have been as familiar with you as your Husband. Who spoke of parting with you when you first came together? and now that you are parted, hath set you free again as you were before. If you like that state so well, you are at liberty to seek another self. If you do not like to be tied in such a yoke, why do you mourn thus for the gaining of your freedom? Or if you liked that person so well, as

not to be able to think of any other ; then you may have the glory to stand among the rare and noble examples of conjugal love and friendship, who have preserved the image of their deceased husband or wife so lively engraven in their hearts, that nothing could ever displace it, or blot it out."

But to whom are we writing? We would hope, to godly sorrowers. What, then, doth the great Lord of all say to such? His words to widows, indeed, are more precious than to any class of beings we know. In the commission he gave out to ancient Israel, this was one of its principal clauses,—"*Plead for the widows.*" In that delightful Psalm, the sixty-eighth, the Divine Spirit says,—"*A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.*" And in the time of Israel's captivity, by the mouth of the prophet Jeremiah, the Lord uttered that most weighty and expressive proclamation, "*Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.*"

The widows here spoken of, were such as belonged to the visible Israelitish church. Art thou a widow indeed? A poor, sorrowing, yet believing widow? Is thine eye of faith up to the hills whence cometh all thy help? Then:—

"To trust Him endeavour,  
The work is His own;  
He makes the believer,  
And gives him his crown."

Let, therefore, thy hope be in the Lord alone, and as thou passes onward, may thy heart secretly whisper with the poet,—

"Though dark be my way,  
Since He is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey,  
'Tis His to provide."

And, remember, Jehovah-Jireh is his name. "Cheering Words" to Workmen are deferred for want of room.

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larly interesting character,—it is the constant uprising of young men of considerable mental powers consecrating themselves and their services to the diffusion of evangelical truth ; and to the arousing of their fellow-men to a consideration of their present position, and to an enquiry as to what will be their latter end.

We know, at this time, a considerable number of young men in different parts of England, who are hard at work in publishing either a full, or a free-will gospel ; and we purpose to bring them and their ministrations before our readers ; and if any genuine “cheering words” are to be found with them, we shall store them up in our little work.

At this moment we have two pamphlets before us ; one is a sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (No. 167, New Park-street Pulpit), the other is a lecture by the Rev. Arthur Mursell, of Manchester, and both of them are about FIRE !

Everybody knows C. H. Spurgeon is a most successful preacher ; but really, we have been astonished at the powers of mind displayed by Arthur Mursell, whose lectures to working men in the Free Trade-hall, Manchester, are attracting thousands to hear him, and are raising him very high in the estimation of the people.

From each of these burning and shining lights we catch a word or two. The other Sunday morning Master Spurgeon gave his congregation a sermon on Jude’s emphatic description of bad professors,—“These be they who separate themselves,” &c. In speaking of the Holy Spirit’s work on the heart, he said,—

“The Spirit in the Word of God is often compared to *fire*. After the Spirit, like the wind, has made the dead sinner live, then comes the Spirit like fire. Now, fire has a searching and tormenting power. It is purifying, but it purifies by a terrible process. Now, after the Holy Spirit has given us the life of Christianity, there immediately begins a burning in our heart: the Lord

searches and tries our reins, and lights a candle within our spirits which discovers the wickedness of our nature, and the loathsomeness of our iniquities. Say, my hearer, dost thou know anything of this fire in thine heart? For if not, thou hast not yet received the Spirit. To explain what I mean, let me just tell a piece of my own experience, by way of illustrating the fiery effects of the Spirit. I lived careless and thoughtless; I could indulge in sin as well as others, and did do so. Sometimes my conscience pricked me, but not enough to make me cease from vice. I could indulge in transgression, and I could love it; not so much as others loved it; mine early training would not let me do that; but still enough to prove that my heart was debased and corrupt. Once on a time something more than conscience pricked me. I knew not then what it was. I was like Samuel, when the Lord called him; I heard the voice, but I knew not whence it came. A stirring began in my heart, and I began to feel that in the sight of God I was a lost, ruined, and condemned sinner. That conviction I could not shake off. Do what I might it followed me. If I sought to amuse my mind and take it off from serious thoughts, it was of no use; I was obliged still to carry about with me a heavy burden on my back. I went to my bed, and there I dreamed about hell, and about "the wrath to come." I woke up, and this dreary nightmare, this incubus, still brooded upon me. What could I do? I renounced first one vicious habit, then another: it mattered not; all this was like pulling one firebrand from a flame, that fed itself with blazing forests. Do what I might my conscience found no rest. Up to the house of God I went to hear the gospel. There was no gospel for me; the fire burned but the more fiercely, and the very breath of the gospel seemed to fan the flame. Away I went to my chamber and my closet to pray: the heavens were like brass, and the windows of the sky were barred against me. No answer could I get; the fire burned more vehemently. Then I thought, 'I would not live always; would God I had never been born!' But I dared not die, for there was hell when I was dead; and I dared not live, for life had become intolerable. Still the fire blazed right vehemently, till at last I came to this resolve: 'If there be salvation in Christ, I will have it. I have nothing of my own to trust to; I do this hour, O God, renounce my sin, and my own righteousness too.' And the fire

blazed again, and burned up all my good works, ay, and my sins with them. And then I saw that all this burning was to bring me to Christ. And oh! the joy and gladness of my heart, when Jesus came and sprinkled water on the flame, and said, 'I have bought thee with my blood; put thy trust in me; I will do for thee what thou canst not do for thyself; I will take thy sins away; I will clothe thee with a spotless robe of righteousness; I will guide thee all thy journey through, and land thee at last in heaven.' Say, my dear hearer, dost know anything about the Spirit of burning? For if not, again I say, I am not harsh, I am but true; if thou hast never felt this, thou knowest not the Spirit."

This is a solemn testimony: surely it proves something more than mere natural convictions and a barren faith!

But now for

#### MR. MURSELL'S FIRE!

His first lecture was headed, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" (it may be had of Bremner, Manchester, or of Pitman, in Paternoster-row). We cannot analyse its contents now; we hope carefully to read all his lectures, and to see what they are worth. Beyond all doubt, he is a very clever fellow; and if Divine grace be in his heart, if the Holy Ghost be his Teacher, we shall have some good things from him by-and-bye. Here is a specimen of his illustrations,—

"Fire is useful for a thousand little purposes as well as great ones. It is by the fire that the muddled asthmatic warms his gruel—by the fire that the lover seals his billet doux—by the fire that the old dowager boils her kettle and browns her toast. In short, whenever we want to be comfortable we must raise the alarm of fire. And yet when this alarm is raised, in the startling terms of our title, it has rather a portentous sound. Many have no doubt heard the little story that is told of old Rowland Hill, at the hotel. It is related of that eccentric divine, that, during his travels in the west of England, the people at the hotel where he was staying caused him to be put into a very damp bed. He lay still for an hour or so, hoping to be able to get to sleep, notwithstanding the inconvenience and discomfort. Finding, however, that the attempt

vain, and sleep was out of the question, the reverend gentleman awoke from his damp bed, in the dead of the night, and rushing out of his room, up and down the passages and corridors, he commenced shouting, 'Fire! Fire! Fire!' with all his might. First a night-capped head and then another is bobbed out of various room doors. 'Fire! where?' cries one. 'Send for the engine,' shouts another. 'Ring the alarm bell,' roars a third. 'Fire! Fire! Fire!' bellows old Rowland, still tearing up and down the passage. Down comes the portly landlord, in his braces; and the lady and chambermaids, in hysterics and no end of cap-border, shrieking, 'Where is it? Oh, we shall all be burnt to death!' and so on. Still the reverend alarmist keeps up his warning shout: 'Fire! Fire! Fire!' until every lodger, and every one connected with the place, from the landlord to the ostler, are all congregated in a motley group, undressed, about the stairs, crying, 'Where is the fire?' 'Come this way,' says Rowland, dragging the frightened landlord to his chamber door, followed by the terrified household. 'There,' says he, pointing to his damp, uncomfortable bed, 'No. 14, to air the sheets!'

I have sometimes thought that this little story was not very inapplicable to the religion of some people, which seems to resemble Rowland Hill's bed, and to stand sorely in need of an airing. We ought to be able to repose comfortably on our religion, but we could get a sort of evangelical lumbago if we were to make the attempt. It wants testing or airing by the fires of a long and consistent experience, before it is fit to lie down upon composedly, and with benefit."

We have more to say of these young preachers another day.

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### CHERRING WORDS FROM SCOTLAND.

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THE Scotch people are proverbially a reading people; they have a large number who "favour God's righteous cause;" and the consequence is, a large number of nice books are constantly flowing from the pens, from the printers' presses, and from the extensive publishing houses of that ancient and

useful neighbour of ours—Scotland. There are few, however, of the Scotch divines who are really clearly and comfortably settled down in new covenant principles; or, if there are, we have not yet found them out. We hope to be much better acquainted with the churches of TRUTH, and with the ministers of THE gospel by-and-bye; and all the cheering words we can get from them shall be given to our readers.

We have now before us a handsome volume, entitled,—“Streams from Lebanon,” by the Rev. William Reid, M. A. The volume can be had of Nisbet and Co., in Berners-street, for 4s. Mr. Reid is a most laborious editor and preacher; and in this volume he has stored up an immense variety of articles on Christianity and its consequences, designed chiefly for those who are not yet settled and grounded in the faith. We have run through the volume, and will give an extract or so.

Under the head “True Faith,” &c., Mr. Reid thus introduces this subject:—

#### TRUE COMFORT IN CHRIST ALONE.

‘Are you comfortable in your soul?’ inquired a minister of a dying man. ‘I cannot say that I am very comfortable,’ was his reply. The minister then said, ‘Well, we are not saved by our comfortable frames—what are your thoughts of Christ?’

‘The name of Christ was to him as ointment poured forth, and he immediately cried out, *‘I am quite in love with Jesus.’* This he spoke with a heavenly smile, and in such rapture that two or three persons in the room burst into tears of joy. *‘I am firmly fixed,’* said he ‘the promises are very many, and the Lord is faithful to his promises. *I have had no hope but in Christ for many years.’*

Dear reader, are you more anxious about having Christ, ‘the consolation of Israel,’ than mere comfort of mind? There are some who even prefer anxiety of mind, and overwhelming conviction of sin, to Jesus the Prince of peace. But conviction or comfort will avail you nothing if you have not Christ.

God has purposed to save sinners in such a way as to get all the glory, and make perishing souls feel themselves nothing, and acknowledge they have done nothing to obtain His 'great salvation.' But few there be that find this way—it is so lowly, abasing, and so near, that it cannot be seen by those whose eyes are directed 'to the hills.'

Most men when awakened, like the Syrian general, would willingly do some 'great thing;' but to such the simple gospel plan of salvation, 'believe and live,' has nothing to recommend it. They would like to be 'under the law,' and work for life; but it is by far to humbling to be 'under grace,' and to take 'eternal life' as 'the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' They would be 'Moses' disciples;' but the question is not, 'What think ye of Moses?' but, '*What think ye of Christ?*' Have you such great thoughts that you can entrust him with your salvation, without attempting to add the very least of your own doing or feeling to His finished work? Are you willing to take him as your wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, and glory only in the Lord?

Have you abandoned, without a single regret, your own sandy foundations of convictions, resolutions, good deeds, and warm feelings, enlargement in prayer, repentance, reformation, and conscientious walk in the world, to build with real willingness upon that sure foundation that God has laid in Zion—the chosen, tried, precious, corner-stone—the Lord Jesus Christ?

Let none of my dear readers be deceived with that spurious humility which keeps at a distance from the cross of Calvary. There can be no evangelical humility in you mind until you see the glory of Jesus as the Son of God and the Saviour of the lost, and by the "new and living way" which he has opened and consecrated for us, "draw near to God with a true heart, in the full assurance of faith," and willingly, cordially, and fully submit to be saved by free and kingly grace alone, "to the praise of his glory."

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In another department of Mr. Reid's most beautiful volume, we have an article embodying the conversion and the gospel consolation of the mother of the present Dr. Co-



tavius Winslow, of Leamington. See, reader, how sovereign and how saving, how solemn and how holy is God's grace when it enters a sinner's soul by the power of the Holy Spirit. READ THIS:—

CHEERING WORDS FROM THE HOLY TRIUMPHS OF

**MRS. MARY WINSLOW.**

That remarkable Christian, Mrs. Mary Winslow, was led by the providence of God in such a manner as by his grace to become acquainted with the glorious gospel of Christ. She was at a ball one evening. She received much attention, and her pride was gratified. She was then just married, and surrounded with everything that could give earthly happiness. But she was unhappy, and her unhappiness remained with her until she knew the Lord Jesus. 'On returning from the ball,' says she, 'I took a hasty review of the evening I had passed, as I lay upon my sleepless pillow. The glitter, the music, the dance, the whirl of excitement, the attention, the pleasure, all passed before me. But oh! I felt a want I could not describe. I sighed; and throwing my arm over my head, whispered to myself these expressive words, '*Is this all?*' I felt at the moment that if this were all the happiness the world could bestow, then was there a lack I knew not how to supply, and a void I could not fill. I had reached the very summit of earthly bliss, and found it to fall short of what my heart craved and my soul required. From this time I grew more fond of retirement, and less inclined to mingle with the gay world. I felt that what I had been pursuing in the early part of my life was not happiness. I turned from it with a sensation of loathing, and sought in solitude what I had never found in the brilliant and crowded walks of life. I thought that there must be a state where real happiness was to be found. In this condition I continued for years, striving to keep the law, and shape my course by 'The whole duty of man.' I endeavoured to walk so as to please God; but again and again my best resolutions were broken. These feelings I concealed from all around me, for I would not for all the world have breathed a hint that I was unhappy to the dearest friend. I saw every one around me apparently happy in the possession of the world, which had lost its charm for me. I now sought peace of mind in domestic enjoyment. I was encir-

pled by my children, possessed of a husband who anticipated my fondest wish, and my heart could sigh for nothing of earthly bliss I did not possess,—and still I was unhappy. I was a sinner, and this secret conviction beclouded every prospect and embittered every cup.'

So great was the pressure of her mental disquietude that her health gave way. Looking narrowly one day into the meaning of the opening verse of the sixty third Psalm, I was struck to find the language so accurately describe a circumstance of frequent occurrence in the case of sincere and earnest enquiries. 'My flesh longeth for thee!' says the exiled mourner. What is the exact meaning of that striking expression? It signifies 'grows pale.' His countenance, naturally ruddy (1 Sam. xvi. 12), became pale from the intensity of his inward longing after God. How forcible! His whole being was so intensely exercised, that his inward condition of earnest desire for the presence of God might be read from his altered and emaciated bodily appearance. Her husband, thinking that her unhappiness and consequent unhealthiness arose from the solitude of their rural residence, was led to leave his ancestral home, at Romford, in Essex, for a residence in London; which was the providence which brought her into contact with the gospel of God. She was still blind with reference to the way of peace; but the Lord was leading her to Calvary, where Jesus made peace by the blood of his cross. He was, in truth, fulfilling his own gracious promise, 'I will bring the blind by a way they know not; I will lead them in paths they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.'

She heard for the first time in her life the precious GOSPEL OF PEACE. 'This,' she writes, 'was what I wanted to know for many years, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save poor sinners. I was a sinner, and wanted to be saved. Oh! how eagerly I listened and drank in every word! I had been in vain trying to work out my salvation; but my work always fell short, and left me as poor and miserable as ever. Now was held out to me the hope that I might be saved by the work of another—the work of Jesus Christ.' But still she had great questionings about the way in which a sinner could be justified. Nevertheless the truth that a sinner could be saved had been lodged in her mind. And

the truthfulness of God her Saviour, when he says, '*Ask and ye shall receive.*' had also been deeply impressed upon her mind as she searched the Scriptures during the quiet hours of night, as she watched by the side of her sick child. She fell on her knees and pleaded this promise. 'I did not wrestle so much,' she says, 'for my salvation, as to know *how* I could be saved as a helpless sinner that could do nothing. I arose from my knees and again took my Bible. I read and compared Scripture with Scripture; but the one part appeared to contradict the other, and my mind was left in darkness and perplexity. Again, I carried the promise to the throne of grace, and again wrestled with the Lord. I returned to my Bible, but it was yet a sealed book. The third time I ventured near the Lord, still pleading his own gracious promise, '*Ask and ye shall receive.*' In an instant light broke in upon my soul! Jesus stood before me, and spoke these blessed words, '*I am thy salvation!*' I hailed the glad tidings,—my heart and soul responded. Jesus was with me! He had Himself spoken,—I had seen the Lord, had heard his voice; my soul was saved, my burden was gone; the grave clothes in which I had been so long confined fell off, my spirit was free, and I seemed to soar towards heaven in the sweetest, richest enjoyment,—my heart was filled with a joy unspeakable. I arose from my knees to adore, and praise, and bless His holy name. Oh! what a night was that! never, never to be forgotten! I had seen Jesus! It was no vision of the bodily senses that I saw; but I had no more doubt that I was a redeemed and pardoned sinner,—that I had seen Christ, and held communion with Him who died that I might live,—than I had of my own existence. It was with difficulty I could refrain from calling up the whole house to hear what the Lord had done for my soul. It has since been evident to my self that when the Holy Ghost gave me the promise to plead, he also gave me a measure of faith to credit God for its fulfilment; and, in answering the prayer of simple faith, Christ came into my soul with a full and free salvation. '*I am thy salvation!*' This was good news indeed, fresh from heaven. Christ was mine, heaven was mine; all care and sorrow had vanished, and I was as happy as I could be in the body. I had found what I had long sought. I had been in search of real happiness for years, and in one night I found it all in Jesus. God's richest treasury had been thrown

open to my view; and in Him I found all I wanted for time and eternity.' How very wonderful the providential and spiritual loadings of the Lord wrought to produce that state of mind which made her thirst for higher enjoyments than those which this world can supply! and how graciously the Lord open her eyes and made her find 'all in Jesus'—'Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.'

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**"CHEERING WORDS" AT HOME AGAIN.**

OR,

THE EDITOR'S EXPLANATION AND APPEAL.

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READERS ALL!—It was in March, 1851, I was first disposed to issue this little halfpenny, and for six years consecutively I was enabled to continue it, thereby instrumentally profiting some thousands of friends, whose numbers steadily increased, until nearly eight thousand copies per month were circulated. At the end of 1856, "Cheering Words" went out of my hands; and for twelve-months they have been under other management. I trust it is a Divine Providence which has restored them to me again. The respected friend who purchased them, with all my other publications, when circumstantial clouds overwhelmed me, and who resold me THE EARTHEN VESSEL for £250, has now restored to me "Cheering Words," upon the condition that I pay £25 for them in the course of the next eighteen months. I had faith fully to believe I should be walking in the right way by accepting the terms, and again endeavouring to render "Cheering Words" suitable to the millions who inhabit this country and her colonies.

If, then, my life be spared, if strength and means be afforded, I shall, from this time, labour to suit this little monthly messenger to several classes of persons.

First, for *Sunday-schools*. The superintendents and teachers shall find "Cheering Words" sufficiently interesting and instructive for the elder scholars of their classes; and especially fitted to be carried home to their parents.

Secondly, I hope *tract distributors* will find "Cheering Words" to be one of the cheapest, and most attractive periodicals which

they can possibly obtain for giving away unto the people among whom they move, and whose spiritual welfare they desire to promote.

Thirdly, for persons confined to chambers of retirement or affliction, I shall aim to make this little periodical, under God, a reviving and comforting visitor.

Fourthly, for cottagers in country districts (whose time for reading, and means for purchasing books, are exceedingly limited), I have deep sympathies. Many thousands of them, poor dear souls, are almost shut out from the world, living in lonely lanes, and on the borders of scattered hamlets; they see, they hear, they know but little. I am sure I would gladly speak some cheering words to them; for I know, in many cases and in many senses, they need them more than any other class of the people; and it is my mind to endeavour to obtain an active agent in every village, town, hamlet, and city in this beloved Old England of ours, who shall circulate "Cheering Words," "The Halfpenny Weekly Pulpit," and "The Earthen Vessel," all the country over, and all the year round. I see often enough how busy the Infidels, the Reasoners, the Socialists, the Mormonites, the Romanites, and the Puseyites are, in circulating their anti-gospel wares; I see, that by millions upon millions the soul-defiling miscellanies, journals, and papers of all kinds are filling the land with those things that never lead the mind to God. Come, then, Christian brethren; come, then, kind sisters in the covenant of grace; come, then, devoted itinerant preachers, and Sunday-school teachers; come, one and all, who know and love THE TRUTH; come, every one of you, and help to send "Cheering Words" into every creek and corner of Christendom, that it may never be said of us, as of Meroz of old, of whom good old Deborah cried, "*The angel of the Lord said, Curse ye, bitterly, the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord; to the help of the Lord against the mighty.*" That many-headed monster, the "*Mystery-of-Iniquity*," is fearfully mighty. The Lord condescends to call his people to help, to unite, in resisting Satan and all his desperate crew. Brethren, think of these things, and in your prayers, and in all your busy movements passing through this dying world, remember the

EDITOR OF "CHEERING WORDS."

' 2, Eldon-place, Upper Grange-road, Bermondsey, London.

# CHEERING WORDS

FEBRUARY, 1858.

## Our Monument

IN  
MEMORY  
OF  
**HAVELOCK,**  
THE  
HAPPY WARRIOR.

THE blackest pages of Indian history have been widely scattered over the world—while but little has been said of the glorious demonstration of Christian feeling, and of holy faith, which have stood in solemn contrast with those dark clouds of dreadful distress, the record and results of which have filled the hearts



and the homes of thousands of our fellow countrymen, with mourning, lamentation, and woe. We have no need to

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rehearse those dark deeds: it shall be ours to exhibit some of the "cheering" scenes, and to record a few of those "cheering words" which have been heard even on the blood-stained battlements of India, and are treasured up in the hearts of many who heard them, as delightful evidences of the truth of that great promise of our Heavenly Father to all his beloved children—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

The death of General Havelock, on the 25th of last November, has cast a mysterious cloud over our prospects in India. That the Almighty should give us such a noble warrior—such a man of might, and valour, and a Christian soldier too, was a fact which we viewed as a pledge of Heaven's favor toward us; but when this good and great man fell into the arms of death, it struck us as though the LORD had resolved no more to go forth with our armies. We shall, we hope in our next number, furnish some particulars of the last days of this great man—this faithful servant of God—with notes from his fellow-labourers in the Lord's vineyard; in the mean time we now give a brief review of his natural life; and a few words expressive of his character and conduct in the last days of his life.

"General Havelock," (says the great English newsman,) died in the zenith of his fame and glory, and has bequeathed to his countrymen a name which will long be a household word in the homes of England and India.

He was a native of Bishopwearmouth, near Sunderland, where he was born on the 5th of April, 1796. He was the second of the four sons of the late William Havelock, Esq., of Ingress-park, near Greenhithe, Kent, by Jane, daughter of Mr. John Carter, of Yarmouth, a member, it is said, of the Ettrick family. His father was the descendant and representative of a family which long had resided in the neighbourhood of Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire, and our readers will doubtless remember that the good people of that town have lately gone so far as to claim for the Havelocks a descent from Guthrum, or some Danish prince who lived before the

Norman Conquest. All, however, that is known for certain is that Sir Henry Havelock's father and grandfather were largely engaged in commerce and shipping in Sunderland, and purchased Ingresspark with the proceeds of their successful speculations."

From his earliest days, he pined for a life of action and of enterprise. Such a life he has been permitted to spend. Henry Havelock's brother William—who was also a brave soldier, and fell in battle in 1848, obtained for Henry, a commission soon after the great battle of Waterloo was fought, and from that period down to the present—nearly forty years—Henry Havelock has been an officer of no mean rank—and a Christian soldier of unusual magnitude and zeal.

Sir Henry Havelock married, in 1827, Hannah Shepherd, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Marshman, of Serampore, the learned and accomplished biblical scholar, by whom he has left a family of three surviving daughters and three sons, the eldest of whom, now Sir Henry Marsham Havelock, second baronet, was born in 1830. He at present holds a captain's commission in the 18th Royal Irish, and has been lately serving in India as Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General under the gallant father whose honoured name he bears, and whose loss he must so deeply deplore.

How Havelock became a Christian—how he wore his Christian armour, and how, like a Christian Martyr—he at last yielded up his arms, and left the battle-field, for the peaceful realms of ineffable glory and bliss—how he followed Christ, and went at length, to dwell with Him, these things shall be found in this volume as early as possible—and now, because our space is small, with a word or two we must adjourn. The following from Calcutta, dated Dec. 10th, we shall call,

#### "CHEERING WORDS FOR HAVELOCK'S TOMB!"

The writer, in the course of a lengthened description of the almost unparalleled engagements in which our soldiers have



been suffering, makes frequent mention of Havelock, in the course of which the following appear.

Sir Henry Havelock, worn out with fatigue, exposure, and mental suffering, expired at the Alumbagh on the 25th of November. How he died no one in Bengal yet knows. According to one account, his toil never remitted, however his health might be impaired, brought on an attack of acute dysentery. According to another his death was the effect of wounds received in action.

"The deceased General Havelock has been a prominent character in Indian history for nearly 20 years. He was one of the few who passed through the Affghan campaigns with added reputation. A slight spare man, about 5 feet 5 inches in height, with an emaciated face and an eagle eye, he belonged emphatically to the class who have never to contend with disobedience or mutiny. He was, indeed, perhaps the bravest man in his own army, and he was a Christian of the old stamp—a strong God-fearing Puritan man, who thought often in scriptural phrase, and deemed it no shame to teach his soldiers to pray. 'Turn out the saints,' said Lord Gough on one occasion when he anticipated desperate work; 'Havelock never blunders, and his men are never drunk.' The loss has created a most painful impression in Calcutta.

Here we pause until next month, when we hope to raise a pedestal, and on it write—the dying words of Christian Henry Havelock; and how by him the Lord was found.

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### A CHEERFUL SCENE;

OR,

### THE YOUNG PASTOR, AND HIS LOVING PEOPLE.

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I'm a spinster, and live at home with my widowed mother, and 'tis but seldom I stir far from my native homestead. It is really with me as young Arthur Mursell said the other Sunday in his lecture to the working classes. In proceeding to give some advice touching the regulation of "Homes," he said,—“I am afraid I must confess that it is rather an impudent thing for a young man with no wife or family, and what's more, with precious little prospect of ever having either, to get up to give advice to fathers of

families." So, dear little CHEERING WORDS it may seem very forward in a poor Ruth like myself to be writing to you, but I cannot refrain, for being favoured the other evening to witness a pleasing scene, and one which I thought might be useful as an example I wish you to try and cheer the hearts of your readers by a few details. I was invited to take a cup of tea with a nervous friend of mine, and when tea was over, I was invited to go to a public meeting in Rotherhithe, in the Bethel meeting house, where young Mr. Butterfield preaches. Off we went. It was with some difficulty we found admittance. The place was literally crammed. At the far end was a large platform, and around a long table sat a number of ministers, all of whom were engaged to give addresses on special subjects. On the table there was laid two or three piles of well-bound books, which I found were to be presented to the pastor. The service commenced. Mr. Butterfield gave out that sweet hymn :—

"Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armour on."

Then he implored the Divine blessing in a very earnest and intelligent spirit; after which Mr. Samuel Cozens arose, to present Mr. Butterfield with the "People's present"—about twenty volumes or more of valuable theological works. Mr. Cozens expatiated very beautifully on "The Book of books," and gave his brother Butterfield some excellent advice touching the manner of reading, and the use of such books when kept in their proper place. The scene was very animating. A host of eyes were fixed on the speaker; he stood pointing to the volumes of verity and truth which the young pastor was now to digest and deal out in suitable portions to the people; around him sat in musing wonder and silence the other preachers, Boxer, Banks, and Bowles, Parker, Chivers, and Caunt, and Butterfield in the centre. I thought of the goodness of God. I said, Huntington, Fowler, Gadsby, Warburton, Allen, Lord, and a host of noble champions are gone home; they have left the field, but here is a number of young students, of growing pastors, of earnest preachers whose hearts we hope are right, and whose chief aim is to do the will of Him that sent them. When we reflect upon the many thousands who are sunk either in infidel darkness, or in the soul-destroying vices of the world,—how beautiful a sight it seems, to behold a band of men all uniting in one great work,—PREACHING SALVATION FULL AND FREE, as flowing from the New Cove-

nant purposes of the eternal I AM, made sure, certain, complete, and appropriate by the glorious person of Christ and his work, and revealed in, and given unto, the whole election of grace, by the Holy Ghost, the Comforter! Oh! tell it out to the thousands of your readers that in London, this great city of sin and sorrow, we have a good number of God-fearing men, who love and live the truth. May they be spared, increased, and prospered. May they be united, and caused to work together in holy and happy concord, so prays

ONE WHO LOVES "CHEERING WORDS."

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### GREAT PEACE.

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"Great peace have they who love thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

Father of endless light,  
 With whom no darkness dwells, nor doubt, nor gloom;  
 Whose wisdom infinite,  
 Sees all things hastening to one common doom;  
 All joyous things, and sad;  
 Watchest them chase each other, as in play  
 The little waves disport,  
 Then dash against the shore and melt away:  
 Oh God, serenely wise,  
 Look how beneath these passing cares we bend,  
 Look how our straining eyes  
 Are blind with tears, and cannot see the end.  
 Remember us, O Lord,  
 Is not thy law even now our chief delight?  
 Put forth thy gracious word,  
 And chase the shadows of this gloomy night.  
 Then shall thy peace come down,  
 Like drops of dew upon the fainting earth,  
 And our glad hearts shall own  
 The joy and freshness of a second birth.  
 Lay but thy gentle hand,  
 Oh! Saviour Lord, upon our darkened eyes,  
 Then shall we see the land,  
 The goodly land where our possession lies;  
 Then shall we read aright,  
 Our little troubles and our passing joys,  
 As in the morning light,  
 The dream no more elates us, nor annoys.  
 And on our hearts shall lie,  
 Like the fair dawn, of day, serenely bright,  
 Thy blessings from on high,  
 Bathing all earthly things with heavenly light.

'TEXTA.

## CHEERING WORDS FOR EVERY TRUE CHRISTIAN.

BY T. W. MEDHURST,

Pastor of the Baptist Church, Kingston-on-Thames.  

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"**SAY** ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him," is a divine command, the which, did we fully realize its import, would cause us to inquire whether we are righteous, and how we could best attain to the enjoyment of that sweet serenity of mind such a promise is intended to impart.

He who is righteous in this sense, must have on the imputed righteousness of another, seeing that as we stand in relation to Adam, "there is none righteous, no, not one;" how the Lord Jesus Christ, having provided a spotless robe for all the election of grace, they standing covered over with this, have on a righteousness which in every acceptation of the term, is perfect. For them there is *now* no condemnation, for they are viewed in their covenant Head. God himself declares that, "they are all fair, there is no spot in them," and that in every circumstance of their life it may be said, "It shall be well."

*In time*, they are protected by the arm of Omnipotence, under whose shadow they dwell with great delight. *In eternity*, they shall be shut in with Christ, far from all the temptations of Satan, or the world; separated from all sickness, pain, or distress, in a serene city, prepared for them by their Saviour, in a kingly manner. *In seasons of sorrow*, "it is well," for the promise declares, that God's grace shall be sufficient for them; seasons of darkness may vex their souls, yet shall they be cheered in remembering that no night obscures the vision of their Father. The furnace may be heated seven times more than usual, still they know it is but for their purification, for "he shall sit as a refiner of gold," who will but purge away the dross, causing his own image to be reflected. *When sorely tempted*, the believer rejoices, for he has a sympathizing friend, who, in all points, was tempted as he is, in order that he might succour those who are tempted.

In hours of holy joy, 'tis well with the righteous. When on the mount of communion, he "sees Him who is invisible," even the brightness of the Father's glory; and to enhance the joy, he feels that this is but a foretaste of that eternal weight of glory which is

prepared for all those who love Jesu's appearance. Rejoice, fellow Christian, rejoice, for you have more cause for joy, than for sorrow, however thorny your present path may be; it will soon be ended, and every thorn in it has been numbered by the heavenly accountant, whose new name is "Love." Have you a secret sorrow you could not whisper in the ear of a mortal? It is not the result of accident; for every tear that chases its fellow down your cheek has been counted; just so many shall fall and not one more. Raise, then, your weary and drooping head, and repose it safely on fixed and eternal purpose, like a child, on the arms of everlasting love, repose without a fear; for, arrayed in this fire-proof garment, you may walk through the furnace, and though it be seven times heated, no smell of fire shall pass over you.

Every event of every day, of every hour, is unalterably fixed; each day is but the turning over a new leaf in our history, already written by the finger of God: every line and every letter of its page. And should we wish to rewrite, or to alter one? Let every Christian say, "No! No! No! for all is well,"

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### MR. SPURGEON ON HIS SPIRITUAL BIRTH-DAY:

AND

### A FEW WORDS ON HIS BAZAAR.

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I DID say, if I had been in Mr. Spurgeon's position I would never stoop to lecture at a "Lady's Fancy Fair," merely for the sake of obtaining money to build a Tabernacle. It seemed to me to be so lowering to the gospel—and with this feeling, I paid my shilling, at the toll bar of the Surrey Music Hall, and took a walk round the Bazaar, and certainly such a sight I never saw before. The hundreds and thousands who are unitedly labouring to obtain this great Tabernacle, are beyond all calculation—and what these things will lead to, none can dare, I think, to predict.

It so happened, that I was in the Gardens just as Mr. Spurgeon was about to deliver his lecture. He wished us all a happy new year; and appeared very happy himself; but there was something in the lecture which really frightened some of the dear old people, and very quickly did they fly from it. It was the Lecturer's re-

marks on dancing, &c., and upon "groaning" and "melancholy" Christians. I may perhaps notice some of the severe criticisms which these lectures have drawn forth; because, although I felt the young man was treading upon very dangerous ground; still, I did not think he was understood. It is a "cheering fact" for the friends of Mr. Spurgeon that the Bazaar gives to the Building Fund, a clear increase of £900. This fact, and the delightful year through which our "Modern Whitfield" had passed, prepared him for the first Sunday morning in the year to preach from that admirable text, "*Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.*" It is reported in No. 170, of the *New Park Street Pulpit*. The following reference to his own conversion, or freedom from darkness, is cheerful and encouraging. He said,

"Let us recollect that Jesus Christ is *the same to sinners to-day as he was yesterday*. It is now eight years ago since I first went to Jesus Christ. Come the sixth of this month, I shall then be eight years old in the gospel of the grace of Jesus: a child, a little child therein as yet. I recall that hour when I heard that exhortation—"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and beside me there is none else." And I remember, how with much trembling and with a little faith I ventured to approach the Saviour's feet. I thought he would spurn me from him. "Sure," said my heart, "if thou shouldst presume to put thy trust in him as thy Saviour, it would be a presumption more damnable than all thy sins put together. Go not to him; he will spurn thee." However, I put the rope about my neck, feeling that if God destroyed me for ever, he would be just; I cast the ashes on my head, and with many a sigh I did confess my sin; and then when I ventured to draw nigh to him, when I expected that he would frown, he stretched out his hand and, said, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." I came like the prodigal, because I was forced to come. I was starved out of that foreign country where in riotous living I had spent my substance, and I saw my Father's house a great way off; but little did I know my Father's heart was beating high with love to me. O rapturous hour, when Jesus whispered I was his, and when my soul could say, "Jesus Christ is my salvation." And now I would refresh my own memory by reminding myself that what my master was to me yesterday that he is to-day; and if I know that as a sinner I went to him then and he received me, if I have never so many doubts about my saintship I cannot doubt but what I am a sinner;

so to thy cross, O Jesus, I go again, and if thou didst receive me ther, thou wilt receive me now; and believing that to be true, I turn round to my fellow-mortals, and I say, "He that received me, he that received Manassah, he that received the thief upon the cross, is the same to-day as he was then. Oh! come and try him! come and try him! Oh! ye that know your need of him, come ye to him; ye that have sold for nought your heritage above, may have it back unbought, the gift of Jesus' love. Ye that are empty, Christ is as full to-day as ever. Come! fill yourselves here. Ye that are thirsty, the stream is flowing; ye that are black, the fountain still can purify; ye that are naked, the wardrobe is not empty."

This is enough, with God's heart-stirring grace, to make every poor peeking sinner to run to the gospel feast, until Christ his pardon doth reveal—There are staggering words in Mr. Spurgeon's sermons sometimes. We shall look after gospel and truly experimental words only.

## Cherring Words in Dying Chambers.

THE GREAT JOY OF CATHERINE HAND,  
OF BIRMINGHAM.

*The Gospel Standard*, for January, gives the following amazing record of dying triumphs. It says—

On December 11th, 1857, died Catherine Hand, of Birmingham. She had been a seeker for more than twenty years; but about five months before her death, it pleased the Lord to lay with a very heavy weight upon her mind the salvation of her soul; so much so, that I cannot describe it only in the language of Scripture; that she "sat in darkness, and the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron;" and truly she passed through painfully and acutely the experience recorded in Psalm xxii. 16. On Sunday, Nov. 29th, she was like one just sinking into despair. Her bitter cry through the day was, "O Lord, cut me not off in thy wrath! O Lord, appoint me not a place with the wicked, where hope never comes! O Lord, I am but dust and ashes." Such were the

breathings of her distressed soul; and in the evening, like one in desperation, she repeated—

“Lord, I will not let thee go,” &c.

She then immediately rose from a chair in which she was sitting, (which but a few minutes before she could not have done without assistance,) walked firmly across the room, and exclaimed in a powerful voice, “I’m ransomed! I’m ransomed! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!” She then began to sing—

“All hail, the power of Jesu’s name,” &c.

She then, said, “I will crown thee in glory, Lord! If I had a thousand crowns, I’d put them all on thy blessed head, and all would be nothing for what thou hast done for such a guilty, sinful, worm of the earth as I am. I’ve denied thee, Lord; I’ve denied thee, Lord; but thou hast pardoned me!” And then, turning to her sister who was in the room, she thus addressed her: “Eliza! you can’t die a free-willer, and be saved! Eliza! it’s all of grace, free, sovereign grace. I’ve been trying for years to do something and could do nothing.” At this instant, two of the neighbours, came in. Hearing her talk so loud, they thought she had gone deranged. She cast her eye on Mrs. C., and thus addressed her: “Men and women, however beautiful; this flowing hair, that I’ve admired; and all dress, however grand, I trample it all under my feet as dung and dross.” She then raised her hands, and said, “Lord, thy love is wonderful! I could preach to men and devils now, Lord, of thy love! I could die a martyr for thee now! My cough is nothing. Jordan’s dark cold river, I fear not! O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of Death is taken away from me.” She then said, “Look! there is a blessed robe. The King’s daughter is all glorious within. She shall be brought unto him in raiment of needlework. This is the imputed righteousness of Christ, and I’m covered with it from head to foot.” She then walked to her chair, and sat down for a minute or two; when she raised her hands and exclaimed, “Come, come again, Lord, come again!” She paced the room a second time, and uttered language somewhat similar to the former. She then sat down with Heaven beaming on her countenance. Turning to me, she said “I don’t feel any pain. O! I should have liked to have gone to Heaven in that state!” My mother, who had gone



to chapel, and left me at home with my dear wife in the agonies of despair, returned, and witnessed a scene just the reverse. Her first words when she saw her, were, "Grandmother, I'm better!" We sat and talked together till bed time, and then read the 116th Psalm, thanking the Lord for his great goodness, and then retired to rest; but I could do nothing but bless and praise the Lord for his manifested mercy in redeeming her soul from the lowest hell. About three o'clock in the morning, my wife sat up in her bed, and said to me, "James, do you think that was all a delusion I felt last night?" "I said, "No, dear; but I expect the *sweetness* of it is leaving you; the *power* of it you will never forget, be your days many or few," She said, "No, I never shall. I can compare it to nothing but a great flood of light bursting in upon me, and all my darkness and horror flying away." On Tuesday morning her own mother called, (I believe a gracious woman,) to see her. She had not seen her for a few days. She went to her bedside, clasped her hands, and said, "What! an heir of glory?" "Yes, mother, I'll shout, victory! victory!" On the following day, towards evening, I said to her, "How have you been in your mind?" She looked at me with an earnestness not soon to be forgotten, and said, "I should like to give one more good shout, and go home!" Upon one occasion, when the surgeon came to see her, she said, "I thank you, sir, for all your kindness and attention to me; but I don't want to get better. The Lord has been very merciful to me in blessing me with a knowledge of my interest in his love and salvation. He has prepared me for the change that must shortly come; so that death is no terror to me."

I pass on now to the Sabbath following her happy deliverance. Several friends came to see her; two of whom she thus addressed; "Friends, you have come to see a miracle of grace, one who has been seeking the Lord for twenty years, and who had concluded she must sink in despair, and die without hope; but the Lord has freely manifested his pardoning love and mercy to me, so that I shall never die, but directly the spirit leaves this body, it will be present with the Lord in everlasting rest."

I shall now come to the closing scene. On the Tuesday preceding her death, and all the night, she passed through great agonies and pain of body, with much darkness and affliction of mind. In the morning, the Lord was pleased to cause the pain to subside,

and give her a quiet resting upon, and patient waiting for him. On Thursday evening she thanked those around her for all their kindness to her, took a little wine, and said, "Praise the Lord for all his goodness to me. Come, Lord and take me to thyself. O, what must it be to be there!

"There shall I bathe my weary soul,  
In seas of heavenly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast."

Her last words to me were, "Good night. The Lord bless you," and a few minutes past one on Friday morning she breathed her last, and her ransomed spirit took its flight to that Saviour who had redeemed her from everlasting death and destruction. J. H.

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**CHEERING WORDS FROM MR. WALLINGER'S SERMON**  
OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MISS MULES.

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MR. WALLINGER the Minister of Bethesda Chapel, Bath, is well known as a most devoted and faithful servant of Christ. Some few of his published sermons and works have passed before us; and we know they have been useful—they bespeak a genuine spirit, a strong discriminating power, and a lively zeal for the glory of God, and for the comforting of Zion's sons and daughters. We reckon Mr. Wallinger, of Bath, among one of the best ministers for experimental truth that has left the established church; and we hope his life may long be spared; his labours more than ever honoured.

The following beautiful extract is from a sermon of his, entitled "Triumphant Grace"—It is published by Collingridge, London: and by Noyes and Son, Bath. Of Miss Mules, Mr. Wallinger said—

"Not much more than eighteen months ago, this ultimately proved saint of God, was in as dead and carnal a state of enmity to God and godliness as any soul could be, as, perhaps, some of you are here this night. She hated the truth of God, the doctrines of grace, the word and ways of God, and the people of God. To oblige her relations she would sometimes attend this place of worship, but she hated what she heard, and as often as she could absented herself and went to the Abbey or elsewhere, where she could hear smoother things, and sit at ease undisturbed. This went on for many a month; but at length light seemed to break into her mind, and she

began to think that the things she heard here, after all, were right, and she came more frequently; till at length she began even to *like* what she heard, and even so much so, after awhile, that she would go nowhere else, nor hear, if she could, anything else. Still she was not satisfied. There was no *power* yet in her experience, as she afterwards confessed. There was not all the Psalmist meant when he said, 'The Lord is my light and my *salvation*.' She had *light* and perhaps a little liking to it. But that was all. No salvation, no felt sinnership, no broken heart for sin, no revelation of Christ, no love of God shed abroad in her heart, no pardon for sin. This she acknowledged afterwards, when she came to realize what a work of grace is. She had light indeed. Oh, how many have nothing more! Light in the head, but no life or power within. But '*the life is the light of men*.' All light that proceeds not from life, after all, the devils may have. But, we say, Miss Mules was brought to have a *love* for the doctrines of grace. But she had no satisfaction; she was afraid to die. Yet she blest God she had ever heard the truth. 'I can bless God for your ministry,' said she to me on her dying bed. So things went on till a deadly disease of which she was the subject, made such inroads upon her constitution that she was obliged to take to her bed, and was seen in this chapel no more. But the Lord's arm was not shortened. He could deal with her on her bed, as well as in her pew. She knew this disease must be her death ultimately. And now she came under great alarm for her soul, and in this state lay and suffered bodily and mentally for some weeks. Her language now was, 'If I were but satisfied Christ was my Saviour, if I could but say, 'He loved me and gave Himself for me.' She had not got to that. She was in the state some of you, brethren, may be, are in now. She had no right confidence, no real comfort, no pardon of sin, and hence, as you are, in doubt and uncertainty what should become of her when she died.

"A length, however, one Sabbath evening, when her mother was at chapel, the Lord was pleased to break in upon her soul in the solitude of her bed-chamber, and reveal Himself to her. And when her mother returned, her ears and heart were gladdened with the sound, 'The Lord has been with me, He has pardoned all my sins; I am accepted in Christ; I am a pardoned soul; I can now say, He loved me and gave Himself for me, and I long to go to Him.' The mother could hardly believe her ears. And as to her other friends, they could not bring themselves to believe in the reality. They were ready to say, 'What, is Saul among the prophets?' For such was her known carnal enmity to the truth of God, and to God, and to God and godliness, and to God's people, and there was some-

thing so repulsive in her mind and appearance to everything of the kind, that of all persons among their acquaintance, she was, to their minds, the least and last likely to be found a child of God, a subject of divine grace, a saint. But 'God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts.' What can He not do? What cannot sovereign grace effect in the heart of a poor ungodly sinner, loved with the dateless love of God, blest by the eternal Three, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb? What has grace done for you, brethren? We were all unlikely subjects once. But has grace laid hold of you and stopped you in your mad career, and turned your faces Zionward? If not, see what grace could do, can do, and does do,—bring pardon, peace, Christ, and salvation into your soul, and make you happy to die."

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THE GLORY OF THE GOSPEL ;

OR,

**CHEERING WORDS BY MR JAMES WELLS.**

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THE fact that ten or twelve thousand persons flocked to the Music Hall, to hear that champion for gospel truth—James Wells, is some proof that the citizens of this great metropolis are not all sunk either in infidelity, or in cold religious formalism and the fact that the large Surrey Tabernacle will not hold the multitudes who constantly endeavour to hear Mr. Wells, is proof that his ministry is permanently useful to hundreds if not to thousands. This is an event we rejoice in. The ministrations of such ministers as Messrs. C. H. Spurgeon, Cadman, Long, Lincoln, Snape, and others, in the borough of Southwark—men who are not so clear or decided for all the vitals of gospel truth as Mr. Wells, are doing great and good work—they are preparing a people (we hope) any of whom will by and bye rejoice in the glories of the gospel enunciated in the following extract which is taken from the sermon, entitled "The Right Spirit" by Mr James Wells, and published by Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row. Toward the end the sermon, we found the following precious words.

'If we have the Spirit of Christ, then we are one with him; and we have the word of the Lord. 'Thy Maker is thy Husband, the God of Hosts is his name; the God of the whole earth shall he be called.' What is said in connection to that? 'Thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth.' 'The shame of thy youth' means your shame by nature—that is your natural existence; but when borne of you come into a new existence, and your natural existence, with

all its shame, is passed away, and you come into this new existence as a child of God. 'And not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more.' The reproach of widowhood here means, apostacy from God—that we, in the first Adam, apostatized from God, and the law divorced us for our apostacy; but Christ came in, and bear our sins away, himself became our Husband, and we can apostatize no more; we cannot be plucked out of his hand, being safe in his hands for ever. I will go further. Why, some of you, you do not know what our religion is; you do not know how exceedingly joyful we sometimes are. Some of you that are mere formalists, if the Lord should open your eyes to what you are, and bring you into these great truths, why, you would stand amazed at their power and their glory. Hear me a little longer; for this is to me as the waters of Noah—'As I have sworn that the waters of Noah shall no more go over the earth, so I have sworn,—this is the sworn promise of the Great God—that I will not be wrath with thee, nor rebuke thee.' 'The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, nor shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy upon thee.' 'Aye,' says one, 'this is all very well; but I do not think these high doctrines ought to be preached too much.' Shall I interpret your words, sir? I will. You think they ought not to be preached too much? The secret of that saying is, that you have in your heart an under-current of enmity against them, and that when the truth is preached in its vitality, you have some strong qualms of conscience, and hard work to maintain your standing, and you go home very suspicious of your religion! but you and the devil; and your deceitful heart, patch it up again, and so you lie down again in your delusions.

"That is how we interpret that, sir! Tell me that these doctrines ought not to be preached? What! tell me that Jesus Christ hath "perfected for ever them that are sanctified," and it is not to be spoken of? Tell me that Jehovah hath pledged his own being for our eternal welfare, and it is not to be preached? Why, you might as well tell me that God ought not to exist. I glory in these eternal truths, and no man shall stop me, nor devil either. I have gloried in them for thirty years, and hope and believe I shall glory in them to all eternity. 'Ah! some people are of a different opinion!' A different opinion? If you are brought to feel what you are as a sinner, and what is essential to your salvation, mere opinion will go to the winds."



## The Outside and the Inside of David's House.

### A CHEERING WORD FROM THE "CHRONICLES."

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JUST as I had written the above lines, it occurred to my mind, that the incident of which I am about to write, happened on my birth-day, the ninth day of February, 1858. On the afternoon of that day, I had been preaching at Kingston-on-Thames, in the new Chapel, and was hurrying home to my own pulpit, where I had promised (God willing,) to speak the same evening. But, I had no sermon, no text, no thoughts, yea, nothing, for all I could say worth saying; I had spoken that afternoon. As I rolled on in the steam carriage, I had just power of mind enough to "look again" as Jonah did; and *memory* called my attention to a passage I had seen in the Bible that very morning; it reads as follows:—"Howbeit, the Lord would not destroy the house of David, because of the covenant that he had made with David; and as he promised to give a light to him and his sons for ever." (2 Chron. xxi. 7.) This CHEERING WORD opened up in my mind in four particulars, in a moment. First, here is an Old Testament figure of the Church of Christ, it is "*the house of David.*" Secondly, here is the fact in the context,

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that the Church of Christ, and the real Christian too, is sometimes thrown into perilous times, under circumstances, and into connections which darken her glory, distress her spirit, defile her beauty, and threaten, or seem to threaten, her existence altogether; for here we see good Jehoshaphat was gone to "sleep with his fathers;" and his wicked son Jehoram came to the throne: "and he had Ahab to wife; and did that which was evil in the sight of the LORD," yes, it is said most emphatically, that "he made high places in the mountains of Judah;" (which mountains of Judah, you must remember, were types of our gospel professing churches, and even of the hearts of believing sinners too. Well here, in the mountains of Judah, did) "he cause the inhabitants of Jerusalem to commit fornication; and compelled Judah thereto." Mark, poor Judah was *compelled* to this downward course. But now, in the third place, notice the source and cause of the church's safety, even in the worst of times. Yes, I pause! but only to repeat with all the emphasis I can command. I say, the true Church of God, the Chosen, the Beloved Spouse of Christ; and every spiritually-minded, every regenerate and redeemed heir of God and of glory, is **SAFE IN THE WORST OF TIMES**: safe as regards their ultimate entrance into that heaven of bliss prepared: for so says **MY BIRTH-DAY PORTION**: "*Howbeit, the LORD would not destroy the house of David, because*"—Oh! beautiful "*because*;" not because the house of David was pure, perfect, and princely in herself, but "because of the covenant that HE had made with (our Spiritual Anti-typical) David—the LORD JESUS CHRIST." And, lastly, I saw the distinguishing privilege of this house of David. The Lord promises "to give a LIGHT to David, and to his sons for ever; which Light, is the **THE LIVING TRUTH OF THE LIVING GOD**, whereby the Glorious Person of our Immanuel, the gracious character and counsels of the Almighty, are revealed, and blessedly realized in the sanctified minds, and circumcised hearts of the whole

election of grace ; which work of the Spirit, Paul so plainly declares : " God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ." This bright Light is that which leads millions of miserable sinners from the land of darkness, and from the lowest hells of sin, up into the power of truth ; into the preciousness of Christ, and into the possession of immortal bliss, and unfading and eternal glory. Oh ! CHEERING WORD indeed ! for such good news, we would praise the Lord for ever and for ever.

I cannot stop to sermonize. There are four great principles I wish you here to look at. First, *The outside of David's house*. Secondly, *The inside of the house*. Thirdly, *The Door by which you go into the vital mysteries of grace*. And, lastly, *the ultimate glory of this house*.

First—*The out-side*—Fix your mind firm upon this one Bible declaration, that "*none but the tribe of Judah went after the House of David*"—and Benjamin's tribe was included in Judah's tribe. In Benjamin and Judah, then, we have the types of what God's elect are in *nature*, what they are in *race*, how they pass from nature to grace, and what their state shall be in glory.

What do I mean by the *out-side* of David's house ? I mean the fallen nature of the sinner ; for when Jacob prophesied of Benjamin, I think he saw Saul of Tarsus, in his unconverted state ; and all the election of grace in their fallen nature ; hence he said, "*Benjamin shall devour as a lion ; in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night, he will divide the spoil.*" This is descriptive of such men as Balaam, Saul of Tarsus, and in fact of every fallen sinner on the earth ; for although education, and training may bring some sinners down a little, still, in their depraved nature, in their sinful hearts they are at enmity against God, and hate his truth, and despise his glory, and this



woolfish nature, they carry with them to the grave, although there are many things which chain down its power, so that it cannot do as it would; still, even in some of the best of saints, if you ruffle their temper a little, you will soon find Old Benjamin is still at home. He hides his head sometimes, but at other times he comes out with all that fierceness and anger which proves Jacob's words to be quite true—"Benjamin shall raven as a wolf," &c.

There are many striking illustrations of this; and a large amount of Gospel comfort to be drawn from those words, "Howbeit, the Lord *would not destroy* the house of David, *because of the covenant* he had made;" &c.

But let us now view the interior of David's house. When Moses prophesies of Benjamin, he views him not as a ravening wolf, devouring the prey, and dividing the spoil; but, he beholds poor dear Benjamin as bound up in the heart of the covenant God of Israel; sheltered, secured, and exalted for ever. "And of Benjamin he said, *the beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long; and he shall dwell between his shoulders.*" (See Deut. xxxiii. 12.) How blessedly Moses here declares Benjamin's happy estate in grace! This I call the internal or heaven-wrought work of God. The true church is the beloved of the Lord, she dwells in his love. This love draws all the ransomed into union, and into spiritual and intellectual nearness; and, although storms beat upon this house, and floods overflow the believing soul, yet it can never sink; for, "the Lord covers his people all the day long." And, when the gospel-day is finished; when the battle field of this world's conflicts are clean passed over; then shall all the spiritual family of David be exalted to dwell in the strength and glory of the Lord, even "between his shoulders."

The doorway from a state of nature into grace, is significantly pointed out in Benjamin's birth. He was poor Rachel's son. First, she had her JOSEPH, an eminent type of our blessed LORD: then she had her Benjamin, a true

type of all the brethren of Christ. But, as in soul-travail, and, as in soul trouble there is deep anguish, even so was it with poor Benjamin's birth: Rachel said, "call his name *Benoni*, he is the son of my sorrow." Salvation in the experience of it in the heavenborn soul, commences in sorrow, but it will surely end in joy. Rachel's *Benoni* is Jacob's *Benjamin*: "the son of my right hand;" the mother of *Jabez* gave him that name, "because (said she.) I bare him with sorrow." But *Jabez* called on the God of Israel, saying, "Oh, that thou wouldest bless me indeed; and God granted him that which he requested." In Gethsemane, and on Calvary's tree, our Saviour had sorrow such as never was before or since; but out of that sorrow, rivers of joy, fountains of mercy, streams of salvation, brilliant rays of glory, and oceans of everlasting bliss have flowed down to millions of the fallen race. My reader! hast thou found trouble and sorrow because of sin discovered, and condemnation realized? "Hope thou in God, for thou shalt yet praise him!"

The tribe of Judah, in the house of David, leads us up in contemplation to the highest results of the great Mediatorial work of Christ, of which Moses prophesied, when he spake of this tribe—"Judah, thou art he whom thy brethren shall arise." There is but little pure praise to God in this world; it is true in many degrees, that "Praise waiteth in for thee, O God;" but in the high heaven of bliss and glory the harpers are perpetually harping with their harps, and there the ransomed sing for ever and for ever; "GLORY TO GOD, EVEN THE GOD OF OUR SALVATION."

Think of this CHEERING WORD,—“the Lord would not destroy the house of David, because of the covenant he had made:” and when thou hast well considered this holy covenant in thine heart, let it be the work of thy soul, if that thou be quickened by God's Holy Spirit,—to make thy covenant and thine election sure.” For in such labours of love and the reward of thy servant in the vineyard,  
London, S.E., Feb. 15, 1858. CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

**YOUNG ASHBY AND HIS WIDOWED MOTHER.**

**A CHEERING WORD FOR WIDOWS, AND A LESSON FOR OUR GROWING LADS.**

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THE position of the bereaved widow is sometimes a painful one, especially when the case is as one recently said to us, "I was left with seven young children entirely unprovided for." And if there should happen to be some unruly, disobedient boys, or some unkind, and anti-affectionate girls, under such circumstances, the widow's heart is too often made to weep in the bitterest sorrow. We wish to interest the children of our domestic homes. We desire to arrest their attention by laying before them powerful illustrations of the fact that obedience to Christian and right-minded parents is rewarded by many of the blessings of this life: "The Carpenter's Son," who writes in this month's CHEERING WORDS, can certainly bear witness to this truth.

In a nice volume, called "The Two Lights," (published by Messrs. Cash, of Bishopsgate Street,) we have the remarkable career of young Alfred Ashby. We shall review his life; but here we give one leaf from his book descriptive of his mother's being "caught up" in heavenly visions. Read this, and meditate thereon.

ALFRED ASHBY spent his evenings generally at home, reading and talking to his mother, and doing his utmost to make the evening of her life externally calm and tranquil. He often sighed in secret over his inability to gratify his filial love to the extent for which that love yearned. Ah, Poverty! severe disciplinarian!

cold, soulless tyrant! how often hast thou bound the hand of benevolence in fetters of brass, fastened the feet of charity in the stocks, and wrung the heart of love with unutterable anguish! How often has the wish to do some deed of warm kindness been frustrated by thy wintry presence, like a fountain sealed by ice! It is trying to human patience, nay to strong Christian faith itself,—and perhaps it is so intended; for faith, to do its work well, must be “tried”—to see a beloved one enduring privations from which a little, a very little, of this world’s good would deliver, and to feel your heart actually eager to do so, whilst the chilling knowledge that you have not that little, weighs you to the earth. It is like going from a warm room, full of happy friends, where you have spent a cheerful evening, to encounter the piercing north wind on a dark frosty night. No! it is not like that, for that is merely a little physical inconvenience which you soon overcome by rapid walking. It is like nothing but its own cruel, trying, saddening, sickening self, and we trust none of our readers may ever know what it means. Our admirable young friend, Ashby, did; and so have not a few—both before and since. Of course, the trial in such cases is measured by the purity and tenderness of the affection, and in the case under notice, consequently, it was very severe. Nevertheless, Ashby knew that to murmur was at once foolish and sinful. He endeavoured also to conceal from his mother his anxiety on her account, lest it should give her a moment’s uneasiness; but of course his endeavours were fruitless; and she, in turn, became anxious to lighten his burden, and to lessen his anxiety.

Yet, after all, poverty has its uses when it is the companion of virtue. Mrs. Ashby would have been thankful for a little more of the plain things of life; but she was thankful for what she had, and especially thankful that her only son was growing in that strength of Christian firmness which gives beauty to manhood and repose to old age. From the perennial fountain of a Christian mother’s love, she sent up her prayers to the God of the fatherless that her son might be blessed; and when she saw the shade of melancholy on that son’s brow, she would say—quoting from a book with which she was familiar, and which presented no difficulties to her—“My dear Alfred, ‘Better is little with the fear of

the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith. Better is dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Returning home from his employment one evening, sad at heart for a young man of three and twenty, yet calmly persuaded that all things were under the guidance of unerring wisdom, Alfred went to his mother's room, and found her in such a state of prostration that she was only able to move her lips. Her head was resting on the raised pillow, and a kind young lady—one of those real sisters of charity who take pleasure in ministering to the sick—stood beside her, like an angel of mercy standing to forbid the approach of death. He was so deeply affected by this unexpected and yet apprehended scene, that some seconds elapsed before he could ask when his mother became so seriously indisposed.

Alfred had frequently asked his mother's permission to call a medical man, but probably from delicate sensibility, knowing that he could ill-afford the cost, she had forbidden him. On the present occasion, however, there was no time for delay, and a skillful physician was soon by the side of the invalid. A little restoring cordial was the first thing administered, and it had the desired effect.

"Why—why did you bring me back, dear—dear son?" were the first words she whispered. "You have deprived me of a sight such as I never saw before. Oh, wonderful sight! Let me see it again!"

Tears filled the eyes of Alfred, and the young lady retired to the corner of the room to weep.

"She must have repose," whispered the doctor to Alfred. "She is *very* weak."

Startled by the emotion of the speaker, Alfred turned round and asked what he must do.

"Just leave her alone with this young friend. I have given her something to induce sleep. She will be refreshed by it. I shall look in early in the morning. Perhaps you had better," he added, as he went out, "get a little port wine, as it may be useful to her to-morrow, together with one or two little things which I have named to the nurse."

The articles required were procured that evening, and the inva-

Ed had three or four hours quiet slumber. Alfred remaining in the adjoining room all the night listening with breathless stillness, and occasionally looking in to ask Miss F———if he could render any assistance. He thought neither of sleep nor of self. His mother, his *dying*—how that word pierced him!—mother occupied all his thoughts. But that “sight” that she spoke of, that “wonderful sight,” what could it mean? Is the unseen world so very near this world that it is seen, that dying persons are sometimes permitted, before the spirit leaves its earthly house, to get a glimpse of what is passing there? It may be that we are just beside the heavenly world, and that it is only concealed by a veil, as the most holy place was separated from the rest of the temple of Solomon. Perhaps angels are very near us, and we know it not. If so, they are spectators of our conduct. But they may be that, though far away. The power of spiritual vision must be inconceivably great. This is probably the true idea, and when dying persons are unconscious of the presence of sensible objects, and incapable of pain, in consequence of utter weakness, the eye of the spirit, as independent of space as thought is well known to be, is permitted to look upon the glories of that far distant region where the spirits of the just made perfect have fulness of joy.

In conversation with his mother the following morning, Alfred asked her if she remembered saying something about a wonderful sight. Her eye sparkled, and her pale face seemed to shine as if a ray of holy light had suddenly fallen upon it, as she replied—

“Yes, my son; were my days on earth to be prolonged beyond the ordinary life of man, I can never forget *that*! But do not ask me to describe it. I cannot do that. But if you will read two or three passages you will oblige me.”

Alfred opened the Divine Book, saying—“Which, dear mother?”

“Read, first, Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

“Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off.”

“Read, next, Revelations i. 13, 14.”

“And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the breast with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs

were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire."

"And the fifth verse of the third chapter."

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life; but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels."

"One passage more, my own Alfred, doubly dear to me, since you began to worship my Saviour! Rev. xxii. 3—5."

Alfred read,—his lips trembling with the emotion caused by the remark of the dying saint,—

"And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever."

When Alfred lifted his face from the holy book, and looked upon his mother, tears of joy were rolling from her eyes, which were gazing heavenward, whilst her thin white hands were lifted up and clasped together. Continuing in this position for a few seconds, she said,—

"Dear Alfred! just look to the first sentence after these glorious words."

Alfred read,—“And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true.”

“I thought so,” she added. “Yes, my son,—I am dying;—no, *not* dying, but being borne into life;—but, remember, whatever is before you in the providence of God,—remember one of the last things I said to you was,—“THESE SAYINGS ARE FAITHFUL AND TRUE.””

Three days after this, all that remained on earth of this devout and happy believer was the cold body,—the dust of one of “His saints;” and Alfred Ashby was alone in the world. The tender tie was broken!

Young Ashby's life, and course of usefulness, will be fairly brought under our reader's notice.

## Cheering Words in Dying Chambers.

### GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT FOR BIBLE READERS.

DEAR SIR.—The following is from an old record, of more than two hundred years standing : thinking it might prove acceptable for your little CHEERING WORDS, I would now cheerfully present it.

DAVID.

Mrs. Katherine Bretterigh of Bretterhoulth, in Lancashire, (who was wont to task herself to read eight chapters of the scriptures every day,) in her sickness, before her death, fell into great distress of soul, through apprehension of the severity of God's justice, the greatness of her sins, and want of faith and love to God. Sometimes she would put her Bible from her, and say, "It was indeed the Book of Life, but she had read the same unprofitably, and therefore feared it had become to her the Book of Death." And here she would weep bitterly; she wished she had never been born or, that she had been any other creature, rather than a woman. She cried out often, "woe, woe, woe, a weak, a woeful, a wretched, a forsaken, woman!" with tears trickling down her cheeks.

But, before her death, she was restored to joys and comforts unspeakable, by means of the Scriptures. "Oh!" said she, "my soul hath been compassed about with terrors of death, fears within and without, and a wearying wilderness of woe was within me; but blessed, blessed, blessed, be the Lord my God who hath not left me comfortless!" One time she took her Bible in her hand, and joyfully kissing it, and looking up towards heaven, she said, "O Lord, it is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes! the law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver."

She desired her husband to read some part of the Scriptures. He read the 17th of John; as he read, "I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine:" she interrupted him, saying, "O Lord Jesus, dost thou pray for me? O blessed and sweet Saviour, how wonderful! how wonderful! how wonderful are thy mercies. Read on, (she said,) the



blessedst reading that ever I heard, the comforts whereof doth sweeten my soul." When he came to the 34th verse, "Father, I will, that they whom thou hast given me"—"Stay, (she said) and let me meditate on the goodness of the Lord, for now I perceive and feel the countenance of Christ my Redeemer is turned towards me, and the bright beams of mercy are spread over me. O, happy one I—that ever I was born to see that blessed day! Praise! praise the Lord, for he hath brought me out of darkness and the shadow of death! O my sweet Saviour, shall I be one with thee, as thou art one with thy Father? And dost thou so love me, (which am but dust and ashes,) to make me a partaker of glory with Christ? 'What am I, that thou art so mindful of me?' Oh! how wonderful, how wonderful, thy love." And thus she continued triumphing in the Lord. At last, with a sweet countenance, and gentle voice, she said, "'my warfare is accomplished, mine iniquities are pardoned;'" 'Lord, whom have I in heaven but thee?' 'My flesh faileth, and my heart also, but God is the strength of mine heart, and my portion for ever.' 'He that preserveth Jacob, and defendeth his Israel,' he is 'my God, and he will guide me unto death.' Guide me, O Lord my God, and suffer not my soul to faint." And with that she presently fell asleep in Jesus.

### "IS NOT THIS THE CARPENTER?"

#### LETTER I.

"By thee have I been holden up from the womb!" Psalm lxxi. 6.

MY DEAR SIR,—You wish to know a little of my early history. I like to look back upon it myself, and hoping it may be useful to others, I shall, in a series of letters, attempt to give you an outline of God's dealing with me, both in providence and grace.

"Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace,

And not to chance as others do

That I was born of Christian race!"

It is my happiness to say, my parents were among those who feared God, and, I think I may say also, they did this from their hearts, and above many. THEY WERE POOR, without the recklessness of poverty. THEY WERE RESPECTABLE, without the parade of position. Order and cleanliness reigned in their house; indue-

try and frugality supplied the cupboard. Judgment, and a desire to please, prepared the meal; and thankfulness made a feast of fat things, where discontent would have turned ten times as much into gall and bitterness. My parents were members of that section of the church which in doctrine, and ceremonial is most in accordance with New Testament simplicity. They were consistent professors; they were constant as worshippers in the house of prayer; they were as regular in their devotions at home. Our Sundays were seasons of quiet and enjoyment, and the congregation where we assembled, to my mind, a type and foretaste of the general assembly and church of the first-born.

The real happiness of those who worshipped there, was learned by my misery. Occasionally I would slip away with other children, and loiter some part, or the whole of the afternoon in the fields, or a garden, and ashamed when I fell in with any returning from worship: their faces shone while mine was fallen, they were happy, while I was in sorrows, and these sorrows accompanied me to bed. On such occasions weeping and praying myself to sleep, I used to sing under the clothes,

“ When thou my righteous Judge shall come  
To call thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand?”

with the following verses.

One afternoon I had thus skulked away from the path of duty. That I might give some account of myself, I went into an old Presbyterian Chapel, long since disused, where the minister, Mr. Breakstone, had for his text, Dan. v. 27. “Tekel. Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting.” This truth was written upon my heart, from that time the joints of my loins were loosed, and I knew what sin was from that day. My knees often smote one against another, when I found, do all I could, I could do nothing with my sins clinging ever to me, and often bringing me down into the mire. My mother has told, and I can remember sitting at her feet as she read to me of Samuel. I said “Mother! was Samuel a child of God?”

“ Yes, my boy.”

“ Oh! How I wish I was.”

I had as yet been to no school, save as an infant to an old woman

in Castle-street, named Dodd, whom I can well remember with her osier sceptre. My own dear mother, ever laborious, had taught me to read just at the time when the rival systems of Bell and Lancaster were attracting attention. In our little town a school had been built and opened on the principle of the former, and the place was canvassed for pupils. I well recollect some gentlemen being at our door in the New-rents, respecting some thing in which some way or other I was the subject of conversation. They were urging my mother to send me to the National School; and as my mother esteemed education as a rare thing, she was deliberating whether she ought to withhold from her second son any advantage which that school offered, notwithstanding the difference which separated her denomination from that of the supporters of the new School.

But one body in motion moved the smaller bodies in the town, and though they could not raise a second school, they resolved to make use of the schools already in existence, conducted by their co-religionists, and the result was that the children of the poorer brethren went to school, the different bodies paying the school fee, and the parents for the school materials. This happy adjustment of a difficult question placed me for two years at a good school, where a godly man, an occasional preacher, Mr. Tappendem, breathed the enlivening spirit.

My mother regarded this as a particular providence. Indeed it was one of her sayings that, "He who observes a providence shall never want a providence to remark."

Now, my dear sir, if I give you a sketch of my life, it is with the desire that the salient points may not be so much the features of your correspondent as the interpositions of providence in his behalf. What I wish to impress on those who shall read my letters is that, the God of Jacob is the same in our day, and that, if they have faith to believe this, that gift shall make room for them, and shall bring them before great men.

I will continue my letters then to you, my dear sir; and say, God before whom my parents did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless you and your's, and let my name be named only as one that hath obtained mercy to be faithful.

Faithfully your's,

"THE CARPENTER'S SON."

## STREAMS FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE,

BY T. W. MEDHURST, KINGSTON.

THE Christian man has many difficulties to meet, many foes to contend with, and many trials to endure, as he marches onward to the realms of bliss; yet, in all his varied circumstances, he is helped, at times, to rejoice in the sweet assurance that his *God is love*.

God's love to the believer is manifested IN CHRIST, in whom dwells all the fulness of the God-head bodily, and of which true believers receive, and grace for grace. In Christ's *birth* we see *Love's nativity*; Love laying aside its regal glories, and becoming man for the sinner's salvation. In Christ's *sermons* we hear *Love's words*, speaking grace and consolation to the troubled soul. In Christ's *miracles* we behold Love's wonders as earnestness of its Almighty power to heal the sin-sick, and sin-bound soul. In Christ's *tears*, we read Love's meltings as a proof that it is at all times tender and affectionate. In Christ's crucifixion we behold Love agonizing, and learn that "many waters cannot quench," nor can many floods extinguish its working. In Christ's resurrection, we rejoice to see Love triumphing on our behalf, and as our Covenant-head.

This wonder-working love has many glorious properties. It is *real*, and the only love that is real. It is *great*, emanating from a great God, and extending to great sinners. It is *free*, giving irrespective of man's best merits or deservings. It is *disinterested*, not adding to God in any way, as he ever must be perfect in himself. It is *fruitful*, pouring down abundant blessings on its objects, and producing the fruits of the Spirit in them. It is *forbearing*, or we should have been cut down long ago as cumberers of the ground. It is forgiving on account of Jesus, its Mediator, and our substitute. It is *spiritual*, in opposition to the world and the flesh. It is unchangeable, for those who once enjoy it, never can lose it; they may lose the sensible enjoyments of it, but cannot lose the reality itself, for

"Once in Christ, in Christ for ever.  
Nothing from his love can sever."

Dear reader, what know you of this love? for without it you are "lost for ever."

## THE EDITOR'S "KNOCK".

AT THE DOOR OF CONSCIENCE.

The circulation of CHEERING WORDS is rising once more; our friends are rallying round us with renewed energies; and we hope this small unpretending monthly issue will be made a greater blessing than ever. More than seven years have rolled on since, in the silence of the night, we heard the whisper—"CHEERING WORDS FOR SEEKING SOULS." This whisper was followed by a secret suggestion to issue the most precious gospel words—the most discriminating experimental words—and the most encouraging narrative words illustrating and confirming the glorious fulness of Christ; the adorable faithfulness of God the Father; and the Divine energy and efficiency of the Eternal Spirit, in the cheapest and plainest possible manner. We conferred not with flesh and blood: we arose, and to work we went. CHEERING WORDS were issued; and, although difficulties, dangers, losses, bereavements, persecutions, and temptations of every sort and kind, have assailed us, and our work, still, we have gone on; the smile of Heaven has shone upon our book—it has been made useful; and we have the inward witness that this "Little One" shall increase yet more and more.

Some interesting notices of "*Tours and Travels among the Churches*" are written; and "*Scenes in Sunday Schools*" with brief "*Reviews of Religious Works*" will, we trust, add to the value of this serial; when we can introduce them. Our brethren in the ministry—our fellow labourers in Sunday Schools—and our readers in their quiet retired country districts, could each and all of them do something to enrich our pages. In how many instances—in reading, in preaching, in hearing, in visiting sick chambers—and in all the common walks of life—does the observant eye and the sympathising heart meet with cases of the most convincing character, confirming that great gospel truth over and over again that "JESUS CHRIST CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS—even the chief"—and that by His Spirit, by His Ministers, by His Word, by His Ordinances, and by the testimony of all His dear people, He is still coming to call in, to convert, to comfort, and to convey to the regions of everlasting bliss, all whom he came to save. *Is this truth?* We boldly answer, "yes! it is!" And has the Lord commanded us to publish this truth! Yes—he has; to our children, and to the very ends of the earth. Let then, every one ask himself, "*Am I doing all I can do to spread abroad the knowledge of Christ?*" If conscience condemn, we say, "arise! anoint the shield," and help us in the Name of our God to set up our banners. "FREE GRACE, GOSPEL TRUTH, and ETERNAL GLORY!" These are our watchwords:—and in the experimental, practical development of them we hope to live in labours more abundant, and to die in faith triumphant. Even so prays,

THE EDITOR.

2, Eldon-place, Grange-road, London. S. E.



## *"In Condemnation."*

**A CHEERING WORD FROM MR. SPURGEON'S SERMON  
IN THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,**

*On behalf of the "Christian Blind Relief Society."*

At twelve o'clock at noon, on Thursday, March 4th, 1858, the noble Hall in Hanover Square was filled with a cheerful looking audience, waiting to hear Mr. Spurgeon's sermon for the Blind Society. After prayer, the whole body of people stood up, and sang,

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one."

A short, scriptural exposition; another hymn, "Salvation, O the joyful sound," and then came the sermon. The text seemed to fall like dew upon the ears and hearts of some, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." The grand doctrine of the justification by faith of all true believers, was declared, exhibited, and confirmed, in a spirit and manner, which made the tears to flow from many an eye; and many a heart was glad.

The preacher first considered the text as containing a conclusion drawn from all the previous arguments advanced by the apostle, as though Paul should say, this is the sum of all I have advanced,

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"there is, *therefore*, now no condemnation." We were directed to notice Paul's previous teaching, as in the fourth chapter, he treats of imputed righteousness "to him that worketh not" (*for salvation*) "but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." All through that chapter he speaks of imputed righteousness, and draws as it were this conclusion, "If my sin was laid on Christ, and Christ's righteousness is laid on me, who then can condemn me? who can find a flaw in the garment of my Saviour's obedience? None can." There was no flaw in Christ's life, and Christ's life is the believer's merit; and Christ does to the believer as Jonathan did to David, "*Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him; and gave it to David, and his garment;*" &c. Thus the believer is justified for ever. Again, in Romans v., we have the doctrine of satisfaction for sin made by the death of Christ, "For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son; much more, being reconciled, *WE SHALL BE SAVED BY HIS LIFE*; and not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." Christ died on the behalf of all his people. He endured all they deserved. When God's sword was uplifted, Christ bared his own bosom, and said, "Here, Justice, bathe thy sword, here." Christ paid *all* his people's debts. If, then, the law comes to me, and says, "Sinner, thou art guilty," I say, "Yes, I am!" but if the law says, "I must smite thee, then, for thy guilt," I say, "Nay, Law, wilt thou first smite my Surety for me, and then smite me?" Nay, this would not be just.

"Payment God cannot twice demand;  
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,  
And then again at mine."

No; Christ has been condemned *for* the believer. The believer has been condemned in the person of the Saviour. Rest, then, Christian; rest the whole weight of thy soul's salvation on the double fact—Christ's righteousness is imputed to thee; and Christ's death has satisfied Justice for thee; "There is therefore *now* no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

Once more. In Romans vi. Paul teaches us "*Our Oneness with Christ.*" Believers are said to be *one with* Christ, just as the wife is one with the husband; as the limb is one with the body. Thus, unblushingly, the apostle could say, "If I am one with Christ, how

can I be condemned ; if Christ the Head be not *now* condemned, how can the body be condemned ? ”

Beside, there is a legal dying, and a legal new life. The true believer in Christ is a new man entirely. When we are convinced of sin, we die ; when we are raised up to believe in Christ, we are new creatures in him. “ Our old man is crucified with him : that the body of sin might be destroyed : that henceforth we should not serve sin. *For he that is dead, is freed, or justified from sin.* ” Now then, let a man have been guilty of sins ever so great before he is truly brought to believe, the law cannot lay hold of him, when he is a new creature in Christ. Suppose the law comes to a believer, and says, “ Man, you are a sinner ; you have sinned, and you must die. ” “ Nay, ” saith the believer, “ you have come too late ; and you have come also to the wrong person. ” Will the law hang a dead man ? The old man is crucified ; he is dead ; and the new man in Christ is free from all sin, guilt, and condemnation.

Oh, child of God ! seek to know the deep things of God’s law ; and then shalt thou know thy security in Christ’s person ; and sweetly, and in the *holiest* confidence, thou shalt sing—

“ The terrors of law and of hell  
With me can have nothing to do ;  
My Saviour’s obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view. ”

Mr. Spurgeon then took his stand on the other side of the text, and viewed it as a *Proposition* ; as standing at the head of the chapter, which contains *proofs* of all that has been said before. The believer’s happy freedom ; and the blessed triumphs of faith, were solemnly spoken out. From first to last, it was a good gospel sermon ; at the close of which nearly £40 was gathered for the Christian Blind Relief Society. Hallelujah, Amen.

### THE GOSPEL GROWING IN ANTIOCH AGAIN.

HOMER B. MORGAN, an American Missionary now in Australia, gives “ The Female Missionary Intelligencer ” “ a Cheering Word. ” The Editor says—

It is refreshing and cheering to see the light of gospel truth again spreading in the region whence we ourselves originally received it ; and we can but pray that this little company of earnest and devoted native christian women will go on from strength to strength, and lead many by their influence and example to the knowledge of that word which they so highly value.



In announcing the arrival of a box of work forwarded to him by the Society, Mr. Morgan writes as follows :—

“The field in which the proceeds of the box of work will be expended is, to my own mind, an exceedingly interesting one. The district over which I have supervision, includes Adana, and Tarsus, Antioch and Suedia, and the Armenian villages on Mount Rhocusus, on the north of the valley of the Lower Orontes, and on Mount Casius on the south.

“The work of the gospel is in the most forward state in Kessab, an Armenian village in Casius. There is now there a church of eighty members, and a Protestant community of nearly five hundred souls. A few years ago there was not a single female in that region who could read. But the gospel brought with it what it carries everywhere, an awakening of minds, and these ignorant women began to seek instruction. All though last winter there were eight women in that village receiving daily instruction, and about half of them made sufficient progress to enable them to read in the New Testament. The others, I trust, will persevere, and be able finally to do the same. To read the gospel for themselves is the goal of their ambition, and when they acquire the ability they make good use of it.

“There has lately issued from the Mission Press at Constantino-ple a new octavo edition of the New Testament, with references. When this came to Kessab, though prized for its references, it did not please the women. It was too large; they could not thrust it into their bosom, and carry it with them to their work in the field, or on the mountain top. A few weeks after, came the new duodecimo edition, smaller than their old one, and they received it with delight. If you ask a Protestant woman to read to you, she always finds her Testament very near, perhaps in her bosom, or under the cushion on which she is sitting.

“Were I to describe to you the houses in which these people live, their food, their dress, and their occupation, you would probably class them with the poorest and most ignorant part of your population. And yet, were you to sit down in the midst of a circle of them, and talk with them, on spiritual subjects, you would soon feel that they had that which the highest cultivation of refinement cannot give, and which is worth more than it all. They are rich, and they are noble; for they have the hope of eternal life, and an eternal relationship with Jesus Christ. The instruction of these adult females is a distinct branch of my work. I look upon it as one of the most interesting and promising parts of my labour.”

[Is it not delightful thus to see the purity of gospel grace in quickened souls?—Ed.]

## Our Sunday Schools.

### CHEERING WORDS IN KENT STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL.

WHERE is there a corner in all this wide world, in which there lives not someone, who once went to Kent Street Sunday School? We may fearlessly ask this question, because of all the existing benevolent institutions in London, we think there are few, that have proved a greater moral blessing than has Kent Street Sunday School; whose indefatigable, and universally esteemed Superintendent—that living embodiment of Christian cheerfulness, and Christian sympathy—Mr. West, has now, for upwards of half-a-century, watched over the interests of its scholars, with unprecedented, yea, with unexampled ardour, intensity, and extraordinary delight; and because Mr. West may justly be styled The Prince of Sunday School Superintendents—and because the Lord has so marvellously, and so extensively crowned his labours with success; we, therefore, purpose to give a *fac-simile* of his entire person, in as early a number of CHEERING WORDS as possible. Thousands, and tens of thousands in this world, would rejoice to see even a printed Portrait of this truly Godly man, whose wisdom, kindness, care, instruction, and peculiarly happy discipline, so well prepared them to battle with the cares and sorrows of this chequered life.

We carefully affirm it as our conviction, that there lives not the man on earth,—be he pastor, missionary, or what he may, not even James Wells who has preached to his many thousands or Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who has preached to his tens of thousands, whose work of faith and labour of love, has been more entirely disinterested, or more permanently beneficial to the church and to the world, than has the untiring diligence of this much-loved modern Puritan,—THE PRESIDENT WEST.

The following brief report is furnished expressly for this little work.

The usual annual meeting of the former scholars and teachers was holden on Wednesday evening, March 10, 1858; the object of which, was to give an opportunity to those who have received any benefit, (temporal or spiritual) from the School, to make it known, so that those at present engaged in instructing the rising generation, may be encouraged to go on with greater perseverance.

At five o'clock, about four hundred sat down to tea (gratuitously provided,) well arranged, as is always the case in this school. After tea, the meeting was opened by singing

"My soul repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great;"

which was read by Mr. Putley: Mr. Joy then read the 103rd Psalm, and the venerable Mr. Tibbs engaged in prayer with much solemnity. Another hymn was sung, after which, some ten or twelve spoke of the great benefits they had received in Kent Street Sunday School, and the kindness they had received at the hands of the teachers, amongst whom we might mention Messrs. West, Tibbs, Rideal, Ketchlis, Newsom, and many others. One person stated that as far back as forty-five years she received such benefit from the school that time never had, or ever would erase from her memory.—The Lord was pleased to bless the instruction to her conversion. She spoke well and to the purpose. Several others gave astounding and interesting proofs of the great good which has been done in Kent Street Sunday School.

When the meeting was over, nearly all present pressed forward to have their annual shake of the hands with the highly-honoured and much respected superintendent.

Beside the instruction given on the Lord's-day, there are, in the week, evening classes, for the secular instruction of those scholars who are in situations, and unable to go to school in the day-time. These classes consist of writing, cyphering, &c., and are conducted by the teachers. There are many persons, at the present time, holding very responsible situations, who owe their instruction to these classes.

Mr. Rideal was prevented from attending through severe illness—but Mr. West, in answer to numerous enquiries, said he had good reason to believe, the Lord would restore him to them again.

An account of the rise and progress of this school would prove highly interesting to the readers of CHEERING WORDS. Would any of the Teachers furnish it?

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#### **MRS. HAVELOCK,—LORD WILLIAM BENTICK—AND DR. MARSHMAN.**

THERE will be a thousand and more of beautiful pages illustrative of the kind providence of God, to be drawn from the life of the late General Havelock. We are looking close after them; not one will be held back from our readers. Here is a sombre leaf of his earlier days: see in it how the Lord honors those who, through grace, honor him.

Havelock returned from Burmah in April, 1826, and accompanied a body of troops under the command of Colonel, now Sir Willoughby Cotton, and the next year rejoined his regiment at Dinapore. He

continued with it but a short time, having been soon after appointed adjutant to the depot of king's troops, which had been formed at Chinsurah, about twelve miles above Serampore. On the 9th of February, 1829, he was married to the youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marshman; but even this most interesting and absorbing event in the course of a man's life could not divert his mind from what he considered the "obligations of duty." He had been summoned to attend a court martial at Fort William on the morning appointed for the wedding. Instead of sending an excuse, he thought it his duty to go down to Calcutta, and proceed from the altar to the boat, which conveyed him in two hours to the fort; and having completed his duty as a member of the court, he returned to the wedding feast in the evening. In the following year, he was baptised by the Rev John Mack, who was endeared to him, not only for the strong sympathy of religious feeling, but by the congeniality which belongs to great minds, for it would have been difficult to find two men in India more adapted to each other's society by loftiness of views and grasp of mind than John Mack and Henry Havelock.

At length Lord William Bentinck resolved to break up the depot, and Havelock was remanded to his regiment, and commenced again, and prosecuted with uninterrupted vigour, a series of religious exercises with his men. In 1832 the regiment marched to Agra, and the pious soldiers built a little chapel, and elected one of their comrades as their pastor. With all the ability Havelock had displayed in the field, and as a military writer, he was allowed to do duty for four years with his own corps as a lieutenant, though at the end of that time he had reached the age of thirty-eight; but his time was usefully employed in endeavouring to promote the spiritual improvement of the soldiers, which, as he records, had been "blessed with success," and in the study of the native languages. In 1833 he went down to Calcutta, and passed an examination in them, and having thus qualified himself for regimental staff-employ, was appointed interpreter to her Majesty's 16th Foot, then stationed at Cawnpore. While he proceeded up the country, his family went to Cherra Poonjee for the health of one of his children, who died at that sanatorium. On the return of his wife to Serampore, she found that the adjutancy of the 13th had become vacant. Havelock was among the suitors for this post to Lord William Bentinck, who

then united in his own person the office of governor-general and commander-in-chief. Havelock's exertions for the religious instruction of the men, and his "psalm-singing Methodists," had given offence to some of the officers of the corps, and they had not failed to send unfavorable representations on the subject to Lord William. Mrs. Havelock, having obtained permission to wait on him and urge her husband's claims, crossed over to Barrackpore, and was received by Lady William Bentinck with her usual affability. Lord William then entered the room, and, after a little friendly conversation, entered on the subject of the adjutancy, though not without some appearance of reserve. He said he was anxious to show Mrs. Havelock the copies of some letters he had received from the officers of the regiment on that point; the letters were in Calcutta, and he must ask her to be so kind as to repeat her visit the next day.

Mrs. Havelock proceeded to Government House on the following day, and Lord William entered with the packet of letters, which she dreaded as fatal to her hopes; but he said, in his kindest manner, that before he proceeded to read them he was desirous of assuring her that he had determined to bestow the adjutancy on her husband, because, in his opinion, he was the fittest man in the regiment for it. The letters were filled with remonstrances against the appointment of Havelock to this post, on the ground of his being a Methodist and a Baptist, and associating with the men, contrary to military etiquette, for religious exercises. Lord William stated that, on the receipt of these letters, he had called for a return of the number of punishments inflicted on the men in the different companies of the regiment within a given time for drunkenness and irregularities, and he found that the men whose religious improvement Havelock had been assiduous in promoting, were the best behaved, the most sober, and the most orderly men in the corps, adding, with a smile, "I wish he could make the whole regiment Baptists."

Havelock now rejoined his regiment as adjutant. The corps soon after removed to Kurnal, and the men built another chapel out of their pay. Mrs. Havelock's health had suffered from the unhealthiness of that station, and she went to the hill station of Landour for her health. While residing there, the bungalow caught fire at night, and was reduced to ashes. Mrs. Havelock was awakened out of sleep by the flames, which seemed to sur-

round her on all sides. Her two boys were rescued by a faithful native servant; but two of her servants and her infants perished in the flames; and endeavouring to rush out, she fell down on the burning mass, and must inevitably have lost her life, but for the energy of that servant, who, after placing the boys in a place of safety, returned and lifted her up, and, wrapping a blanket around her, conveyed her to a neighbouring hut, where she lay for three or four days, with faint hopes of recovery. On hearing of the calamity, her husband hastened to the place from the plains, but he was not allowed to leave Kurnal without a most gratifying token of esteem and affection from his men. They entreated permission to subscribe, from their slender pay, as much as would be sufficient to make good his loss; but he declined the offer with the most grateful thanks. He found his wife so seriously injured by the fire, that her medical attendant could not at first offer him any hopes of her life, and he wrote to Dr. Marshman in the utmost depression of spirits, to announce the calamity and prepare him for the worst, concluding his letter with the gloomy remark that he feared his next would convey to him the sad tidings of the death of a most dutiful daughter and a most affectionate wife. For two days after this, the post was interrupted, and the family at Serampore was overwhelmed with the deepest anxiety. Dr. Marshman walked about the house in a gloomy reverie, scarcely speaking to any one. On the third day came the cheerful tidings that the medical adviser now considered his patient out of danger. But Dr. Marshman never recovered from the shock; he was seldom, if ever, seen to smile afterwards, and at the close of the following year sank into the grave, after thirty-eight years of disinterested and zealous devotion to the cause of missions.

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**THE CARPENTER'S SON,**  
AND  
**THE CONVICT CHAPLAIN.**

No. II.

MY DEAR SIR—I was speaking of the providence of God. His mercies are new every morning. By them we are maintained; because they fail not, we are not consumed; and the reason they do not fail is traced to his faithfulness.

His faithfulness to what?

To his everlasting covenant, which is ordered in all things and

sure. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. To the counsel of his own will. Eph. i. 11. According to which he worketh all things, and the working of which is called his providence, "known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world." Acts xv. 18.

Under the divine procedure, children are made to live, and feel their necessities too. He works in their hearts good desires, and by his providence he brings those desires to good effect. And then they sing "his mercies are new every morning, great is his faithfulness," Lam. iii. 23.

Thus my mother acknowledged the goodness of God in making a way for my tuition. To encourage me she would dwell upon the advantages of learning, and she would say "As you are not likely to be strong, I hope you may become wise." But though I went to school, I do not know that I made much progress in any thing. I did not get any intelligible idea of grammar, even of its first principles, till many years after; and, so I may say of every thing beyond reading. But then our circumstances would not allow me to be luxuriously literary. There was a large family; and I had to nurse. Then I was errand boy to a Wesleyan Preacher all the time I went to school. He lived next door to us. Early in the morning, after perhaps doing our own, I cleaned their knives and shoes, emptied the ashes pan, and fetched in their errands. In the evenings I accompanied him for nearly two years through the villages, round our town where he delivered addresses, &c.

My mother used to say that work would not make my Sunday coat look any the worse. Inherently I was lazy, but she urged me to action, and I am thankful I had such a mother. All her words have been verified, and all her hopes realized, and far more than she dreamed of. But though she did not live to see the height I have attained, yet she is a happy spirit, and happy spirits are not ignorant of that which is but an answer to their wrestling prayers, while they toiled also with sins, and doubts, and fears.

When I now see a boy with a tray or a basket, or a horse, or in any way bustling to earn a penny to carry home; in the butcher's boy, the salesboy, the drover's boy, and errand boy, as in a glass, I see my early life reflected. I did all these things till I was a boy of twelve years old. Then the time came that I must do something, that should look like a promise for the future.

My father was a carpenter, an industrious man, a conscientious man, but I think not a first-rate workman; yet, with much self-

respect, and therefore he preferred working on his own account to being a journeyman to others. With him then I went forth, and began to exercise my gift in the use of tools. Soon after that time our small habitation in the New Rents, received a guest at no place or season welcome. The rent of that house behind which my father had built his shop, was but five pounds per annum, — yet, some way or other, that had proved too great a sum for my frugal, godfearing, and provident mother, with the exertions of my father at her back, to raise. I mention my mother, because she was the stay of the house at all times. She foresaw evil afar off; and many a time sheltered her family from it; but this evil had overtaken us. The rent was demanded, and not being forthcoming, an inventory was taken, and a bailiff was left in our house. I remember the whole. Those who have gone through it, do not require the recital, and those who have not, cannot conceive the grief of such a trial. I remember the name and person of the man who occupied, but for a few hours, my father's arm chair; for I also remember the friend of my mother, and her name, who lent the money, and gave my mother again uncontrolled possession over her well-cared-for chattles.

From that time our business prospects seemed likely to improve. My father built a row of fifteen cottages, in the gravel walk leading to Barrow-hill, and took in part payment a field most eligibly situated for building purposes. Some plots of this ground were sold by him, and houses built on them for the purchasers. But either my father was not equal to the unusual undertaking, or those with whom he dealt were more than a match for his integrity. I think, to square the account, something must be attributed to both parties. However these things may be, just as I was sixteen years of age, my father's creditors took the adjustment of his affairs into their own hands. They made him a present of his furniture, because nothing of theirs had been expended in that department, and he accepted employment for himself, and me under a builder who carried on business in an ancient city, fourteen miles from my native town.

This was my first remove. I removed from the place where my convictions on account of sin had been so strong. I remember that I resolved, and resolved, until I thought I could not cease from sin, and looked for a termination to a sinful course only in hell. There, thought I, I shall hate sin, and my deep repentance will mitigate its penalty.



Many a night have I retired to bed afraid to sleep, and continually confessing,

"Unclean ! unclean ! and full of sin,  
From first to last, O Lord I've been :  
Deceitful is my heart."

God girded me, though I knew it not ; nor did he leave me till he brought me to his holy habitation,  
Here will I rest and remain, Your's faithfully,

"THE CARPENTER'S SON."

**LETTERS FROM THE CELLS OF A PRISON,  
COMMUNICATED BY A CLERGYMAN FOR CHEERING WORDS.**

MR. EDITOR.—You knock so loud that you have awakened me ; and you beg so hard for what I consider a good object, that I am moved to run to my larder and bring you out some fragments. But stop, I have been moved before by beggars, and when I have given "Such as I have," if it did not please them, the first ditch has received my gifts, and then scarcely dogs have been benefited by them.

Still, if you are really in need, and if even "crumbs" will be as acceptable, why then, my boy, I will pick you out something that I think nice ; some "fragments" that I hope the Lord has blessed and multiplied.

Now do not think I am carrying it with a high hand with you, because I am at my own door ; for I am but a beggar myself ; and what I have, I have myself received, and therefore have nothing to boast about. I myself am a servant of servants, a servant to those who have sold themselves into slavery. In fact, I am a servant of slaves.

Now these poor prodigals, though so debased, are still very proud, and they disdain me, as if I were only a hireling. However as I am very gentle among them, even as a nurse cherishing her children, (1 Thess. ii. 7) they bear with me, and being considered by them as harmless, I am emboldened and allowed "to exhort and comfort and charge every one of them as a father doth his children."

Well, this treatment has a wonderful effect on these poor fellows, and come leave the "husks," and come and ask a place at my Master's table ? When they do this, (I don't mind telling you,) I smile, and I ask them how they came to have such a desire : how their

appetite became so changed? and see, my boy, here is a basket of "fragments" which these seeking ones have supplied me with, which is, as far as I can learn, what their hands have handled of the Word of Life.

If you will take these and use them for the purpose for which you "knock," why, I say, welcome! Come, and come again, and welcome! Yes, yes, you shall have them ALL, but let us proceed orderly. They are all, as you perceive, labelled, and you must look at them, at least, one by one, if you take them away altogether; for they are THE COMMUNICANTS, AND THEIR LETTERS TO A  
March, 1868. PRISON CHAPLAIN.

#### FIRST FRAGMENT.

SIR—I now begin by telling you how that, I first thought of leading a new life, shortly after I got into prison.

I wrote to my aunt, and in the answer, she said, all that she could do, was to pray to the Lord for me, and she finished by saying, "So no more from me, A. Angel."

When I read it, it struck me with terror, and I began to commune with my own heart, for I may say the first time, and I began to try to pray. But I must tell you that I found it very difficult to me; but as I thought of what my aunt had said, I took my Bible and there I could find that there was pardon for me. But it had not entered my heart yet; but was a strong support to me as you will hear.

When I lay at Milbank prison, the Lord thought proper to visit the prison with a grievous sickness. But the Lord was so merciful as not to afflict me with sickness, but he terrified my conscience. I cannot describe to you my feelings, for my past sins were all plain before my face.

I was taken one day with such trouble that I fell on my knees in a flood of tears and prayed for pardon; I found a great relief from it. And as I lay in my bed, I thought the Lord had heard my aunt's prayers. And every night, as I prayed, I thought there was a stronger prayer ascending for me, than the one that I was offering up, or that I could offer up at the beginning of my amendment. But by little and little I gained strength, and could offer my prayers with more faith, and still finding the Lord to be very merciful to me, by showing me what a poor weak worm I am.

And my earnest prayer is, that the Lord will still give me more grace, that I may serve him more and more.

Oh! what a blessing it is to us poor sinners to say that Jesus died for sinners upon the cross!

So I will finish with saying, Lord have mercy upon me a sinner. So no more from me at present, Your humble servant,  
January, 1868. WILLIAM A. MOGULITE.

## A LETTER TO HIS AUNT.

Sept. 12th, 1857.

DEAR AUNT.—You hoped that I had thought seriously of what I was going to do with regard of my having come to the communion table.

Dear Aunt, I can tell you from my heart, thank God for it, while I was at Milbank prison, I saw and felt what a wicked sinner I was.

I was not taken ill myself, but to see so many of my fellow-prisoners taken in the cholera, it cut me to the heart, and I thought every hour, that the next turn might have been my turn. But the Lord was so merciful to me, to spare me a little longer. And what can I do for the goodness of the Lord to me?

I will mind my Bible, and I do live in hopes that with the help of the Lord, that by little and little, I shall still gain more grace and faith, and cling closer to my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and walk in the commandments all the days of my life, so no more from your loving nephew,

WILLIAM A. MOGULITE.

## CHEERING WORDS FOR CHRISTIAN WEAKLINGS.

By JAMES BUTTERFIELD,

MINISTER OF BETHLEHEM BAPTIST MEETING HOUSE, BOTHERWITHE.

“A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory.” Matt. xii. 13.

It is said of Whitfield, that he was the “prince of preachers,” but this title belongs chiefly to Jesus Christ. How high, yet how humble; how faithful, yet how familiar! how tender, yet how severe were his “woes.” In our text we have not a withering woe, but a cheering word for every real Christian weakling, whose attention we will direct—1. To the person implied in the “bruised reed.” 2. The principle he possesses, “the smoking flax.” 3. The promise made, “he shall not break”—nor “quench.” 4. The promising prospect “till he send forth judgment unto victory.”

1.—THE PERSON IMPLIED, or set forth in the “bruised reed.” You know a reed is a slender, tender plant, easily injured, bruised, or broken; somewhat the same as a bulrush; and, Christian, you sometimes talk about hanging your head down like a bulrush, so this reed will merely portray your three-fold character. 1st, Your *weakness*, you can scarcely find a weaker plant than a reed or bulrush, and perhaps, if we were to search all Britain through, we

should not find a weaker-minded, weaker-handed, or weaker-knee'd Christian than thou art. You are so weak-minded, that if the "sun" does not always shine, you begin to doubt whether it ever did, or ever will. You are so weak-handed that you are afraid to put your hand to the gospel plough, lest your weakness should be made manifest by losing your hold; and your knees are so weak that you cannot presume to walk in God's commandments lest you should fall. Now here is a cheering word for thee:

"Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or fainting shall not die;  
God is the strength of every saint;  
He'll aid you from on high."

Weakling, be not afraid—He who made the sturdy oak, and also the "reed" and "rush;" He who keeps the one, will keep the other also. But,

2nd, Will not the reed set forth the *wavering state of the weaklings*? I do not mean "halting between two opinions," whether *he* will serve God or no—but wavering in his soul, whether God will or can accept such service, so weak, so feeble, so wavering. See you that "reed" erect?—it has just been refreshed with a shower, the sun has just shone forth, and infused strength and made it stand upright, it looks toward heaven, and seems gratefully to acknowledge the refreshing shower and reviving season. Night comes,—comes also an adverse north wind, the head of the bulrush or reed touches the water, or the ground: it looks as though it were broken; no! it is only bowed down. Anon, it is blown by an east wind, and thus it wavers. Is this thy case "weakling?" Let me remind thee of the field of corn, which to and fro wave their heads as though they bowed to their Maker's praise, and thus glorifies him as well when bent or bowing, as when erect or upright. So you, poor weakling, art a "*wave offering*" to the Lord. If I hear thee say,

"O could I but believe  
Then all would easy be;  
I would, but cannot; Lord, relieve,  
My help must come from thee."

And come it will, or more suitable still

"Lord, in thy house I read there's room  
And venturing hard, behold, I come,  
But can there—tell me—can there be  
Amongst thy children room for me?"

*Plenty.*

(To be concluded Next month).

## CHRIST AND THE FEARFUL BELIEVER.

(A DIALOGUE.)

CHRIST. — What means that sluggish soul of thine,  
To cleave to earth, and lay behind ?  
Hasten thy pace, disdain to dwell,  
Just on the dark confines of hell.

BELIEVER.—Ah, Lord, I would, and often try  
To mend my pace, and fain would fly,  
But sin, (dread burden) still remains,  
And holds me in its slavish chains.

Christ—Look unto Calvary, view the tree,  
'Twas there I died to set you free.  
'Twas there my precious blood was spilt  
A ransom for my people's guilt.

Bel.—Ah Lord, I do, but feel the weight,  
Of my own sinful heart so great,  
My long continued life has been,  
Engaged alone in nought but sin.

Christ—Does not my Holy Word declare,  
For such I died ? why need you fear ?  
Will not my own heart's blood suffice,  
Or need'st thou another sacrifice ?

Bel.—Dear Lord, thy blood has power to cleanse  
The vilest sinner of his sins ;  
O, could I know 'twas shed for me !  
'Tis that would give me liberty.

Christ—Have I not said, "I'll not despise,  
The contrite heart, the mourner's cries :  
Give me thy heart, 'tis all I crave,  
For such as you I came to save.

Bel.—Amazing love ! here, Lord, receive,  
This single heart I freely give :  
Henceforth on me thy grace bestow,  
'Tis all I ask while here below.

This day, price 1s. cloth, 1s. 6d.

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I Got it. My Second Curacy: How I Lost it. My Third  
Curacy: Why I Left it. By A CHAPLAIN.

London: PARTRIDGE AND Co., Paternoster Row; ROBERT  
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A Solemn  
**SERMON PREACHED TO MR. SPURGEON**  
OR,  
**The Cripple, the City Missionary,**  
**AND THE HALIFAX CALAMITY.**

IN this world there is a constant succession of marvellous events—which events are the living and speaking words of the great and glorious **MAKER** of all worlds—the Governor of all nations—the Ruler of all circumstances—the **KING** of all kings—the **LORD** of all lords—the **SAVIOUR** of all true believers—and the **FAITHFUL FRIEND** of all who are helped, by grace divine, to hide beneath the shadow of His holy wings. The **LORD GOD** of heaven and earth preaches to His creatures sometimes the most awful—and, at times the most delightful—sermons by His *Providential Dealings and Doings* with the sons of men. What an amazing sermon was that which the **HOLY JEHOVAH** preached when He commanded the Israelites to encamp before Pihahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-ze-phon:—when he permitted wicked Pharaoh and his host to rush on after the children of Israel, with full determination to destroy them! With what awful majesty did the **LORD** open His great Sermon Book, when He

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VOL. VIII.—No. 85.

sent forth a strong east wind to roll up the waves of the sea—to pile them up like so many shining glassy mountains—to sweep the bed of the ocean until it was dry land—then carefully leading his own people down into their mysterious passage, he took them safely through! Ah! what a text did the Lord preach from that day! “FEAR YE NOT! STAND STILL!! AND SEE THE SALVATION OF THE LORD, WHICH HE WILL SHEW YOU TO-DAY!!!” And every sentence of that glorious text was verified to the letter: the people were delivered from fear—“they walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea: the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left: but in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud—He troubled their host—He took their chariot wheels from them—He caused the waters to roll over their heads—destruction buried them and sunk them in blackness and woe for ever—“*there remained not so much as one of them.*” This was one of Jehovah’s great sermons. From that time down to the present, the ALMIGHTY has spoken to men of the awful consequences of sin—and of the glorious realities of salvation—by tens and hundreds of thousands of sermons wherein He has unfolded and revealed His Holiness, His Justice, His Wisdom, His Power, His Mercy, and His Truth!—And yet, how little heed to heaven’s preaching do men seem to give!

We think another sermon has lately been preached to Mr. Spurgeon, and to many who, we think, presume to tread upon unsafe ground, when they erect temporary buildings—and crowd into these weakly-erected chapels thousands of human beings, who, in a moment might be hurried into eternity. We are compelled to give, this month, a WARNING WORD to MR. SPURGEON, and to his zealous friends in Country districts—and we ask them seriously to reflect upon the following account, with which Mr. Spurgeon introduced his sermon in the Surrey Music Hall, on Sunday morning, April 11th, 1858. God is our witness: we rejoice in all the efforts made to

publish the happy news the Gospel brings—we rejoice in all the advances Mr. Spurgeon, and other ministers make in the right direction—but, when warning after warning comes—we feel it becomes us to listen to the voice of the Almighty—and prayerfully to avoid a dangerous course. The following is from “*The New Park Street Pulpit*,” No. 187. Mr. Spurgeon opened it by saying—

“During this week my mind has been much directed to the subject of Providence, and you will not wonder when I relate a portion of one day’s story. I was engaged to preach last Wednesday at Halifax, where there was a heavy snow storm. Preparations had been made for a congregation of 8000 persons, and a huge wooden structure had been erected. I considered that owing to the severe weather, few persons could possibly assemble, and I looked forward to the dreary task of addressing an insignificant handful of people in a vast place. However, when I arrived, I found from 5000 to 6000 people gathered to hear the Word; and a more substantial looking place it has not been my lot to see. It certainly was a huge uncomely building, but, nevertheless, it seemed well adapted to answer the purpose. We met together in the afternoon and worshipped God, and again in the evening, and we separated to our homes, or rather, we were about to separate, and all this while the kind providence of God was watching over us. Immediately in front of me there was a huge gallery, which looked an exceedingly massive structure, capable of holding 2000 persons. This, in the afternoon, was crowded, and it seemed to stand as firm as a rock. Again in the evening there it stood, and neither moved nor shook. But mark the provident hand of God: in the evening, when the people were about to retire, and when there was scarcely more than a hundred persons there, a huge beam gave way, and down came a portion of the flooring of the gallery with a fearful crash. Several persons were precipitated with the planks, but still the good hand of God watched over us, and only two persons were severely injured with broken legs, which it is trusted will be reset without the necessity of amputation. Now, had this happened any earlier, not only must many more have been injured, but there are a thousand chances to one, as we say, that a panic must necessarily have ensued similar to that which we still remember, and deplore as having occurred in this place. Had such a thing occurred, and had I been the unhappy preacher on the occasion, I feel certain that I should never have been able to occupy the pulpit again. Such was the effect of the first calamity, that I



marvel that I ever survived. No human tongue can possibly tell what I experienced. The Lord, however, graciously preserved us; the fewness of the people in the gallery prevented any such catastrophe, and thus a most fearful accident was averted. But we have a more marvellous providence still to record. Overloaded by the immense weight of snow which fell upon it, and beaten by a heavy wind, the entire building fell with an enormous crash three hours after we had left it, splitting the huge timbers into shivers, and rendering very much of the material, utterly useless for any future building. Now mark this, had the snow begun three hours earlier, the building must have fallen upon us, and how few of us would have escaped, we cannot guess. But, mark another thing. All day long it thawed so very fast that the snow, seemed to leave a mass, not of white snow, but of snow and water together. This ran through the roof upon us, to our considerable annoyance, and I was almost ready to complain that we had hard dealing from God's providence. But if it had been a frost instead of a thaw, you can easily perceive that the place must have fallen several hours beforehand, and then your minister, and the greater part of his congregation, would probably have been in the other world. Some there may be who deny providence altogether. I cannot conceive that there were any partakers of the scene who could have done so. This I know, if I had been an unbeliever to this day in the doctrine of the super-vision and wise care of God, I must have been a believer in it at this hour. Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together; he hath been very gracious unto us, and remembered us for good.

We add nothing to this statement now. It is a cheering and grateful fact, that the good hand of God preserved the preacher and the people from so great a calamity. The Lord's great name for ever be adored.

Turn we now to another kind of sermon preached by THE GREAT SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL. The text is—“*I will say to the north give up; and to the south keep not back; bring my sons from far; and my daughters from the ends of the earth.*” This sermon teaches the exercise of Divine Sovereignty, in bringing whom he will to hear, and in teaching his ministers how to speak. At Halifax, Mr. Spurgeon said:—

“It was only a few weeks ago that a city missionary, going through

the west of London, discovered a fact which has supplied me with a memorable anecdote. I know it to be true, and I believe God the Holy Spirit directed my mind at the time to say that which was so pertinent to the poor man's case. This missionary called one day at a cobbler's shop, and found him sitting reading some sermons. So the missionary, wishing to have a talk with him, said, 'Do you know Mr. Spurgeon?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I do, I have good reason to know him, for he has been the means of bringing me to know the Lord Jesus Christ; but (he added) it was in a very queer way he went about it; you'll hardly believe me when I tell you. One Sunday morning, I thought to myself, I'll go and hear this queer fellow; they say he says some very odd things. Therefore, off I went to the Surrey Gardens, and sat right in front of him. Well, if he didn't say, "There's a man there, who's a shoemaker! he keeps his shop open on the Sunday, and last Sunday he sold goods that came to the value of ninepence, and there was fourpence profit out of it!" Well, said he that was what I did sell; I sold a pair of children's shoes for ninepence, and fourpence was just the profit! So I thought, he must either be a very bad man, or God had spoken to him; and I went home very much frightened. Next Sunday, I'll go again, but, I won't give him such as this.' So up he went into the top gallery, where no eye could see him, certainly; and left his girl at home to open the shop. 'But when I got up there,' he continued, 'he calls out to me, "Ah, sinning by proxy is just as bad as sinning yourself—its of no use any of you coming yourselves, and at the same time leaving your daughters to keep shop!" There now, I said to myself, that's God who is surely speaking to me; and I shook from head to foot, and went home, and confessed my sins; and I trust, that by the good aid of the Holy Spirit, I will become a new man. But, Sir, he added, I shall never cease to wonder, as long as I live, how it was that God should have used such a strange instrumentality in bringing me unto himself.'—Now, my friends, if your case should be hit off this afternoon, will you be so good as to take comfort, and hope that God has spoken to you?"

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### CHEERING WORDS FOR CHRISTIAN WEAKINGS.

By JAMES BUTTERFIELD,  
MINISTER OF BETHLEHEM BAPTIST MEETING HOUSE, BOTHERWITHE.

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"A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory." Matt. xii. 13.

3rd, This "reed" sets forth the *wounded child of God*. You

may be saying, if I was not such a wounded, bruised thing, I could believe I should be fit for something, but certainly I am fit for nothing but to be gathered and burnt; in fact, "I am nothing but wounds and bruises." Then thou art just the character which shall not be broken. "A *bruised* reed he shall not break." One question I would ask thee, did you ever know Jesus Christ to break a *bruised* reed like you? No, no! Well, I have known him to bind up, and strengthen many a *bruised* reed; and the same he will do for you.

II.—Note the PRINCIPLE THIS PERSON POSSESSES. "*Smoking flax.*" They say where there is smoke, there must be fire, so if I find smoke in thee, I detect fire also. This *smoking flax* will

1st, Set forth the *newly-lit lamps of a child of God*. Do not be ashamed, weakling, for it is a fact that when you first light the wick (flax) of a lamp, there is often more smoke than light, more *seal* (smoke) than *knowledge*, (or light). Look at Peter, how he smoked with seal when he opposed Jesus Christ's going thither again, you see he had not light or knowledge enough to see the end for which his Master went; but, mark you, Jesus did not quench the *smoking flax*, he only snuffed his lamp for him. How different from Joseph's brethren when God lit his lamp, and in the smoke of seal he told his brethren about the sheaf. They determined to put the extinguisher upon him, but I think they all made a mistake, and took hold of the snuffers; however, they made his lamp to burn brighter than before, (see Gen.) So, young child, you may find many an old disciple will try to put the extinguisher upon thee, because your smoke is offensive; I would advise them to let thee alone, if they do not want your light to burn. But still, I would have thee remember that fire, or light, is better than smoke; so truth is far better than error, and knowledge than (smoke) seal. Or if the fire in thee is only like the "*smoking flax*," and you fear it will be extinguished, I would give thee this cheering word,—

"He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame!"

2nd, This "*smoking flax*" will set forth the *dimly-burning lamps*. Reader is thy lamp well trimmed? if not, there is a good deal of smoke. Art thou mourning over and saying, "O that it were with me as in days past, when the candle of the Lord shone round about me, and when by his light I walked in darkness;" the incense of that broken heart of thine now perfumes the throne above, and soon shall the Lord make thy light to shine out of obscurity, for the *dimly-burning, smoking flax* he will not quench."

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE

## HAPPY DEATH OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.

THE Rev. Bernard Gilpin, Minister of Port Vale Chapel, Hertford, is the author of several excellent memoirs of real Christians. Who has not heard of, or read, his "*Hannah Judd?*" (a work of rich and holy experience.) We have now before us a volume by the same author entitled "*Memoirs of Lieut. Frances Jeffreys, and of E. C. Willoughby, Esq.*" this volume is also of a sterling, and carefully composed character, clearly shewing the only foundation on which a soul can safely rest for eternal salvation; and expressing some of those essential evidences and fruits which *only* can come from *giving grace in the heart*. Works of this kind are exceedingly scarce; they are beyond all description valuable; and the Church of Christ has been much benefitted and edified, through the instrumentality of Bernard Gilpin; who is an able minister of the Gospel; and a powerful separator between that which is of the flesh, and that which is of the Spirit.

From the memoir of Lieutenant Francis Jeffreys, of the 70 Bengal Infantry, we make the following quotations. They contain "*Cheering Words for Christians*,"

At the out-set, the memoir says—

FRANCIS JEFFREYS was the youngest son of the Rev. B. Jeffreys, formerly Chaplain to the Hon. East India Company, and Rector of Throcking, Herts. He was born at Futtah-ghur, in the Upper Provinces of India, June 27, 1809, and brought to England when three years old. At the age of seventeen he returned to India as Cadet in the Bengal Army, where he remained till the year 1836, when he visited England on furlough, purposing to marry, and to return to his post in the spring of 1839. While resident with his friends in London, and on the eve of his marriage, he was seized with a disorder which gradually increased, and terminated his life on the 16th of April, 1839, and in the thirtieth year of his age.

Passing over pages we find the following first deep step his soul took in the waters of life.

When he was first attacked by his illness there appeared in him a more than usual desire for life and health (chiefly because of his intended marriage, which was shortly to have taken place). Yet notwithstanding all his care, his health increasingly declined; and there were many spiritual convictions on his mind which he would fain have run from, but the Lord held him with a strong hand.

For a time he tried change of air, but without benefit, first with one relation at Clapham, then with another in Kent. While there it was his custom, when he retired for the night, to spend some time in reading the Scriptures; and there, for the first time since his arrival in England, he told me he had been deeply impressed with awe in reading these words. "My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee: so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thy heart to understanding: Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding: If thou seekest for her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures: Then shalt thou understand **THE FEAR OF THE LORD**, and find **THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD**. For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding." Prov. ii. 1-6.

He returned in a short time to London, where he was taken seriously ill at his brother C's house, in Dorset Place. Here I visited him constantly, sometimes twice a day, and found both body and mind in great danger. Now the Lord laid his heavy hand upon him, and he fell into deep convictions, and spoke much of the corruptions of his heart, and the despair he felt at the discovery of them.

But the most powerful and precious portion of this memoir is the following account of his deliverance from guilt and condemnation. Mr. Bernard Gilpin says:—

About this time he very often mentioned incidentally, the great consolation he had experienced in Dorset Place, which has been already referred to; but never fully described it, nor seemed able to do so, till the following occasion. He was visited by a near relation who had long watched for his soul, and who was then sitting

by his bed-side reading to him the 106th Psalm. To all the former part which describes the continual back-slidings of Israel, he kept inwardly saying, "Oh the wretches that they were ! and such a wretch have I been myself." When the verse was read, "Nevertheless He regarded their affliction when He heard their cry," his soul seemed dissolved in gratitude to the Lord. Perceiving this, his relation said to him, "Those very words wrought a happy change in my own heart about a year ago, at a moment of great danger and fear." He replied, "Was it so with you ? why now that's exactly what I felt at Dorset Place." Soon afterwards he added, "I have a beautiful tale to tell you if I had strength, about the way comfort first came to me at Dorset Place. Oh it was wonderful ! all of a sudden, when I least expected it !" But encouraged to proceed he spoke thus.

"I was one evening in great agony of mind ; the dreadful sins of all my life lay so fearfully upon me that I could get no rest, and I thought I must be lost. I was obliged to vent my feelings of anguish by calling my brother C. and telling him my dreadful sins : and he sat as I thought groaning with me, over the awful depravity of my heart. Oh I thought I must be lost. But while C. was speaking to me of Jesus Christ, a feeling came upon me which increased, and seemed positively to assure me that I should cry to Jesus and look to him, and cast myself on His mercy alone to my latest breath. It was so strong that I could not help interrupting C. by saying, "Well, one thing is, that I know that I shall cry to Jesus, and look only to him till I die, and I shall never give up that, I'm confident." Afterwards this wore away and I went to sleep. In the early part of the night I awoke ; and it seemed represented to me by the power of the devil, that my religion would prove the death of me ; it was as if some one spoke to me and told me that I had fallen into a melancholy snare, of which I should certainly become the victim, except I escaped for my life. This was so vehemently urged upon me, that I quite determined to write immediately to a friend to come and take me away, while yet there was hope of saving my life. I rose to write ; but a conviction came across my mind to stop me. An awful horror was fallen upon me, which I strove to dispel by moving about, opening and shutting the door, drinking cold water, &c. At last I felt that no such experiment could relieve me, I must try and pray. I cried

“Jesus! Jesus!” for I could pray nothing else; but I got darker and worse. I seemed fearfully walled in all around. I thought there was no such thing as true religion in the world. I must be lost without hope or help. I could not in my heart believe that even God could save me. It was dreadful. Just then the same feeling returned which I had had when O. was speaking to me, and seemed to say, but you know you are to cast yourself on Jesus to your latest breadth. I was calmed, and greatly sustained, but much amazed. Oh, I said, I did not know I was to pray to him when in despair; and I did cry hard. Now I could say a little more, ‘Jesus, Jesus, Saviour of sinners!’ This supported me greatly for a minute or two, and then vanished; and I felt more awfully low than ever, for the word ‘IMPOSSIBLE’ sounded in my ears, representing my salvation as utterly impossible. I have often before given up my religion in despair, but always till then had a secret hope of better days to come; but then I felt that if despair mastered me it would be black despair indeed, without the slightest hope, nothing before me but hell. Therefore I struggled hard against it, but quite in vain. I gave myself up, feeling that it was now without hope; *without hope*; WITHOUT HOPE. At that dreadful minute, these words shone in with wonderful power, ‘AGAINST HOPE, BELIEVE IN HOPE.’ Then I shouted—oh I shouted—it woke up the servants, and they woke up the rest; but who would not shout? I shouted, for I could not help it, it was enough to make any one shout; for I had truly thought I was going to hell; but at that moment I saw that Jesus Christ would take me to heaven, just because He pleased; not for any other reason, only because He pleased. When all was quiet again in the room, I looked for my sins, but they were all gone. My burden (like that of Bunyan’s Pilgrim) had rolled off my back into Christ’s sepulchre; I saw it roll there as plain as possible; and ever since that day I have never been able to feel the weight of those sins again.”

It was surprising to his friends to hear this account thus clearly given at last, which he had only imperfectly described before. It brought to his brother O.’s recollection some things he had heard him say, which greatly impressed him at the time, when he entered his chamber that night (the servants having called him up) and found his brother sitting up in bed, apparently lost to every outward thing; saying “How very dreadful the power of

the enemy is! but the power of God is greater. The instructions I have received from the ministry here are indeed the truth! The Lord has spoken to me this night, and one thing he has impressed upon me is this, that it is my part to listen and to learn."

Two more paragraphs and we close this happy soul's record.

One day I visited him, and found him labouring under some suspicions and fears, which in a measure beclouded his mind. I exhorted him to be very particular, and keep his eye especially upon those fears, and not to let them slip away unnoticed, but carry them to Jesus Christ in confession and prayer. This counsel abode by him, and he was soon afterwards overheard saying in prayer with great earnestness, "Lord Jesus, I must bring these fears to Thee; Lord deliver me (many times repeated), deliver me from this temptation. Why should I doubt Thee, if Thou hast told me that I am safe? Lord, hast Thou not told me so? Lord Jesus, tell me if Thou hast not fully and entirely saved me?" This he said often, slowly and with great emphasis, and added, "Lord, notwithstanding all this, I am now in doubt again. If Thou didst then save me, wilt Thou not show me Thy salvation again, and strengthen my faith in Thee?" Not long after this, a friend returning to his room, found him sitting up in bed apparently very happy. On enquiring the cause he replied, "Yes, I am happy indeed—I have been shouting again, did you not hear me shout? I had been praying earnestly that the Lord would search me, and assure my soul if I was right; and I went on till I found myself exactly in the same spirit I was in in Dorset Place, and the Lord Jesus answered me again and said, 'Did I not tell thee before that I had given to thee eternal life?' and He brought to my mind and revived afresh all I had felt at that time when my burden rolled off my shoulders into the sepulchre; and this made me shout; I shouted because I could not help it; how could I help it when the Lord spoke so to me?"

On the morning of the day he died, I called to see him for the last time. His countenance expressed liberty without a cloud. I said to him, "As I was coming here, I had a sweet meditation on these words, 'Which hope we have, an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.' Is that hope yours?" "Yes, indeed it is (he replied), and I find the hope is maintained; in the prospect of death I am not afraid, for its sting is taken away."



Afterwards I said "I remember your long religious letters from India, how you used to go round about religion and about it, but did not seem to enter into it." "It was so with me (he answered), but the Lord has brought me into it now, and I enjoy the substance of the truth."

After this, not suspecting that his death was quite at hand, he asked to be moved. "But first (he said) while I am strong enough let us have some reading." Hart's hymn, "Come, ye sinners," &c. was read. When they came to this line, "On the bloody tree behold Him," he continued for some time wrapped up in meditation upon Christ's redemption, and the deep necessity for it. He said over and over again, while the tears streamed from his eyes, "We must hide ourselves in the dust, and say, His atoning blood be upon us for ever! We can say nothing else. If not so, we are all lost."

Afterwards he looked so happy, that his sister said, "You remind me of the pilgrims, described in the second part of the Pilgrim's Progress, as following one another over the river; and one of them stood still and sang a hymn in the middle of it; and so could you if your body were strong enough." He said, "Yes, I could." She added, "He that has brought you down dry shod into the midst of Jordan, will lead you safely up the bank on the other side." He smiled, and said, "Oh yes, He will."

Being moved, a defluxion upon his lungs was disturbed, and he faintly said, "This is death;" and a few minutes afterwards expired about five in the afternoon of April 16, 1839, and in the 30th year of his age.

He was buried in the Cemetery attached to St. John's Wood Chapel, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone; and at the request of some of his friends, these words were inscribed on his tomb, as having been made peculiarly his own, "Who against hope, believed in hope."

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## SECOND FRAGMENT FROM THE PRISON BASKET.

OR, LETTERS FROM CONVICT PRISONERS.

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SIR.—I was convicted at Wakefield sessions for four years penal servitude. I thought my master, Satan, whom I had served more than forty-five years, had now got me fast. When I was fast in my cell, I began to commune with my own heart, and I could find

myself a great sinner. I thought, God be merciful to me! I have an old father and mother, sisters and brothers, all on their way for heaven, AND I AM HERE! God be merciful to me! I often heard what the Lord could do for a man in trouble, so I "began" to pray for myself, and I could find my heart grow rather softer. But you know, it was like a fire when there is no fuel put on, it dies out; and so did God's love with me; I did not keep close to God.

One night in my sleep, I thought Satan came for me. *I saw him very fair, (i.e. plainly,)* I awaked very much terrified. I thought, God help me! So Christmas day was soon after. Mr. Reynolds preached from, "My times are in thy hands." That broke up my hard heart. I had very little sleep that night, and for some weeks I thought I was going out of my mind. I thought I would either kill or cure; I would not give it up. I asked Mr. R. *if man ever was lost that delivered himself up to God?*

"Oh! No!" he said,

I thought there yet was time for me. So I kept striving on with my Bible. *We had got very good friends.* It was my true guide. I thought I got further off. So one afternoon, I was laid on my back on the floor, did I not know what to do, nor where to hide, praying for God to have mercy on my poor soul. There was something came into my heart! And I sprung on to my feet. I scarce knew where I was. My load was gone! All looked quite new to me! I have great reasons to think that he has pardoned my sins. And I shall always praise his holy name for his mercy on me. And I feel thankful for the good I have in the Bible class. And I am travelling on towards Jesus' happy shore. May God ever keep me, and all of us, to the end of our race.

JONATHAN B. NOOKTIDE.

August 24th, 1857.

#### EXTRACTS FROM TWO LETTERS TO HIS PARENTS.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—I write to you once more, hoping these few lines will find you all well, as the same leaves me at the present. Thank God for it! And I can praise God for putting me into the better path, for I have peace with God. I am a servant of Christ's. Wherever I be he is always with me. I am his servant. I will be Satan's servant no more! His work is very hard and keeps men always in trouble. And if they keep close to him he gets them into *his* prison, *where there is no remission of*

*time.* May the Lord keep me and all from that place! The Lord is my Friend and my Guide! There is not one here that I knew before I came to prison. But thank God I have always a friend! We read the 16th of Acts yesterday at the Bible Class. The master did speak well from it. He is a good speaker. It is a happy hour for me,

JONATHAN B. NOOKTIDE.

September 22, 1857.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER.—Yours I received, and was glad to hear that you have begun the year so well, and I hope you will have a happy new year. I never was in better health in my life. Thank God for it, I know I have done contrary to my father's and mother's will, but I hope God will forgive me, and teach me on the better path. I had been too long in the way of Mr. A.'s way, and his brother's way; but I am out of it now, and I will keep out of it now for the time to come. They were no friends of mine, *but I hope God will bless them.* Jesus is my whole friend! We are well off! We have plenty of meat and clothes. Take no thought for me. The Lord is my friend. I am happy, and I hope you are all happy. My mother is the most on my mind; I hope God will bless you all. I have seven months and twelve days to stay; and then I can say farewell.

JONATHAN B. NOOKTIDE.

12th January, 1858.

## THE CARPENTER'S SON.

### LETTER III.

MY DEAR SIR—I entered upon my second stage with three lessons infixed:

1st. That I was "found wanting." 2nd, That my resolutions were worthless. 3rd, That if I indulged resentment in my breast, God could not hear me.

You have seen from my first letter, where the first lesson was learned. The second was the result of many resolutions broken. I used to retire to buildings and sheds, and pray and resolve; and once I vowed that I would forfeit a penny if the resolve was broken. I forget what the resolve was, but the penny was forfeited, and the corner step of the corner house in New Rents, and Drum Lane, where a person named Tunbridge, a baker, then lived, was the altar where the forfeit was deposited in God's sight, though secretly and in the evening.

The third lesson ever has been an unctuous light to me. It was learned in a week evening Bible Class, held by a good little man, named Mole, the successor to my pedestrian Itinerant Preacher. He was questioning us little boys on the Lord's prayer. He said, "When we ask God to 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us,' do we ask for a blessing or a curse?" This, to my mind, is the touchstone of a regenerate heart: "Charity seeketh not her own;" "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour;" he only who feels he has had much forgiven, can so forgive, and use this prayer.

These lessons; the sorrowful sympathy I shared with my mother, my delicate body, and my desponding soul, gave a sad gentleness to my manners, which seemed to procure the good will of most men. None ever outraged my feelings, or made the yoke unnecessarily heavy. The workmen with whom I was now associated and who might have made me their slave, were all kind to me.

I have lately seen the scene of my first efforts. The house of Alderman Warren, the then Chamberlain of the City, was to come down, and in assisting to pull that house down I was first engaged. The present house looks odd. It is some years since I was the carpenter's boy in the employ of Mr. Moss, in that ancient city! I had been there about a twelvemonth, I had had one severe illness, and felt a little desire for change when I saw in Palace Street in a cabinet-maker's window this notice, "A bedstead maker wanted within." I had only to enquire and was engaged, and soon entered upon my new labors, *working by the piece*, and on an average earning about ten shillings per week—more than I had received before. In many respects, this change was beneficial to me, and was more suited to my constitution. I was there sheltered for some of my most trying period of life; was more master of my time, and worked as I could. But I was there thrown among youths only: there were five young men, and all apprentices; with them I was under less restraint, and the wickedness of my nature was more developed: great frivolity, and even unchaste language was indulged there, and soon it appears I outstripped the worst. At any rate, I was charged with being so. I had formed the dreadful habit of affirming my statements by "the devil take me if it be not so." I was so affirming something one morning when William W., the senior in that place, exclaimed with all seriousness, "Why, you beat us all!" I fell under that reproof, as one

struck dumb in a moment. I was brought down in a moment as a bird winged by the fowler. I was a man in whose mouth were no reproofs. I longed for some place to flee unto—the arrow was infixed, and I was pained at my very heart.

Noon came at last: the lads left, and I fell down before God, and confessed all. I poured out my heart before God. I was surprised that he did not frown me away. He did not, but he smiled upon me. He shone upon me. He was a refuge for me. Oh, that workshop was from that time a Bethel! That is a memorable morning: Satan reproved Satan! he was divided against himself, and his kingdom fell! That is a memorable morning! God turned me round full faced to himself, and his goodness led me to repentance; and he then turned unto them a pure language, for from that time nothing common or unclean has come forth from my mouth.

From that time, I made a hearty profession of godliness before my shopmates, and when they ridiculed, God sustained me! Let down heaven into my soul, and no sooner were they gone, than I was surrounded with light and filled with joy ineffable; and so I continued for a long time, as I walked, the vision was with me, and prayer seemed my breath and pleasure.

It was in this state of mind that I joined the people my parents belonged too, no one ever solicited or urged me to do so, or brought the subject before me, for such a purpose. It was the Lord's doing. I was baptized September 3rd, 1826, in King Street Chapel; and that day too commemorated the dying love of the Saviour as mine.

"No man liveth to himself." As before I had been injurious, adding fuel to fire, so now I was made profitable, pouring the oil of grace on the troubled waters of sin. That shop became a moral shop, and psalms and hymns and spiritual songs were heard instead of profanity. I became too a Sunday School Teacher, and formed some dear acquaintanceships, which though, dissolved on earth, I look confidently to renew in heaven. Ever your's,

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

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This day, price 1s. cloth, 1s. 6d.

**T**HE THREE CURACIES: MY FIRST CURACY: HOW I Got it. My Second Curacy: How I Lost it. My Third Curacy: Why I Left it. By A CHAPLAIN.



**MR. SPURGEON,  
ROWLAND HILL, AND CHRISTMAS EVANS.**

NO. I.

In some things, there was, and is, a similarity between the men whose names stand at the head of this page. There were four things, at any rate, in which they were very much alike. In their faith,—in their character as ministers,—in their desires to do good to their fellow-men—and in their originality and eccentricities, there are striking features of likeness. And we think we can give such Typo-Photo. sketches of these good men's minds, manners, and ministerial material, as greatly to interest our readers; and thereby lead many careless, thoughtless, and prayerless souls, to reflect upon their condition, and to cry unto God.

The following, is only an introductory specimen. Mr. Spurgeon, in a sermon recently, gave the following:—

“Find something to do, (said Mr. Spurgeon,) it's an excellent way of keeping out of despondency. To those who were already active and yet in trouble, he would say, ‘look your trouble in the face; stare at it like a man.’ A minister once called upon a young woman, who had been sick for many months; she lay a-dying, and she was in a very low way. She said to the minister, ‘Sir, I have not a grain of faith; I have not got in my heart one spark of love to Jesus.’ He said, ‘say that again;’ so she said it again, ‘I have not got in my heart one spark of love to Jesus.’ He took out his pencil, went to the window, and wrote it down on—

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a piece of paper, which he brought to her, and said,—‘Now sign your name at the bottom of that.’ ‘What is it, Sir?’ asked she. ‘Why, hear these words: ‘I have not got in my heart one spark of love to Jesus;’ come, sign your name.’ ‘Oh no, (she replied,) I couldn’t do that.’ And this was made the means of bringing her out of her trouble. She was obliged to look it in its face, and then it vanished altogether. But if they wanted to know the shortest road to comfort, he would give it them in one word—faith. When Master Satan says to you, ‘you are no saint, you are a sinner,’ reply, ‘it may be true, I am not a saint: you tell me I am no child of God: that is very likely;—but there is one thing I know, I know I am a sinner, and Jesus Christ died to save sinners, and if I never believed that before, I will believe it now for the first time: if I am not in the road, I will go back and come in at the wicket-gate again. Thou sayest I am no saint, but thou canst not deny that I am a sinner:

‘Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to the cross I cling.’

“We had a servant once,” said Mr. Spurgeon, ‘who always used to be singing—whether outside the door, whitening the steps; whether washing the linen, cleansing the tea things, or cooking the dinner, she would be constantly singing or humming over something. Father said to her one day, ‘Betsy, what makes you sing so?’ ‘Well, Sir,’ she answered, ‘I think it keeps bad thoughts away; and if I didn’t sing, Sir, sometimes, I should get so low spirited I shouldn’t know what to do with myself!’ A good deal of philosophy in Betsy; because you know that boys, if they have to go through a church-yard at night, always begin whistling to keep their spirits up. Singing does people good, especially Psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs.

“Mr. Spurgeon gave, very graphically, the well-known anecdote of Rowland Hill’s fondness for singing when not preaching; who was once overheard singing to himself:

‘And when I shall die, receive me I’ll cry,  
For Jesus has loved me—I cannot tell why;  
But one thing I find—we two are so joined,  
He won’t be in heaven, and leave me behind.’

Christmas Evans said he once told a story or parable, which I will give you, though I cannot tell it as he did.—Once upon a time,

the devil flew up from his pit, 'seeking whom he might devour,' and he said within himself, 'I will have souls to day, I will deceive, delude, destroy and reap my pleasure on man.' So he flew up silently and unseen, through the air, till he came to a valley sleeping betwixt two hills; and there, in the bosom of the vale, by the side of a little stream and a little garden, there was a cottage, with trellis work and jasmine; and in the porch, there sat a fair young girl, knitting: 'Ah,' said the devil, 'I'll have her: I'll tempt her away to the great town: she shall be deceived, she shall be ruined;' and then he rejoiced to think, 'I shall have her for myself at last.' So he was about to step up to tempt her, when she began to sing, and the words she sang were these:

'Jesus I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven might hear.'

'Ah,' said he 'its no use tempting that girl to sin; she has got the love of Christ in her heart; I'd better be off somewhere else.' He then came to a plain, where were fields plowed ready for the wheat; the horses were resting, for it was dinner time, and the boy looking about him in attendance on the horses. 'Ah,' said the devil, "I'll have that boy: I will tempt him to steal his master's goods: he will then be sent to prison, and will get in with a lot of rascals, who will teach him to do worse things than he ever knew before: he will go from bad to worse, until at length he becomes a murderer, and is hanged;—oh, that will make up for my failure with the girl this morning." But, the boy had a song too:

'The Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied;  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want besides?'

'Oh,' says the devil, 'this boy doesn't want anything besides; its no use my tempting him to steal anything; he is quite content with what he has got—what a bad day's work I am making of it! I had better by half be with old Williams (a good old preacher, who lay a-dying) now; if I can tempt old Williams to deny his God on his dying bed, what a fine thing that will be; it will make all the country round ring with the news. So away he flew as quick as evil wings could carry him, for he wanted to make up for the loss of the day. He arrived at length at the village. The



lights were extinguished in the cottages—the people had gone to bed, except in one upper room, where there was the ray of a rushlight to be seen in the top window. He knew that room—"the old man is not dead yet, or else the light would be out; I will go, and catch him when flesh and heart are failing, and induce him to deny his God; he shall even curse God when he is dying; and then, what triumph shall be mine!" So, up stairs he went; and when he got into the room, he found old Mr. Williams still alive, though reduced to a skeleton, his wife and family standing around his bed taking a last farewell of him. But ere he could thrust a doubt or insinuation in the old man's heart, old William's eyes glistened, and he put out his hands all gaunt and bony, and said, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me—Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me; Thou hast prepared a way before me, in the presence of mine enemies.'" "Ah," said Satan, "he meant that last line for me—" "in the presence of mine enemies;" and he slunk away back to his pit, for he never had so ill a day all his life before.

From these illustrations, — quaint, and familiar though they be — much good may flow. We hope to give our readers many, much better.

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### THE PHYSICIAN SURPRISED

IN THE DYING CHAMBER OF A HAPPY CHRISTIAN.

For pure and savoury Gospel truth, and a genuine experience of a New Covenant salvation, we have scarcely ever seen or read any better work, than those two most excellent volumes entitled "Correspondence and Sermons of the late Rev. J. Chamberlain, of Leicester." We have referred to them more fully in some numbers of *The Earthen Vessel*; and desire to give the readers of CHEERING WORDS a few spiritual gems, in future pages; but here we copy from "The Appendix" to the second volume, a few lines descriptive of the scenes and sentences connected with the happy death of Miss Chamberlain; whose brother wrote an account of her departure in letters to the late William Huntington. From them the following paragraphs are selected:—After some in-

introductory remarks, in addressing Mr. Huntington, Mr. Chamberlain says :—

I said in my last, I would give you some of the particulars of my sister's conversation previous to her departure, which I am sure you will be glad to hear ; for although I as well as others, have been satisfied respecting her eternal state for some time past, yet it is confirming that she used such language, and found such support, in the approach of death, through the sweet enjoyment she had of the Lord's love and favor to her. A few days prior to her confinement to her room she told me much of her experience, and how sharply she had been exercised at times ; what dreadful things went through her mind, such as she durst not even speak of. She said, " When I do not enjoy the Lord's presence, I feel many fears and misgivings of heart. But why should I expect to escape this, when Christ himself cried out, ' My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me ? ' That consideration is often a great comfort and support to my mind." The peace of soul she enjoyed for the last six days was very great, and her conversation was encouraging and comforting to all that came to see her. She said, " Thou wilt keep that man in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee. And so I find it, for so far as God hath given me faith to stay my mind on him I have peace. I cannot say that I have any fear of death ; perfect love hath cast out all fear ; nor have I any tossings in my mind, nor do I feel those sharp exercises I at one time had ; I have that peace in my conscience which passeth all understanding, which this world knows nothing of. ' The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law ; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' " Mr. B. Cort said to her, " You remember Mr. Huntington's saying from the pulpit, ' If perfect love had cast out all fear, you would be no more afraid of death than I am of you.' " " Yes," she said, " I do ; and I think that some who are not so strong in faith as Mr. H. can say the same. I feel no fear ; death will be swallowed up in victory. Formerly I used to have great terror ; and was so exercised with the fear of death, that often times the sweat has dropped from me. One night in particular, amongst many others, I was in great fear and distress ; I got up, and earnestly prayed to the Lord to remove my fears, and to reveal himself to me ; and, if he had any mercy for me, to show

me mercy. The Lord heard me in this time of trouble, and delivered me, so that my soul was melted under a feeling sense of his goodness, and this Scripture came with power, 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' And immediately after, this verse in Hart's hymns came upon my mind:

' I'll lay me down and sweetly sleep,  
For I have peace with God;  
And when I wake He shall me keep,  
Through faith in Jesu's blood.'

I did lay me down in peace; and when I awoke the Lord kept me by faith in his blood; he has kept me to this day, and I now have peace. When I was at Matlock my feelings were very different at times; I was taken very ill on Wednesday, and from then till Sunday I felt very dead in my soul, and dark respecting my eternal state; which brought me to cry mightily to God. I may say the Lord for a small moment forsakes, and in a little wrath hideth his face, but with everlasting kindness he hath mercy on me. I read Mr. Huntington's 'Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer,' and often wept while reading; it was so suitable to my feelings, and so blessed to my soul while looking in it. On Sunday I found myself so happy, and my soul so melted under the goodness of the Lord, that I knew, whether I lived or died, I was the Lord's. I praised his name, and felt more than I am able to express. O, if I could but make the professing world know what I feel, they would never speak against Mr. Huntington, nor his religion any more. O, how should I like to see him once more in the flesh!" Being told that her time would be but short here, she said, "I know it will not, but I am the best off of you all. 'The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.' I have rejoicing in myself, and it is what I feel that supports me, and the comfort which I enjoy springs from my confidence in God. At times I feel more than I can utter; and then I think to myself, O what shall I enjoy as soon as I am gone! 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for them that love him; but it is revealed unto us by his Spirit: and I look upon it that it will be the same

as I now feel, only I shall have such an abundant increase. 'Now abideth faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of these is charity.' The love which I feel will abide for ever, and be increased."

On the Friday preceding her death, the physician said to her, "I am glad to see you look so comfortable to-day." She said to him, "Yes, I am comfortable, I am very happy; I would rather die than live." He replied, "I never heard such a thing; I cannot believe it." She answered him again, "Why Sir, if I would not rather die than live, how could I be comfortable?" The greatest calmness and composure were in her countenance, which testified to all who saw her that she was happy in heart. The Lord anointed her head with oil, and his name was as ointment poured forth; the house was filled with the odour thereof, for a sweet savour seemed to rest upon all around her.

The last thing she asked of me was, to read to her the chapter where it is said, "These all died in faith" &c. I did so; and while I stood by her talking upon these words, "These all died in faith," she became much worse in body, and afterwards said but little. One morning when B. C. and myself where in conversation with her, our friend Mr. Lockwood came in, and after standing a little while to hear her speak, he said, "I am glad to hear your conversation, and to find you so comfortable." She replied, "Yes, Mr. Lockwood, I am very happy." He said to her, "If a lively countenance is a true index of the heart, you are happy indeed." On his departure he said, "Farewell; and if I never see you again in this world, I hope to follow you to a better." She said, "Yes I believe you will, and many others who have been to see me during my illness."

She is now gone to join the spirits of just men made perfect. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

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There is no real cause for sorrow for one whom the Lamb in the midst of the throne is now feeding, and leading to living fountains of water. "They that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." We are living in hope of dying in the Lord, and in a little time our race will be run; and God is faithful, who hath said, "your expectation shall not be cut off."—*Chamberlain*.

### THE CURATE AND THE BISHOP.

There is a very old woman—she is not at all a handsome woman—but she has been amazingly fruitful; her family is very numerous, and her labours in mischief-making and church-dividing have been immense. She goes by the name of “Mrs. Bigotry.” Mr. Spurgeon said, the other day, he wished the old woman was hanged, and out of the way; but we see no prospect of her departure at present. Nevertheless, there are now and then circumstances occurring, which tend very terribly to shake her constitution, and some day or other we expect to hear that this giantess of an old woman is going into a decline; and although the decline may be a long time before it comes to an actual dissolution, still, the end of all earthly things must come; and Mrs. Bigotry’s end must come too; and then Ephraim will no more envy Judah, and Judah will no more vex Ephraim; but rivers of love and mercy will sweep away those wretched spirits which now torment and divide some of the best inhabitants this sinful world can have.

We dare-to-say our readers have heard something of the great noise this old Mrs. Bigotry has been making in High Church quarters because a most respectable clergyman, and very spiritual Christian Chaplain, has published a *pretty* little shilling volume, entitled “**THE THREE CURACIES: MY FIRST CURACY; HOW I GOT IT: MY SECOND CURACY; HOW I LOST IT: MY THIRD CURACY; WHY I LEFT IT.**”

This volume, now issuing from the house of Partridge and Co., has excited some strong feelings among Reviewers and others. We have obtained a copy, and find it is beautifully expressive of the feelings of a good man’s heart, who watches the kind hand of Providence in all its dealings with him.

After the author of the work had gone through a variety of conflicting scenes in this world, he is carried into St. Bee’s College, to prepare for Holy Orders; and it is from one chapter of his history, after he left the College, that the

following scene is taken :—Our Author is invited to visit an Incumbent who requires a Curate; here is an account of his leaving College and going thither. He says :—

The consent of the Principal was obtained, and arrangements were soon made whereby I was enabled to leave St. Bees' on the morning of the 9th. I travelled to Carlisle, thence to Preston, and then on to Bolton, where I lodged that night. On Saturday afternoon I arrived at B., in Yorkshire. I left my card at the Parsonage, and was soon called on by the Incumbent. He took me to his house; and there I met two or three of the neighbouring Clergy. All was pleasant; all seemed very agreeable. But now I began to feel grave: I was on ground that was to be the sphere of new and important operations, or ground on which I should be considered unfit to labor; and then the church, which was near, looked so imposing, that I trembled at my presumption to seek a status there. After tea, the good old man, who immediately took the place of my father in my affections, took me to his study for a private conversation; it was not a long one. He said, "Mr. B., I take the seventeenth Article in its literal and grammatical sense."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. W., for so do I."

This was spoken with so much heartiness that we ever understood each other afterwards. He wrote immediately to the Bishop, asking him to admit me to the usual "primary interview," while I was in the diocese. On the 11th I read the lessons in church, both morning and evening; and on the 13th, I left for my long journey back, without seeing the Bishop; he refusing to admit me until I had been accepted by "The Church Pastoral Aid Society." In which he acted rightly. \* \* \* \* On Wednesday, Nov. 21st, I was in St. Bees' village. I had lunched with the beloved Physician, who was all anxiety for me. My letters generally came by the Sandwich post to Byersteads, but when directed to St. Bees' they were kept at the office till called for. On the day in question the "dear doctor," just before I left, urged me to call at the post office then; and at his request I went, and returned with the following letter.

Ripon, 19th Nov., 1849.

SIR,—I am desired by the Lord Bishop of Ripon to inform you, that in consequence of a communication received from Mr. W., of B., his Lordship will be happy to give you a primary interview on

Thursday, the 22nd instant, at a quarter past 1½ o'clock, and you will therefore please arrange to attend at the Palace accordingly.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, &c.,

J. B., Esq.

Country Secretary.

There was now a pebble thrown into the placid waters, and the spreading circles showed that the excitement though not noisy was deep. There were not more than twenty hours to the appointed time, and there were some hundreds of miles to travel! The Principal was seen; my family parted from; Whitehaven left, and Carlisle once more reached; here I began to be poorly, for hours had to be passed, and no train "up" till 12 o'clock, and that on the Preston line. Had there been one to Newcastle that night and thence on the Thrisk line, I might have reached Ripon in time. But there was none; and I booked to Preston in faith and hope. Some gentlemen in this train, "well up" in the mysteries of, "Bradshaw," kindly exerted themselves to ascertain by what route I might travel and gain my object, and they were rewarded for their trouble by my thanks and grateful remembrance. I was to go on from Preston to Manchester; there would be a train waiting to take me to Leeds; at Leeds there would be one hour for the refreshing of the outer and the inner man. Hence at nine a train would start from Ripon, which would arrive there at 12.10 p.m. So the intricacies of the journey were unravelled. Light was thrown upon the darkness, and I followed it; and the meridian sun shone upon me as I hastened on foot to the Palace. The Bishop was waiting to receive me, and he received me kindly. After some introductory conversation, his Lordship handed me a small vellum Greek Testament, and pointing to the 12th chapter of the Acts asked me to be kind enough to read there. Some verses gave a starting point for an examination in Scriptural knowledge; the questions being put and the answers returned with an earnestness that showed the issue was important. Then came the Articles; and questions on the doctrines of the Trinity, of the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, the nature and value of his atonement, and of individual interest in it, were put. Then the Catechism, was alluded to, and something said on the means of grace and the sacraments.

But the most exciting moment was, when giving the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel as a reference, I told his Lordship that I had not been baptised in infancy.

"What! have you not been baptised, then?"

"Yes, my Lord, I have; when I was eighteen years of age, by a minister of the Baptist denomination;" and I handed to the Bishop a certificate lately received from a brother of mine, still a member of the church and congregation, where I was baptised. His Lordship looked upon this paper, and desiring me to forward it with the other papers to his Secretary, said, "You will feel no difficulty in answering the question of your being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministrations?"

"None, my Lord!"

I do not say the Bishop breathed on me; but to my sense a heavenly affluence reached me as he said, "Mr. B., I shall have pleasure in ordaining you." I never before saw a man that looked so much above a man as that dear Bishop did at that time. A lead had been removed which had almost forbidden me to hope I could be admitted to the public ministry of the Church of England, without repudiating the validity of my baptism, which I was never disposed to do.

In leaving the Palace I all but flew, so light was I. Time indeed had flown: for the interview, which seemed but a few minutes, had extended to nearly two o'clock, the hour of my train's departure for Newcastle, which place I reached, and on to Carlisle in peace that night.

I reached St. Bees' early on Friday morning, and assured the minds of my family and friends. Now the land began to open before us, and we prepared ourselves to take possession of it.

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## THE CARPENTER'S SON.

### LETTER IV.

MY DEAR SIR—I often think of that related of Samson, (Judges xiii. 25,) "And the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times in the camp of Dan." When I was a child in the New Rents, the copper was my pulpit, and my brothers and sisters my auditory. When I became a young man, and a Sunday school teacher, I was greatly stirred up to the ministerial work, but I was hemmed in on every side. No knowledge, no influence, no money, and no leisure, without starvation. Our circumstances, however, as we all worked, were easier than they used to be; and had there not been a



craving for that which was not seen, I might have worked on, and been at rest. But there was a great craving, and I took means to increase it. I gave attention to reading; and many chapters of the scriptures I, and another young man in our workshop, committed to memory. I next had "Taylor's System of Stenography" given to me; and soon I mastered the difficulties of that, and began to practice it; and finding the mind expand with exercise, and attainments reached which I could hardly have dreamed of before, I began to think it only required enduring perseverance to attain anything I wished.

After some time of tender care and great forbearance of the Almighty, by which I grew very confident and rather supercilious in respect to poor, heavy-laden, groaning saints, I had also to come down; I had to begin afresh, for I had to learn what I had failed to do, that it was God's hand, and his holy arm that brought salvation, and alone upheld me. I had not applied to heaven for the materials of my house, and the wood, hay, and stubble, which I had raked together were consumed by the spirit of burning. The minister of King Street Chapel had left that place; and I had for some time been walking in his light; and not in His who first called me; and now all was darkness of mind and anguish of spirit. At this time also, the stock being large, and the trade dull, my services were not required, and I was out of employment.

I read about this time some books of Mr Huntington's writing, and felt such an attachment to him that no subsequent knowledge has ever impaired, but rather strengthened. I am thankful I ever read his "Bank of Faith." It was much blessed to me. I could see that it was founded upon an unalterable basis. I loved the man and his book, for the doctrine's sake: for I was persuaded the doctrine was from heaven. Huntington's doctrine however appeared to belong to a bye-gone age. It was not preached where I dwelt; and though I was intensely longing after something, I scarcely knew what I wanted.

It was at this time that my dear mother, who knew these things, told me of some relatives in Sussex who were decided "Huntingtonians," and forthwith I purposed to visit them; not to tell them my feelings, but to watch their life and spirit, and learn what good I could from them.

I remember one day, towards the close of November, 1827, reaching Pevensy Level. As I drew near the village, I prayed ear-

nastly that God would keep me in the way ; that his hand might be with me now ; that now he would keep me from evil ; that no error might be embraced ; that no good might be withheld. I had nearer access then, in prayer, than I had experienced for some time ; there was an uncovering of the face before the throne. It was "as the light of the morning when the sun riseth," and an evidence that God's presence was with me in my journey.

I had to introduce myself to my relatives as Jacob had to his, and I was as well received, and better treated. Gen. xxix. God gave me favour in the eyes of my aunt Barnard, and I do hope among the redeemed to meet her, a succourer of many, and especially of me, the least of all saints.

It was the first evening of my sojourn there that my cousin Tom came in. He and his mother sat opposite to each other, and I was seated at his right hand. Soon a lively conversation sprung up between them. She was like Despondency's daughter, "Much afraid." He was like Greatheart, who was guide to the pilgrims. No wonder that I listened with admiration ; no wonder that my heart was full, and that the tears sprung to my eyes as Tom discoursed on the marks of a truly quickened soul, and spoke of the things which the hungry soul longed for, and which alone could satisfy it. My heart said, "This is what I want, and this discourse is sweet to me. Sweeter than honey, or the droppings of the honey comb !"

I had been guided aright, and I felt it, and there I continued many weeks tenderly, but faithfully entertained as to body and soul.

I heard several preachers while there, but on New Year's day, 1828, I heard Mr. Vinall, of Lewis, at Eastbourne, from the text "My son, eat thou honey, because it is good ; and the honeycomb which is sweet to thy taste : so shall the knowledge of wisdom be unto thy soul : when thou hast found it, then there shall a reward, and thine expectation shall not be cut off." Proverbs xxiv. 13, 14. He discoursed :

I. Of the relationship. The evidences of sonship.

II. The invitation to such. Eat thou honey, and feed not on husks : "Taste and see that the Lord is gracious."

III. The Assurance. That as honey is the sweetest thing in nature, so the *knowledge of wisdom*, of Christ the wisdom of God, in a mystery, should be the sweetest of all things to the soul.

IV. The time of finding, "when thou hast found it." With some it was the object of their search.

V. The reward. Then there shall be a reward. "Joy and peace in believing."

VI. The certainty of the expectation raised by finding Christ our wisdom being realized. "And thine expectation shall not be cut off."

This Sermon, like Evangelist with Christian, put me in the right way: in the way to the wicket gate: to Christ as "the Way, the Truth and the Life;" and to a knowledge of salvation, by the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus.

When I left Sussex for home, I was a changed man. I had spiritual senses, and they were exercised in discerning good and evil; and I was earnest in the search of the good, but always conscious of the presence of evil.

On my way home, I heard a verse of Watt's Hymns, which I received immediately; my sense of hearing was correct—

"Till God in human flesh I see,  
No comfort can I find;  
The Holy, Just and Sacred Three  
Are terrors to my mind."

And I found no comfort till I saw Jesus as "my Lord and my God." And so it was with all my senses. My soul desired the first ripe fruit; and I travelled far and near for it. "The poor and needy sought water and there was none." I was restless, because I was burdened. Light was given me, but I was in misery.

I was considered a visionary by some, and an antinomian by others. But I knew now what I wanted; and I was earnest, I say, and I could be satisfied with nothing but that which had satisfied heaven taught souls before me: "deliverance of soul." Ps. cxvi. 4. "Say unto my soul I am thy salvation." Ps. xxxv. 3. How thankful am I for that teaching! You shall hear more from me before long, for still I am  
THE CARPENTER'S SON.

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"Life is compared to a vapour, which arises out of the earth or water, and expires almost as soon as it exists; is fleeting, carried here and there, and returns to the place from whence it came. Hence the apostle James asks, 'What is your life? it is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away,' James ix. 14."—*Chamberlain*.

"HE COMMITS HIMSELF TO GOD."

OR,

**ALFRED ASHEY PENNYLESS IN LONDON.**

A few months back we gave an interesting record of the death of Alfred's Mother. The volume from whence that story came—*The Two Lights; by the Author of Struggles for Life*—gives us a touching tale or two of Alfred's wanderings hither and thither, until he comes to London searching for a situation. To all young men, Alfred's course in the great Metropolis may furnish a lesson of great interest. We shall give a page or two now and then: because we know the deceptions and dangers attending a young man's entrance into London, to be so dreadful, that we would most anxiously stretch our energies to the utmost to warn and guide them, as instruments in the hands of our Heavenly Father. Just look at poor Alfred, in his low estate in London. After that we hope to show how his best Friend appeared for him—and helped him on his way. After strolling about town, seeking for "means" and finding none—(writing in the third person,) he says:—

Day after day, for two long and sickening months, he went about the streets of London, trying every possible chance that seemed, by advertisements in *The Times*—that professed Refuge for the Destitute—to beckon him on with the attenuated and fast decaying finger of hope. What was he to do? His little money, economized though it had been most rigidly, would not hold out longer. At the end of these months, after paying for his humble lodgings, he had three shillings left. A few days more, and Alfred lay down on his bed without supper, and with exactly one penny in his pocket. Here now was a case for the trial of principle. A young man, in London, without a friend, reduced to his last penny, and yet calmly trusting to God, whose eye he knows to be on him, even in that huge city, is a sublime spectacle. Shut out, as it were, from human society and human help, an unknown being, yet feeling the ordinary necessities of humanity, and perhaps animated by impulses of which not one in a hundred of the thronging crowd

around him, had any conception, he commits himself to God. With the faith of Elijah, or of the three Hebrews, or of Daniel, under circumstances of terrible trial, he calmly awaits the issue, assured that, come what will, there is neither injustice nor mistake;—that, come what will, he is neither overlooked in the crowd, nor mistaken for another; and that, come what will, even death itself, with all its ghostly associations, the issue will be compatible with Divine omniscience and Fatherly kindness—this is sublime. The Christian faith alone can conduct a human being to this altitude of moral grandeur. This is the very pinnacle of faith, the mountain-summit of confidence in the care of the unseen God. If we believed in human merit at all, we should say here it is! Surely this is meritorious. Surely the Sovereign of the Universe will recognize this strong reliance on His mercy in the midst of thick darkness, and reward it accordingly. And surely the man who dares thus far—dares to kiss the rod, to adore in the thick gloom, and to worship at an altar which seems surrounded by black thunder-clouds, ready to burst in destructive power on his head, has made out a claim to recognition by the Almighty. But while we do not believe in human merit, we admire the grace which can invest any human being with such moral sublimity, and which can so powerfully influence him under such circumstances, as to make him more like an angel, conscious of the impossibility of danger, than a feeble man exposed to the possibility of death for want of a morsel of bread.

Assuredly, if Christianity can accomplish this, it seals its divinity beyond cavil. It is a voice from within the vail, if it enable a human sufferer to bear up his courage in the face of such complicated evils. That it has done so, times without number, is a fact beyond dispute. Christian biography is rich in proof of this; and the experience of living thousands testifies the same thing. Whether wisely or not, millions have ventured their all on the assurance of that Word which they believed to be the Word of Him who cannot lie, “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”

We hope to notice this original and delightful narrative again.

This day, price 1s. cloth, 1s. 6d.

**THE THREE CURACIES: MY FIRST CURACY: HOW I Got it. My Second Curacy: How I Lost it. My Third Curacy: Why I Left it. By A CHAPLAIN.**



**THE DOOR WAS SHUT;  
And I was too Late.**

BY CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

How extremely painful sometimes are those dead disappointments which we meet in the low valley through which we are passing! They would sink us into despair, if there was not a hope at the bottom of all our sorrows, leading us to expect that painfully as we are now disappointed, there is still some prospect that we shall find deliverance. All this world through, the believer in Christ is "saved by hope." But, in the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, our Lord has opened to our view, the solemn and dreadful condition of those poor sinners who, having nothing in life but an empty lamp, find at the last push, that "*the door is shut*," and instead of being in the kingdom of Heaven—holy and happy—they are shut out, cast out, and denounced—for unto them the Bridegroom will say, "*I know you not*." There is, in that tenth verse of Matthew xxv., a very marked and manifold distinction between those sinners who come into the midnight of death without the oil of grace, and those believing souls who, having been enlightened and sanctified by grace, meet death with a quietness and a composure which only Christ's saved sheep can truly know. The foolish virgins are represented as waking up at midnight, and running to their lamps; they find they are empty; and in a fright, they cry out to the wise virgins, "Give us of your oil; *our lamps are gone out*." But the wise answered—"Nor so." This is the first fatal

[Price One Halfpenny; or, 10 copies for 4d.]  
Vol. VIII.—No. 87.

disappointment. Not a few look to others, and think they can, nay, and will help them; but no man can redeem his brother, or give unto God a ransom for him. Look now at the foolish virgins—they are running hither and thither to buy oil—but, in a worse plight than the prodigal; not only does no man give unto them, but there is none that can sell to them. I heard a gentleman declare most positively, an eminent physician told him that the late Duke of D—— vowed he would willingly give one thousand pounds per day to anyone who could save his life; but his time was come, and all the skill in the world could not do it. So, when the black midnight of death sets in upon a sinner dead in sins, or in a mere profession, the poor affrighted soul will run and rave, and tare and turn—but blackness, darkness, and death eternal, meets him at every turn. Wickedness in life, and an awful wildness in death, will plunge the soul in endless woe. But of the wise virgins, what calm and comfortable words are spoken! “*They that were ready, went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut.*” There are three CHEERING WORDS—1.—“*They were ready.*” 2.—“*They went in WITH HIM.*” 3.—“*They went in with him to the marriage!*”

The Bible speaks of one thing as essential to giving us *readiness* for eternity, for death, and for heaven—that one thing is *oil in the vessel*; that oil is a figure of *grace in the soul*. Grace is a comprehensive term. It is something said to be given us *before time*. The venerable Bridge says, “Grace means a three-fold favour, it is expressive of that provision THE LORD made for his people *before time*; it is expressive also of that redemption which our LORD JESUS CHRIST accomplished for his people in the fulness of time: and it is furthermore expressive of that “*pre-disposition for glory*,” that preparation for an inheritance with the saints in light wrought in all who truly believe in the SON OF GOD, by the vitalizing and sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost—

“Oh to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I’m constrained to be;  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee.”

Throw your eyes through the pages of the New Testament, and there see what delightful, testimonial, grace-pillars the Holy Spirit

has set up. On one pillar set up by Paul, we are directed to contemplate the *antiquity* of grace, "GOD HATH SAVED US." (there are four words as big with New Covenant truth, as they can hold—"GOD—~~hath~~—~~saved~~—us,")) "and called us, *not* according to our works; but according to his own purpose and *grace* which *was*' (see well to that)—"which *was* given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." That is Paul's testimony to Timothy, and one would think Paul had been closely reading the 53rd of Isaiah; and the 31st of Jeremiah; and had been led into some sweet views of the church's election in Christ; of the entire removal of her sin by Christ; and of her complete justification through his righteousness imputed unto her in the councils of eternity—and all this he calls grace given us before the world began. There is another grace-pillar—it speaks of the *advent* of grace into this world. "The law was given by Moses; but *grace* and truth *came* by JESUS CHRIST." Wherever Jesus Christ comes, as the Messenger of the covenant—there comes grace and truth; that is, the gracious purposes, provisions, and favours of the Lord our God; and the truthful fulfilment of all the ancient prophecies revealed unto, and spoken by, our fathers who have gone to heaven before steam-engines and railways were heard of or known.

It is grace then, which makes a sinner both ripe and ready for eternal glory. Grace in the FATHER provides everything. Grace in the Son provides everything. Grace in the Spirit reveals and bestows everything required by a Holy God, or needed by an unbelly sinner, in order to their dwelling together in harmony, and honor, and in everlasting bliss. So that *against* them, the New Covenant door, (whereby they enter the city of peace and purity) never can be shut, nor is it possible they can ever come too late.

I have written these few lines in the Eastern Counties Railway, on this Wednesday, June 9th, 1858. Being engaged to preach this evening, at Clare, in Suffolk, I started early from home in order to travel by the Eastern Counties to Sudbury; where that excellent model of gospel philanthropy, brother Ince, was to meet me. Through the delays the cab met with, I reached the station at the very moment when, THE DOOR WAS SHUT, and the man in authority said, "for Sudbury, sir, you are *too late*." I stood amazed for a moment; and there saw a poor countryman jumping



almost frantic, because with myself, he was too late. Poor fellow ! he said he must go, and he pushed the door, and then ran and got another to help him push ; but all was in vain, the train went off ; the door was shut, and we were all too late.

I sat down and wrote some of these lines at Shoreditch Station ; then I came on to Witham. Here I have waited, and have written more. How I shall get to Clare I cannot yet tell ; but if I am spared ; and if the Lord does appear ; if the way is opened ; if the Word of Life is opened ; if my poor heart is opened to receive a message ; and if the door of my lips is opened to publish in Clare the CHEERING WORDS of the New Covenant as spoken by Christ, our Lord ; if these things come to pass, I will, please the Lord, write these in detail next month. In the mean time, how sweet the thought, THE DOOR OF MERCY against real seeking souls is not shut.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

#### LETTER V.

MY DEAR SIR—At length, having no longer any place in those parts, I set out for London on my birth-day, the day I was twenty years of age. I went on foot. I took what my poor mother gave me. In silver it would be but little, yet in prayer, in affection undying, in supplication that would wrestle for a blessing, I went forth from her chamber that morning rich. It was on Friday, May 30th, 1828, and I reached Peckham towards evening the next day.

It does one good to write of past providences. It is the process of clean animals. It is ruminating on past mercies and retasting them. It is not only remembering all the way the Lord our God has led us, but it is reviving slumbering reminiscences of instruments used by him to refresh us.

In Peckham I met with a young man whom I had known in my native place. That evening he went with me into the Old Kent Road, and called upon a baker, an old neighbour of my father's when we lived in "the New Rents." He was well pleased to see me, and asked me what I was going to do ?

"I can't tell you for I do not know."

"Do you want work?"

"I should be glad of work, but I have no tools with me."

"I think I can get you employment."

He did. And I went to work the next week, the master finding me tools, and the neighbour taking me as a lodger. In this employment I wrought from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m., making what is called seven days, and saved money fast. In the following November I was taken ill. A sick head-ache came on while working in an oil shop in the Walworth Road, which resulted in a fever. During the first stages of the fever, I was taken home, and there was well and affectionately nursed by my dear mother.

Oh! that I had better repaid the cares and affections of that invaluable mother!

In this, my first setting out from my father's house to labour for myself, and in the providences manifested, God seemed to say to me, as he really did to Jacob, "behold, I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." It had the effect of raising my mind to acknowledge God in all my ways and to seek his directing power and grace in all the meaner affairs of this life.

Moreover God's grace was exceeding abundant to me ward in spiritual things also.

The very first week that I was in London, I heard Joseph Irons, of Camberwell; and Dr Andrews, of Walworth; and the ministry of those two men was often greatly blessed to me. Under the Doctor I was encouraged and built up, under Joseph I was cleansed "with the washing of water by the word." Eph. v. 26. Under the Doctor I was raised to hope; under Irons that hope was purified. I have often felt that under the faithful ministry of Joseph Irons the hidden thoughts of my heart were made manifest, reprov'd, and corrected.

On Tuesday evening, the second of June, I heard the Doctor in Broad Street, City. I was not favourably impressed. He announced that he was to preach the following evening in some place now unknown to me, and I went thither, and I found God speaking to me through his mouth. "I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." The text arrested attention. And as the Doctor dwelt upon soul

travail and spiritual bondage, he not only came where I was, but he told me all that was in my heart. He said—"there may be one here, there must be, for I did not intend thus to speak;" and then he spoke of my early profession, my subsequent experience, my present distress, yea he so particularly described my very trials, that the word was mine alone and not another's, and my life, which had for months hung in doubt, seemed assured. **THERE WAS THE ASSURANCE OF HOPE!**

Time had rolled on. The places of work and abode had been changed, and so had my feelings. One morning I had risen from my hard bed, near the New Church, Camberwell, rather late. I had to go to the Loughborough Road, and my way at that time led me through fields. It was in October. It was dark, drizzling, cold; but my heart was more dreary. My heart was heavier too than lead, and it sunk within me.

Much as I needed prayer that morning, to hasten to my work I had hurried off without it, and I was miserable. **THERE** I seemed as one moving through a waste howling wilderness alone. Blackness gathered around me, and my load increased upon me. My strength was all gone, there was none shut up nor left. Deut. xxxii. 36. I was sinking, no tongue can tell my necessity; but the suitableness of the Saviour was seen as "God in human flesh;" and I wrestled with him! I pleaded with him thus,

"Do I not love thee, O my Lord?  
Behold this heart and see;  
And turn each cursed idol out  
That dares to rival thee."

I urged my suit for the light of his countenance *then!* For a manifestation of his grace to my soul *then!* I could not let him go! Within and about me all was dead. He only had the words of eternal life, and my heart turned to him wholly,

"Then was I dead to all the world;  
And all the world was dead to me."

Again, I drew near to touch the hem of his garment. This was my suit--

"Do I not love thee, O my Lord?  
Then let me nothing love;

Dead to my heart to every joy,  
IF JESUS CANNOT MOVE!"

But I knew he *was* able, and he proved immediately his willingness. He did move my heart, and it flowed out to the goodness of the Lord: the veil was taken away, I was light in the Lord!

"The opening heavens around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss;  
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,  
And whispers I am his!"

I was ready to swoon with delight at the open vision. I felt ready and desirous to leave my clamorous clay, which was still moving in the direction of toiling labour. I was so full of heaven, that it seemed incompatible with earth. These words came, they could now be used: "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love." But I was saved, and I had the knowledge of salvation by the remission of my sins. THERE WAS THE ASSURANCE OF FAITH.

I was touched with compassion, and sprinkled with blood; Jesus had given me "the oil of joy for mourning." And that day, whenever I spoke, my heart flowed through my eyes. The foreman, who was a professor of religion, said, "that religion of your's will drive you mad." I replied, "These are not tears of sorrow, but of joy." Before that day was out, I was constrained to pray either that I might be taken home, or that the glory of his face might be veiled. The latter was granted; I was left on earth to work and groan; but the work of that day has never been forgotten. I have tried to question it a thousand times: but—

"Graven as in eternal brass,  
*The whole transaction stands!*"

"I look on this when sunk in fears,  
And each repeated sight—  
Like some refreshing cordial cheers,  
And makes temptation light."

And here, my dear sir, you have an account of the manner in which the Lord loosed the bonds of

THE CARPENTER'S SON,

**PLANTING THE STANDARD OF THE CROSS  
IN  
THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.**

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"CHEERING WORDS" are very well, and when spoken to the heart by the Spirit of G<sup>o</sup>d, are of more spiritual value than thousands of gold and silver; but we sometimes fear whether many of us do not *rest* in being cheered and comforted, instead of being, like Paul, persevering and self-denying preachers of the gospel of Christ, and *practical promoters* of those holy principles of Grace whereby we have ourselves been called to a knowledge of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST. What a sweeping sentence was that of Paul's, "*All seek their own; not the things which are JESUS CHRIST'S!*" This is a solemn word indeed! Too true, in thousands of instances. Oh! when will Zion arise, and put on her beautiful garments? Ah! when?

We must come from *words* to *works*. We have two cases to introduce. One is fetched from Portsea, in Hampshire; the other is from Sydenham, in Surrey. May the few following words be like fire from heaven, setting light to many dark and drowsy minds.

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**"THE CHURCH IN THE CIRCUS."**

Such is the title of a little shilling volume now circulating through the kingdom; and is considered one of the most cheering records of the triumphs of evangelical effort which has ever been witnessed in England, during the last century at least.

The volume is written by the Rev. John Knapp, of Portsea; whose exertions to gather in the masses of the poorer people to hear the Word of God; and to unite in prayer to the God of Jacob for saving mercies, have been crowned with great and good results.

"The Circus" at Landport was for many years the scene of sinful, cruel, and dangerous pursuits. Mr. Knapp has been the means of turning that house of mischief into a house of prayer and

praise: and not a few have been turned from darkness to light: among whom the gospel is faithfully preached; and children are taught, at least, to read God's Holy Word. This is a **CHEERING FACT**. Upon this work, we believe the Saviour looks with sweet complacency: angels rejoice; and sinners wonder what it all can mean. The wonder of many leads to repentance, faith, and the remission of sins through Jesus, **THE FRIEND OF SINNERS**; and by the power of the **HOLY SPIRIT**.

Mr. Knapp, the Incumbent of St. John's, Portsea; and the hero of this glorious enterprise, is an honour to his country; an ornament to the Church of England; a faithful and a laborious servant in the vineyard of our Lord. We entreat every Christian—in whose prayer stands that notable sentence, "*Thy kingdom come*"—to read, and to circulate this volume "*The Church in the Circus*." It may be had of Partridge and Co.; or through any bookseller in the kingdom. Our children, our neighbours, our fellow-men, may all see, in this volume, what true religion can do, when in powerful zeal she goes forth to gather home her ransomed, yet rebellious sons. Long may the Heavens smile upon Mr. Knapp's exertions; and may his "*Church in the Circus*" provoke many to "*go and do likewise*." Amen, and Amen.

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"GOD BLESS THE PEACE-MAKER!"

#### A CHRISTIAN LADY AMONG THE NAVVIES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

*The British Messenger* last month gave a Review of a new volume entitled "*English Hearts and English Hands*."

The Evangelical and Philanthropic example set us by this lady is most delightful; and the perusal of it enough to make us heartily wish that thousands like her could be found at work among the poor and the fallen of our land! We ask our readers, one and all, to read the following powerful prayer in the midst of their families, in their schools, and on the village greens where the people meet to hear "What's going on." We think the tale that here is told will move the hardest heart; and make it almost wish, if nothing more, that such a messenger of mercy might be sent to them. And why should not every christian female, in her measure, seek to shed

around the peaceful tidings of the Gospel of Christ? Speaking of this volume, the editor says,

"It is well known that the author is a strong-minded, warm-hearted lady—the daughter of an esteemed minister of the Church of England. And the work now before us, is a record of her exertions, for the promotion of the temporal and spiritual welfare of the hundreds of those men, commonly called 'navvies,' who were engaged in the varied works, connected with the erection of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. When we reflect, that there were, at one time, about three thousand of these *navvies* working at the Crystal Palace grounds, we cannot fail to see, that they presented a wide field, not only for the ordinary Christian labourers, but for the extraordinary also; and this book shews us, in its own lively and modest way, that such labour was not in vain. The beginning was small, but in course of time, the influence of that devoted Christian lady became so great, that she could command masses of them by 'the law of kindness,' and get them to obey her, even when their passions were roused to the highest degree. One day, when the navvies, five hundred in number, were engaged in 'a war of extermination' with the police, who had, at that time, unjustly attacked them; and when the police were likely to be overwhelmed, she drove between the combatants, and turning to the navvies with already upraised missiles in their hands, said: 'the first man who throws a stone is my enemy—we will have no more fighting to day by God's help! Haven't we had enough of it already—two policemen nearly killed, and seven of our poor fellows perhaps to be transported for life, or hanged if the wounded men die. Go back and give over, for my sake—for the sake of that God of peace of whom I have so loved to speak with you.' A brief silence followed, and then some remonstrated,—“Do you go away, ma'am. We would'nt hurt you for anything; but it is not fair to hinder us paying off the p'leece.” “I shall not go away till you are gone, tho' I stay here till midnight. You will not murder men before mine eyes, I know.” “We don't want to vex you,” said two or three of the spokesmen; “but we will set our mates free.” “They shall be free,” she said; “these innocent men whom we have seen taken prisoners before our eyes. If there be justice in England, they shall be free to go with you to the Crimes. I pledge myself not to rest till it is done. Will you trust me?” There was a pause; and then a short conference between leading spirits, was followed by loud shouts, “Trust ye to the world's end!” “Then prove it,” she replied, “by going back within the Crystal Palace gates.” They

instantly obeyed, and in five minutes she was left alone with the police, and with the prisoners. To a clergyman who drove back with her an hour after, to see if all was peaceful, they told the story of the afternoon with great point, adding—"A lady's gentle voice do more with us than forty thousand p'leeces." They were all in high good humour, shouting—"God bless the peacemaker," till kindly voices must have been tired, and then they were ready to listen seriously to Mr. Chalmers' service. This was one of the noblest achievements on human record. A woman's friendly gentle voice rolling back the tumultuous waves of the passion of revenge when at its height, and obtaining the implicit confidence and immediate obedience of five hundred untutored men! The whole book shews the all but omnipotent influence of an *embodied gospel* over the rudest natures. She shewed herself their friend, and made known to them the Lord as their best *Friend*. She fed them when starving, clothed them when destitute of proper raiment, lent them money when in need, held meetings where she read and explained the Scriptures, and prayed with them, gave them Bibles, New Testaments, tracts, and was the happy instrument of the conversion of numbers, and the moral improvement of nearly all. She was beloved and respected by them beyond the power of language to describe, and the fear of grieving *her*, and making 'them two tears come in her eyes,' kept them from many a drinking revel, and when any one of them was tempted and fell, the remembrance of how *she* would grieve for it was almost intolerable, and led to a speedy and deep repentance. *She* was among them like a living Gospel, and in this book (which is substantially her diary), all who have the position and the power to do good to their less favoured fellow-men may learn, and learn afresh how to act, so as to be followers of Jesus, while they endeavour to make known the Gospel of His grace. It shews more than any other book how much may be done for the amelioration of the toiling millions by frankness, sympathy, kindness, and confidence on the part of those who seek to benefit them. Not only is it valuable as a record of successful Christian labour—it is invaluable also as a *model*.

These two "CHERRING WORKS" we present as an earnest of many more to come.



**THIRD FRAGMENT FROM THE PRISON BASKET;****OR, LETTERS FROM CONVICT PRISONERS.**

DEAR SIR—I purpose, by God's assistance, to write a brief history of my life. I was born about the year 1830. My parents were very poor; they had a large family: eleven in all. They could neither read nor write. Neither did they embrace religion. Neither did they teach their children to embrace religion. We were heathen in a Christian country, and lived without God in the world. Yet I was willingly ignorant of the Saviour. I was a willing slave to sin and Satan.

My father was an agricultural labourer, a hard-working man, and I was brought up to the same very young, and neither taught to read, nor write, nor pray. But I used to run about with others, like myself, stealing, sabbath-breaking, swearing, and the like.

I was never taught to steal, nor was I strictly cautioned about how I came by such things. And so I grew up, till at length I was apprehended for sheep-stealing, and shut up in a gloomy cell, of which I had never seen the like before; and the long days and nights gave me time to reflect upon the past and the future.

Sometimes I prayed, but not for the sins which I had committed against God or man, but that I might escape the eyes and justice of man. But blessed be God, who doth not see as man seeth, he had a better design to accomplish, and I was found guilty, and got this sentence of four years; for which I shall bless God the longest day I live. This was in Canterbury jail; and I was taken back to my cell, where was a Bible, a Common Prayer Book, and another little book, which I had never opened. They and I used to go to chapel every morning, and twice on a Sunday. And I heard the minister read in the Bible about Jesus being the Saviour of sinners; words very familiar to me, as I could say the Creed and the Lord's prayer.

Soon after, I began to think I was a sinner, and needed a Saviour; and I began to pray for forgiveness of my sins, which I could see were not only against man, but against God. And then it came into my mind to look into the Bible, which, when I opened, being very small print, I turned over and over the leaves to find the place where the reading was, and seeing it all alike, and all

like pictures, I asked a man where the place was where the minister read in the Bible? And he, being a man that feared God, he put me in the way how to find the Gospel of Saint Luke. But I was a long time before I could read any of it, as I was then only beginning to learn the letters. But I used to spell over the Lord's prayer and the church prayers, 'till I could make out a great deal of what I heard the minister read. And I was very much interested with the words of St. Peter, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life!" And our Saviour saith, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," and "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Then I was overwhelmed with love to that Saviour who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," and I thought I was becoming a new creature, according to that Scripture, "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," and another, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" and again, "Your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake." Yes. "We have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace!

But though he has forgiven me, I can never forgive myself. It will humble me through all eternity, to think of the evils I have done, and the good I have left undone through twenty-seven precious years spent in the service of sin and Satan. And my sins are of the blackest sort. But Jesus is yet exalted "A Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins!"

Now I am a communicant, but I sometimes have doubts and fears whether I am a true disciple of Christ or not. I cannot unbosom myself as freely as I wish to my Heavenly Father at the Lord's table! I cannot express myself in my words. "Who can tell how oft he offendeth? O! cleanse thou me from my secret faults! Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins," &c.

May the Lord appear, to prove the sincerity of my heart, and to manifest his love to my kinsmen and brethren, and help me to tell them how graciously God hath dealt with me.

And, dear sir, if you can assist me in what you see me wanting, I shall be thankful.

I remain your humble servant,

January 9th, 1858.

GEORGE S. NEWBROPE.

## LETTER FROM THE SAME TO HIS SISTER.

MY DEAR SISTER.—I received your very kind and welcome letter, and was happy to hear that you were all quite well, except my poor mother, whom I hope it has pleased God to comfort and heal both in soul and body by this time.

Thank God, I am quite well in health at present; and I enjoyed a very comfortable Christmas in my situation. I spent the day in prayer and singing praises to our Great Redeemer, and making mention of you all in my prayers. So, although I was absent from you in person, I was present with you in the spirit; and that was a great consolation to me, and I hope is to you. Believe me, I had a happier Christmas this year than the last one I spent at liberty; and I would rather stop where I am now, than to have my liberty to live as I did before. So you must not expect to see me again as I was when you saw me last, and I hope this will be a great consolation to you all.

I hear that you have William at home again. And I hope he will not be offended, for I beg of him to try and help his poor mother, and do all he can for all of you. But I fear he is growing up in wickedness and folly as I did myself. But, O William, and John, and all my brothers and sisters, I do pray they may not be brought to see their folly in the same way as myself, though I am happy, I am brought to it in this way. But I would be sorry to see any one of you come to see your folly as I have. For I know this that, God will surely punish us for our sins if they are continued &c., &c., &c. Your affectionate brother,

GEORGE S. NEWBORN.

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THE TWO SENTINELS;

OR,

SALVATION SEALED UPON THE HEART, BY "THE  
PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST."

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WE know but little of the great work now going on in every quarter of the globe, through "THE WORD OF GOD, *that liveth and abideth for ever;*" but, although our know-

ledge is limited, channels are now opening, whereby, more fully will be developed, some of the ten thousand times ten thousand blessings, which the Scriptures have been the means of conferring on multitudes of our sinful race.

A Periodical published by Samuel Bagster and Sons, entitled *The Book and its Missions*, gives us the following instance of the use our God makes of his own Word.

WE have received the following interesting particulars, concerning one of the translators of the Cingalese Version of the Scriptures, from Mr. G. T. Edwards, of Windermere, one of the Bible Society's Domestic Agents.

"Some years ago two soldiers belonging to one of the regiments of the British army, stationed at Gibraltar, were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. While living on this secluded spot, with few opportunities of hearing the word preached, *they were led to read it together*; and the voice of God, speaking in his written word, touched one of their hearts. The conversion of the other soon followed.

One evening as these two soldiers were placed as sentries at the opposite end of a Sallyport, or long passage leading from the Rock to the Spanish territory; one of them, as we have seen, was already rejoicing in God his Saviour; while the other was in a very anxious state of mind, and under strong convictions of sin, earnestly seeking pardon. That evening, an officer of the garrison returning home at a late hour, came up to the sentry outside the Sallyport, who was the soldier recently converted, and asked as usual for the watchword. The man absorbed in meditation, scarcely rousing from his midnight reverie, replied to the officer's challenge with the words, '*the precious blood of Christ.*' He soon, however, recovered his self-possession, and gave the correct watchword.

"His comrade, who was anxiously seeking pardon, stationed at the inner end of the Sally-port, (a passage specially adapted for the conveyance of sound,) heard the words, '*the precious blood of Christ,*' mysteriously borne upon the breeze, at the solemn midnight hour, and the words came to him as a voice from heaven; his

load of guilt was removed, and 'the peace of God' was granted to him.

"He was afterwards, with others of his regiment, drafted for service in India, and proceeded to the island of Ceylon, where a long career of usefulness opened before him, and where he became the honoured instrument for the completion of a great and important work. He was well qualified to fill the office of master in the principal school of Colombo, having had a good education in early life; and to this end his discharge was procured from his regiment.

"He soon acquired an intimate knowledge of the Cingalese language; and, as a translation of the Bible into that tongue was lying in an unfinished state, owing to the death of the individual who had commenced the work, he set himself to the task, and completed that version which was afterwards printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, in four 4to volumes. The remainder of his life was spent in India, devoted to the service of his Lord and Master. And ere he died, he became acquainted with no less than thirteen languages."

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CHEERING WORDS IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE,

DRAWN FROM

Mr. James Wells's Sermon on "The Right Hope."

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THERE have been—perhaps, there still are—thousands and tens of thousands of Adam's fallen children who are concerned about a future state, who feel that, although their outer man must decay, and fall into the grave; that their inner man is *immortal*, that their souls must live for ever:—that in the holy pleasures and employments of HEAVEN; or, in the horrors, and undying groans of HELL, they must have an existence. This conviction has been productive of a godly sorrow for sin, and a crying to God for mercy. The Bible has been opened; and partially read; but only with fear and trembling. The way of pardon and peace has been sought for, but not found: CHRIST has been heard of; and a faint effort of faith has gone forth to lay hold upon the Saviour; but it has seemed to fail. Prayer has been deeper and deeper: and a little something like HOPE has sprung up in the soul. "I thought," said such an one, "I heard some one whisper in my ear, '*Hope thou in God; for thou shalt yet praise Him.*'" This Hope has held up the soul. This Hope has been almost silent; it has said but very little. This Hope has appeared very *uncertain*: sometimes it appeared

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cheerful, lively, confident, and strong; at another time, it appeared to be gone; or so faint, and so covered over with fears, that no comfort could be drawn from it. "*I wonder whether my Hope is the Christian's Hope—THE RIGHT HOPE?*" said this new comer unto Christ. "Oh! I wish I could be sure that my hope is the same as Paul speaks of, "*Hope which maketh not ashamed, BECAUSE the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.*" It may be a cheering word to such seeking people, when we announce that Mr. JAMES WELLS has lately preached a sermon in the Crystal Palace; and that sermon is printed and published, and may be had all the world over:—and more than all, it is called "**THE RIGHT HOPE.**"

"Ah! but does Mr. Wells know how to distinguish the *Right Hope*, from all the counterfeit Hopes that are in existence?" asks this careful little comer. We answer, we think he does. He has lately preached several sermons upon "*The Right Faith,*" "*The Right Spirit,*" "*The Right Decision,*" &c., &c.; and, we believe, to a good degree, the excellent Surrey Tabernacle Pastor has defined "*The Right Hope.*" Here are three paragraphs from the sermon referred to. After much elucidation, Mr. Wells said—

This hope delivereth from the shame of disappointment. Who shall undertake to describe the sorrows, even in this life, arising from disappointment? What losses, what reverses, what severations of the dearest ties! What thousands of gourds are blasted! What numberless springs of consolation run dry, and we become ashamed that we have hoped for so much in sources of such uncertainty. Alas! "*Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.*" But shall the hope, the true hope of eternal life disappoint? Shall the hope of salvation, the hope of the gospel, the hope of righteousness, the hope of glory, disappoint? No! there is no uncertainty in any of these. The life is sure, the salvation certain, the gospel infallible, the righteousness of God eternal, the glory of the Lord endureth for ever. This hope is then indeed, more precious than rubies, and all things thou canst desire, are not to be compared unto it.

That which so especially emboldens the possessor of this hope that

maketh not ashamed, is because the love of God is shed abroad in our heart, by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us. Now a hope unconnected with the love of God must, to all intents and purposes, be a false hope; a dead hope; a mere delusive phantom. What then is this love of God shed abroad in the heart? It is the love of the truth, my hearer, that is the love of God. To the law of truth, and to the testimony of God, if they speak not according to this word, there is no light in them. All professed love to God must be tested by his truth. But what do I mean by his truth? I mean that truth where the love of God is in contrast to that truth where his wrath is. His love is in Christ, and here it is we are brought into an everlasting covenant, even the sure mercies of David. Now it is as these sure mercies are revealed and ministered to us that we love God. We love him not where he is wrath, or where he "is a consuming fire;" but where he is love. Now, he is love in eternal election in Christ. His absolute and eternal choice of our souls to salvation, stand as a declaration of his love. Also, in predestination he is love—his love is the reason of his electing. In vocation he is love—"God who is rich in mercy, for his great love werewith he loved us, when dead in sin;" again, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore in loving kindness, have I drawn thee." He is love in justification—for what but love could put this best robe upon us. He is love in the life, and death, and resurrection, of his dear Son. He is love in all the counsels and instructions of his holy word. And in the end, it will prove that he is love in all the afflictions he lays upon his people, or suffers others to lay upon them. And "he rests in his love for ever." Now then, here it is—we love God where he first loved us. Now where the truth is thus known in the life and love of it, there is more or less assurance of interest in the same; and this will make a man feel that "the Lord of Hosts is with him, that the God of Jacob is his refuge;" and this will make him bold as a lion. What careth he for fiery furnaces, or lion's dens?

But this love is said to be "shed abroad in the heart." It is not shut up in one corner of the heart, but ranges all through it; it is the very life, health, and strength of the heart—for without "this love of God shed abroad," how dead, how sickly, and how weak are we! But when this love shines like the sun into every part—when this love like a refreshing breeze, diffuses itself abroad; or, like the flowing brook, softens and fertilises the soul, making it "a well watered garden." When this love is thus shed abroad, how it brings mountains down, valleys up, rough places plain, and shews forth the salvation and glory of God. And where his love is thus shed abroad,



it is sure to shew itself, for it worketh no ill to its neighbour. It was in love that God gave us his Son; it was love unto us that Jesus died for us; and love to us the Holy Spirit quickened us; and in love to us the Lord abides by us. And I am glad, as I before said, to see so goodly a number here this morning practically sympathizing with the objects of this society. Where love is shed abroad, it will set the heart and hands to work; and we shall glory in doing good.

"THE Right Hope" is a matter of such infinite, and everlasting importance, that we are anxious to give a much fuller account of it another month. We consider our brother James Wells's sermon on "The Right Hope" to be one of his most able discourses; it was heard to soul profit by many; and will be useful in the reading, we have no doubt.

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### THE DOOR WAS SHUT, AND I WAS TOO LATE.

(Concluded from page 134.)

It is some years since the hand now cold and still in death, (Joseph Irons, of Camberwell,) wrote those singular, but certain lines of truth, beginning

"O wondrous wheel of providence,  
Held in Jehovah's hand—  
Mysterious to the sons of sense,  
Moved by Divine command.

"Each of time's changes, like a spoke,  
Proceeds from God, its source:  
Each fills its station: none are broke:  
All aid its wondrous course.

"Let Atheists vainly talk of chance,  
*I would this wheel adore:*  
Which rules and guides each circumstance,  
Which angels can't explore."

In coming to finish the brief narrative I commenced last month, the above lines flew into my mind, and produced a little relief to the conflicts within, which I was the subject of, arising from a variety of questions which the event before referred to, and its subsequent cir-

circumstances, gave rise unto. The first question was this—"Does not the Lord often gently reprove and check us, when we run where he does not call, or require us to go?" I thought in going to Clare to preach, I had these checks, one after the other.—First, I lost the train: then, although our excellent brother Ince, drove me carefully and safely to his house, and brother John Pells, the pastor, smiled upon me, and welcomed me; and although there was a good number of people spread over the spacious chapel; yet, my poor soul was so shut up in bondage, that to preach appeared impossible. "Ah!" I said to myself, "I had no business here—the invitation was merely a compliment; and our MASTER does not require us thus to play with his gospel, his time, nor his service." I was exceedingly unhappy. But then, another question arose: it was this—"Does not the Lord overrule all our weaknesses; and turn even them, to the good of his people, and the glory of his name?" I must believe he does: for even in the service at Clare, I had a special text laid upon my mind, and I was feelingly compelled to run into a subject, which I never like to dwell much upon, if I can help it. These words were laid upon my mind, and I attempted to preach from them—"And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even JESUS, which delivered us from the wrath to come." The solemn fact implied—that there is "the wrath to come" for all who die in their sins; for all who depart out of this world, enemies to God, and without a living faith in Christ: this weighty and dreadful subject so laid hold of my spirit, that away from it, I could not scarcely move; and there in that pulpit at Clare, I stood for nearly, or quite an hour, trying to get away from "the wrath to come;" but, I was so bound to it, and wrapped up in it, that those beautiful themes, the gospel notes, the soul-enlivening doctrines of the text, I could not get at, nor enter into. The text contains five or six glorious branches of New-covenant fruit—of gospel fulness, and of real Christian experience. Perhaps, some of my most excellent, clever, preaching brethren may gather up the divisions I give them; and preach therefrom some good sermons: and, if they should—(the LORD blessing their preaching) there will great good arise out of this gloomy tale; and many "CHEERING WORDS" may thus fly abroad; and be carried into the heart of many a poor sinner, who, through grace divine is brought "to wait for his Son from heaven." Let us look, then, into the text I so severely tried to preach from: and could not. Let us survey some of the beauties and glories, it contains. And first of all, there is "JESUS." A name most precious to millions

of immortal minds ; both here, and on the other side of the river. Secondly—there is his Mediatorial Character ; his Mediatorial Nature ; his Mediatorial distinct Personality. He is **JEHOVAH**, the **FATHER'S SON**. Thirdly—there is the place he came from—"from heaven !" Fourthly—the death he died. Fifthly—the Resurrection by which he triumphed over death, and hell. Sixthly—there is the great work he did—"He delivered from the wrath to come." And, lastly, there is a manifold description of the people who are delivered : they are said to be—the people to whom the gospel comes with power : (while I was trying to hammer out a few words about this part of the subject, John Pells caught up the whole verse, and to work he went, preparing a sermon from it for Keddington anniversary the next day ; of which more hereafter :) it is said of the people, too, "*they received the word in much affliction ; with joy of the Holy Ghost :*" and then, says the Apostle unto them, "And ye became followers of us ; and of the Lord :—" not only so ; but they sent out the word of the Lord, not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place, their faith Godward was spread abroad ; like the poor leper of whom Mark speaks—"they published the gospel much ; and blazed abroad the matter ;" so that people thronged in multitudes to see and hear the Saviour's voice. These Thessalonians were regular Whitfieldites, Wellsites, and Spurgeonites. There was no place large enough for *Gloucester George*: James, of the Surrey Tabernacle, after for more than thirty years running through the kingdom *blazing abroad the matter of electing love, and redeeming mercy*, is now concentrating his powers in the Metropolis ; and to thousands upon thousands preaching the gospel of the ever-blessed God :—and as to Charles Spurgeon ; I suppose hundreds of thousands, and thousands beyond that have heard his tale of Jesus's never-dying love.

Of my Clare text, of Keddington anniversary, and other men mighty in the ministry, I have more to say, but here I say good-bye for a few days, as I am compelled to go and carry tidings myself : pray, therefore, for your little Editor,  
C. W. E.

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What do you want, my brother ? You have the precious manna supplied for your daily food, as truly and abundantly as the Israelites had during their forty years' sojourn in the wilderness ! The promise stands always the same, and can never fail, come what may. "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure."—*George Dawkins*,

A RAY OF LIGHT THROWN ACROSS THE ATLANTIC;  
OR,  
AN ENGLISH LADY'S LETTER ON THE AMERICAN REVIVAL.

ALL public movements, like public men, have their foes as well as their friends. It must be so in this imperfect state of things. There is a wide contrast between a pamphlet just issuing in England, entitled "*The New York Christian Critic*," and the following letter written by a lady, and inserted in *The Evangelical Magazine* for July. There certainly are some CHERRING WORDS in the following brief epistle:

"On the 17th of March, the Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association leased Burton's Theatre for a noon-day prayer-meeting, which I was privileged to attend on the 19th. This theatre is situated near Broadway, in one of the most crowded parts of the city. I found the stairways and entrances blocked up, and a crowd extending across the pavement, while hundreds were going away unable to get in. All classes were represented in this throng. There were clergymen, merchants, clerks, brokers, carmen, whose carts were standing at the door; inventors, ladies who had turned aside an hour from their shopping; students, strangers from distant parts attracted by the fame of these marvelously strange meetings, though it was obvious that the merely curious formed but a very small portion of those present. I was surprised to observe, that in this closely packed throng there was complete silence; none of that talking and jesting so usual in an American crowd; but a serious, earnest look, as though the people had come there on an important business. In about ten minutes' time, I obtained a seat in the front row of the highest gallery, from which I had a good view of the singular spectacle.

"I think I never attended such an impressive service, or one in which the presence of Him 'who dwelleth not in temples made with hands' was more manifest. The contrast between the theatrical appearance of the edifice and the purpose to which, for this brief period, it was appropriated, was very striking. For that hour a theatre became a house of prayer, instead of a haunt of profanity,—a spot for the real tears of repentance, and not the scene of fictitious sorrows. The building, though lighted by gas, was partially darkened with the crowds of people, who were clustered wherever stand-

ing or clinging room could be found, while numbers were standing with bowed heads and reverent aspect in the lobby, where they could only hear. The pit and both galleries were full, and about five sevenths of the audience of 1800 were men. On the stage were four gentlemen, one of whom presided, and at twelve o'clock opened the service by reading the verse, 'Now therefore, are we all present before God,' after which he offered up prayer. The hymn was sung—

'Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,'

to the old tune, Shirland. It was a magnificent and thrilling sound as nearly 2000 voices joined in the many-toned harmony, which was caught up on the stairs, in the lobbies, and in the streets, with fervour and enthusiasm. Prayers, singing, and direct instruction and faithful exhortation followed, and alternated all of them being of a deeply solemn character. One gentleman rose in the pit, and spoke from these words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin,' and when he reached the end of the allotted time, he was requested to go on both from the pit and stage. He spoke of sin—the rebel heart, and life contrary to God—of the heart-searching Judge, and the great white throne, before which all that assemblage must shortly appear. He said that he, a 'blasphemer and injurious,' had found mercy. And to that congregation of sinners, hushed in solemn stillness, met in such an unwonted place and time, he spoke gloriously of the fulness of mercy in Christ. There was no 'excitement,' but there was deep, though suppressed, emotion—such emotion as those must feel who are aroused to a view of the pit to which sin is hastening them. As he spoke of Him who came not to condemn but to save the world, there was a suppressed sound of weeping. The big tears were coursing down the wrinkle cheeks of world-worn business men; while many, with faces buried in their handkerchiefs, were doubtless presenting that petition for pardon which has never yet been offered in vain. It was a solemn moment as the speaker sat down, and the assembly rose to unite in a fervent prayer for those to whom requests had been presented, and for themselves. The meeting concluded with the verses of the old hymn—

'Blow ye the trumpet; blow  
The gladly solemn sound,  
Let all the nations know,  
The universe around,  
The year of jubilee is come.  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.'

A PENNYLESS, BUT NOT A PRAYERLESS, YOUTH  
ON LONDON BRIDGE :

THE EXPEDITION OF YOUNG ASHBY

CONTINUED.

We have before referred to, drawn extracts from, and recommended to the notice of our readers, that highly instructive volume, entitled, "THE TWO LIGHTS: OR, REASON AND REVELATION." The career of Alfred Ashby is, we suppose, a narrative drawn from real life. It stands in striking contrast beside the career of Alfred's companion; and we hope, our occasional review of Alfred's wanderings, may prove not only instructing, but a real blessing to many of our young friends. We have seen, in previous numbers of CHEERING WORDS, Alfred Ashby in the dying chamber of his venerated mother. We have watched his movements as an orphan in the world, wandering from his native village to Oxford; and onward to London. The following extract from his diary will shew how "goodness and mercy followed him;" how grace preserved him, and how afflictions were sanctified unto him.

ALFRED had been in the habit for some years of keeping a diary. He continued the practice, for some time at least, after his arrival in London. Neither to philosopher nor statesman does it contain anything very interesting, but to the student of the human heart, to the Christian, to the devout believer in providence, and to those who feel they are being trained and disciplined through affliction, that portion of it which embraces the history of a month from the day on which we last saw him, a stranger in London, without employment, and having only one penny in his possession, will undoubtedly prove interesting, perhaps profitable.

*September 3rd.*—Went out this morning, not knowing whither: breakfastless, and all but penniless, but, through grace, not prayerless and not hopeless. The cloud was dark, certainly, but the sun was bright above it. Knew not why, but felt disposed to make a promenade of London Bridge, which I did for two hours. Tried to

count the passengers, twice or thrice, but gave it up as impossible. About 12 o'clock, some one touched my shoulder, saying, "Mr. Ashby, is it not?" I recognised in the speaker an old acquaintance from Bath, who pressed me to dine with him. I consented, with more thankfulness than I expressed. Either from foolish pride, or false delicacy, I did not wish him to know the real state of matters, he having been rather an acquaintance than a friend. But he discovered that I was without a situation, and kindly forced me to accept half-a-crown. It was a large sum for him—a mechanic. Read in the evening Hebrews xii.

4th.—Mrs. Jones, my landlady, surprised me this morning, by saying that her husband, who is porter in a large warehouse in Cheapside, had said that he hoped to get a job for me in a few days. I said I was greatly obliged. What can this mean? He called on me in the evening, and said that Messrs. Broadcloth & Co. wished to see me on the following day. I shall wait patiently. 'To-morrow will take thought for the things of itself.'

5th, Evening.—Called this morning on Mr. Broadcloth, son. A fine gentlemanly looking man. Hair white as snow. Intelligence, decision, and benevolence mingled in his countenance. Said that one of his clerks was unwell, and that I might take his place, under the direction of another, for two or three days. This is my first engagement since leaving my old master in Bath. The work is new to me and difficult, requiring great experience to do it well. I shall do my best. It may lead to something permanent. But that is no business of mine. I hope the sick clerk will recover, as I have heard he is the sole support of his mother, and she is a widow. A widowed mother! O, what tender associations these terms recall! I wonder if the happy spirit of my beloved mother knows anything of my wanderings and disappointments. I trust not, lest it affect her happiness even in heaven. But that may not be. If she knows, does she pray for me even there, as she used to do on the earth? What we know not now, we shall know hereafter. That is certain.

7th, Saturday Night.—How much better it is to suffer than to be the occasion of suffering or disappointment to others! this is the first week that I have been unable to pay for my lodgings, yet it is also the first that I have had employment, so that my landlady can hardly be anxious on that score. Probably, I shall only be another day in the office, as the clerk is recovering. I rejoice in it, for his widowed mother's sake. I hope he appreciates the goodness that preserves him. To-morrow is the rest of the Christian sabbath. May it pay its hallowed engagements!

8th, *Sunday Evening*.—A very pleasant day, and yet a strange sense of solitude disturbed me in the midst of a large congregation. All were strangers to me, and yet we were all professedly worshipping the Great Father, in whom we all live and move and have our being. Heard a clergyman of the Church of England in the morning, from the words, "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?" The subject was clear and logical, but his manner was cold and monotonous. He did not quite forget Christ, and that is all that can be said. Wandered into a chapel in the evening. What a contrast! The text was, "If ye love me keep my commandments." The preacher seemed on fire with the love of Christ. It was his absorbing theme, and he evidently carried his audience with him. If he was not so clear as the clergyman, he certainly had none of his coldness; and if he was not so clerically stiff, he was infinitely more like an ambassador of Christ. I am thankful that my steps were directed to that place. I feel encouraged and strengthened, even though I may be again out of employment to-morrow. "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

9th.—My temporary clerkship is ended! Well; Mr. Broadloth kindly gave me a sovereign for my services. My landlady is paid, and I have a large fund left! But how is this? I am happier now than when I was employed.

10th.—Hateful idleness! Purchased a shilling's worth of religious tracts, which I mean to give away in the neighbourhood of a theatre to-morrow evening, where, I am told, there is to be some great "attraction," otherwise, great delusion—and where many young people go.

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which has a Christian Instruction agency in operation, as every Christian Church should?"

"No sir," I again said.

"O, I beg your pardon," he replied, with great politeness; "I have no curiosity in the matter. It is still more pleasing if this effort to do good be the result of private or individual benevolence; but, as I take some interest both in the public and private movements of Christian philanthropy, I felt that you would be pleased to know that one person at least was gratified by your labour of love."

I don't know why, but my heart was drawn towards this gentleman. I felt as if I could unbosom myself to him. Long have I yearned for a friend. I explained the circumstance, saying that I was comparatively a stranger in town, but felt anxious not to be altogether useless. He listened, as I thought, with interest, and gave me his card, saying,

"My name is Gregory; you will find my address without difficulty, and I shall be glad to see you whenever you please."

(To be continued.)

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#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

Nor all who receive the greatest blessings from on high, live to speak of them; nor are all, who are recipients of great mercies, and live, privileged to write them: therefore, my life being spared, and seeing I am blessed with the desire, and privileged with the power to write, in part, what God has done for me and brought me through, for these reasons, I must hope that, what I write will be read, at least by my children, with grateful emotions towards God for such loving care, and without offence or shame, in relation to me, the subject of that care.

My first Summer's sojourn in London was closed by a severe illness which seized me on the fifth of November, 1828, while raising the floor in the oil and colour shop then and now carried on by Mr. Osborne, in the Walworth Road. I had worked for three employers in the few months of this sojourn, and been kept and so blessed that illness and death could not have come at a better time for me. During the months of June and July I was putting the new box shuttered front to the "World turned upside down." That work supplied me with the bread that per-

isheth; and I labored too for the bread which endureth unto everlasting life; and what I did, prospered. Nor was home forgotten by me during that period. Though now so long ago, I still remember with what feeling, morning after morning, I was up and in the Old Kent Road, between four and five o'clock to see the Mail Coach trot up to town. "That Coach comes from those who have all my affections! That Coach comes from the place where my mother lives. Last night she might have seen that which my eyes now see and charged it with her blessing! what if she could not? What if she were ill! What if she should die and I not be near! Oh that were unutterable anguish! I must drop too. I should sink in the same grave. I could not survive the shock!" And so, tearfully I went to struggle daily with the stern realities of life and hushed my nervous fears. However we were all preserved. Fortnightly parcels came from home with linen white and whole; and a correspondence was maintained which each other assured *though absent not forgotten*.

The job in the Old Kent Road was finished in process of time; and I obtained employment which lay in the Loughborough Road, Brixton; which road was then just formed. It was while here, and as I journeyed towards this spot, that one morning I was brought to a stand by the amazing interests of eternity as related in my last paper.

That spot has long since been built over, but it has ever been remembered by me, and ever will as "EN-HAKKORN," which is in Lehi unto this day. Judges xv. 19. Well, it was soon after this that I was taken ill, and after three weeks under the medical treatment of a gentleman at Camberwell, I was removed home. I remember my dear mother being ready to receive me; and after that, the progress of the fever allowed me very little consciousness for a considerable time. However, I was brought so low, that the medical man, Mr. Fitch, daily expressed his surprise at my continuance in the land of the living, with the bursting exclamation, "What isn't he dead yet?"

And now comes a train of recollections, which in the years which have elapsed since, has often given me a song of praise, and even this morning, is a pleasant rumination. It is a mark of the clean animal that he chews the cud and parteth the hoof: (i.e.) remem-

born God's goodness, and departs from evil; for in the regenerate, God's goodness does lead to repentance. And, first, there was the little Baptist cause, with which I had been associated, taking an interest in my welfare. My mother's habitation and her heart were often enlightened by the presence and sympathy of real friendship. Then, there was a special prayer meeting of the Teachers of the Sunday School, in which I had labored until my departure for London. And the object of that prayer meeting was Hezekiah's object in his prayer, viz, that life might be spared, only it was my life that was asked by these; and, "the Lord was ready to save me." Isa. xxxviii. 20. The next thing is, that during that illness, I enjoyed the undisturbed peace of one who knows in whom he has believed. The dew of the cloud of his favor that rested on me *that morning*, in the Kennington fields, was all *this* night upon my branch. And in the calmness of that favor, I reposed as a confiding bird nestles in the bosom of its parent.

During the long period of weakness, I looked not, I spake not, save when the name of Jesus was mentioned. My mother told me, Mr. Edmiston, the minister, sat by me at one time. At length, he said, "Well, John, I hope you know that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; and, that, there you rest." My mother said, then I opened my eyes, and said, "No! sir. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom, *I am chief, and there I rest.*" This was satisfactory to my mother. It told her, that which I enjoyed; the support of an appropriating faith; not resting in a general statement of truth; but, in an individual realization of that truth, "He loved me, and gave himself for me."

The first sense of want, that I was conscious of was, as David, a desire for a particular water. 2 Sam. xxiii. 15. "O! that one would give me drink of the water of Longport, that flows from St. Martin's Hill."

The doctor was consulted; and he said, the water could do me no harm, as he knew of nothing that could do me good; and so, the water was supplied, and I drank largely. This fine water flows from the hill on which stands St. Martin's Church, built by Bertha, the Christian Queen of Ethelbert, before the time of Augustine. This was much blessed to the restoration of my outward man. . . For, the next thing I remember is, that I, who had lain for

a long time at the very threshold of heaven ; looking in and calmly awaiting my summons to enter ; one morning, as I was putting on my clothes, felt the world come on my back with them. With my clothes I seemed to be putting on the armour to fight again with the world, the flesh, and the devil ; and I was cast down for a moment at the burden and the conflict. When I was down stairs, a large Bible was open on the side table ; and I looked, the first time for months, and my eyes rested on these words, which, *were at that moment written on my heart*, and are there in deep characters unto this day, "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore ; but he hath not given me over unto death." Psalm cxviii. 17, 18.

The doctor's words that morning could not shake the hold that God's words had taken. "The learned Leech" attentive, and to me, kind, came to me as usual, at ten o'clock. I arose as he came in, and though he saw I was recovering now, neither my looks, my frame, nor his knowledge warranted him in saying more than he did say, "Poor lad ! he will never be fit for any thing as long as he lives. His nerves are like the leaves in Autumn. The first wind that sweeps over them, they are gone !" But from that day, I recovered fast. And those friends who had seen me in my weakness compared me to Lazarus raised, as I began to walk about. Nor was their kindness confined to words, but dinners and wine, as I could eat and drink came in, and I dined two or three times a day, until I obtained a greater bulk than before my illness. And so raised up, and blessed and commissioned, I returned to London in the Spring of 1829, A MONUMENT OF MERCY, and

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

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Love seems to be that property remaining in fallen human nature, which, in its operations, especially claims a resemblance to the leadings of the Spirit, in bringing the Bride of Jesus to himself ; with this distinction, however, always existing : that in all natural attachments, there is a certain degree of equality between the parties ; but in the heavenly attachment, there is all that is great and glorious on the one side, while all that is degraded, and little, and mean are to be found on the other.—*Geo. Doudney.*

## CHERRING WORDS PULPIT,

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. RUDMAN, OF PLYMOUTH.

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"And he said unto me, it is done."—Rev. xxi. 6.

AGAINST the beast which setteth upon many waters, and her base idolatries the hand of God is uplifted, and his sword is made quite naked, and solemn will be his judgments in this respect. To this, the words of our text, the counterpart of the words of Christ upon the cross, and of some which were uttered previously, we indeed apply. It is done—that is to say, not only has he finished transgression; made an end of sin; made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in everlasting righteousness; but he, when he so did, laid the foundations for, and gave the rich earnest of, his eternal joy. And hence, he is set forth as riding upon a horse, and in, and by name, called the Faithful and True, on his head being many crowns. And it is an unspeakable mercy, that as set forth in this character, he is to, and for his people, the Captain of their salvation, who makes war in righteousness, and who rules in judgment, lovingkindness, and truth. And in very deed, the whole is so, as that nothing can supersede it, until the summing up of all things.

But that which does more particularly refer to the words of our text, is, the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. And, first of all, this city is called a *holy* city, and as it regards its manifestative glory, it is a *new* city, coming down from God in revelation, and power, and glory: a *prepared* city, and a city possessing every requisite and high endowment. And that which is done, therefore, is a work of clearness, for it was of jasper, and it was precious, because of its gold, like unto clear glass. "It is done," that is, the foundations are laid, the walls are built, and the gates are open, and the Lord says he will make all things new. And "it is done," for man is created anew in Christ Jesus, and he is renewed by the renewings of his mind, under the Spirit of God: and those who walk in newness of life, they enter in by the gates into the city; and here is a clear "river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the midst of the throne of God and of the Lamb." There was to be no more curse, and God himself was to be their God. "Cheering Words" indeed.

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## THE RAILWAY MARTYR!

OR,

## Real Religion in a Rustic Dress.

THOMAS WARD was one of those men whom nature formed for many years of hard and heavy servitude in this world; but death in one of its terrible forms, very suddenly gathered him home to a haven of rest prepared for him; he being, by grace, prepared for it. His passage homeward, however, was across a stormy sea, and the black gusts of wind from the hollow regions beneath, beat so heavy on his soul, that, as far as sense was concerned, "all his hope of being saved, was taken away."

In the narrative just given us of Thomas Ward's eventful life, you may clearly see how *dark* and dreadful DEATH is, where there is no Sun of Righteousness to light up the valley; or even when that SUN is *hidden* behind a cloud. In Thomas Ward's last hours you may see, as clearly, how certain it is, that where the soul of a sinner has once believed into Christ for salvation, and really fled *unto* Him for forgiveness,—that soul is sure to come off more than conqueror through Him that loved him. I think that some things in Thomas Ward's Christian life, shew wherefore it was that the fire was so hot in the end of his journey; but I will not enter upon that

*Price One Halfpenny; or 10 copies for 4d.*

VOL. VIII.—No. 89.



here. I will simply notice *the man, and the manner of his movement homeward.*

That most excellent of all Christian ladies, "*The Author of English Hearts and English Hands*" has given the world another little book, published by Nisbett and Co., Berners-street, (price 6d.) entitled, "*A LIGHT FOR THE LINE!*" This lady knew Thomas Ward in life, and watched him as closely through the tunnel of death as she could, and she has treasured up his every word. From her precious little book we take the following :—

In the spring of the year 1831, an English labourer, in search of work in the county of Kent, took a lodging in a cottage within two miles of the village of Beckenham, for his young wife and himself, there to welcome their first-born child. Shortly afterwards they left the neighbourhood, and returned to their native village in Berkshire, where Thomas Ward grew up, in health and strength and beauty,—a boy of remarkable promise.

Bold and spirited in boyish sports, he was quiet and gentle at home, and unusually reflective. "He did not speak so often as his brothers," said his mother; "but when he did, it was best worth hearing. Never but once did he say a saucy word to me," she added; "nor look unkindly through his blue eyes, blue as the sky on a summer afternoon."

When he was nineteen years old he left his home for rail-way work, and never returned. But he kept up a diligent correspondence with his mother, and was in the constant habit of sending her ten shillings at a time for a new gown, or bonnet, or towards a sister's equipment when she was going away for her first service.

The formation of the railway from Beckenham to Lewisham, in 1856, brought Thomas Ward again into his native county. Here he met with Christian friends. Here the Lord met with him in holy and saving convictions and teachings. Here his character as a believer in, and a follower of, Christ, was fully developed. Here the noble Captain Anstruther, and Thomas became strongly attached. These little incidents, with many others, in Ward's life, our talented authoress has drawn out in a style at once affecting and useful, interspersed with ver-

ses of an antiquarian and richly spiritual character. Here is one, as a specimen :—

“Here is my heart! in Christ its longings end,  
Near to His cross it draws;  
It says, ‘Thou art my portion, O my Friend,  
Thy blood my ransom was.’  
And in the Saviour it has found,  
What blessedness and peace abound.”

We pass over all details of Thomas Ward’s experience now, and come to his dying bed. A railway accident wrenched off his left arm; this terminated fatally. The three last chapters in this little book, are sufficient to ravish a spiritual mind, and to excite one to a high degree. From the fifth, entitled, “*The Battle and the Victory*,” we quote a few paragraphs. Poor Thomas grew worse and worse. Tidings reached his devoted Christian benefactress, that his end was drawing near. She says :—

“Without another moment’s delay I went off to the cottage. When I had taken off my bonnet and shawl, and had quietly resumed my office of bathing his forehead, Thomas understood that I had returned to remain as long as he needed me; and a grateful look of comfort and pleasure shone in his languid eye. About eleven o’clock he suddenly said to his nurse, “Look sharp! blood is flowing.” The artery had burst again. He grew cold and white. Mr. Carless said the pulse had nearly ceased to beat; and he believed he was then past hearing.

“Two railway men, who loved him, had crept quietly into see him. They, and a kind neighbour, Mrs. King, with the two nurses, and Mr. Carless, then knelt with me by his bedside, to commend him to his Saviour.

“Just as I ceased, he slowly opened his eyes, and strove for utterance. At last it came; and in a low voice of agony he said, “Do not give thanks for me, I am not saved. I am *not* safe in Jesus.”

“Oh, dear Thomas,” I said, “you are not going to doubt your Saviour now, after all He has shewn you of His love in this illness?”

“But I do doubt Him,”—with increasing fervour of anguish.

“But you do not doubt that He is the Son of God and the Saviour of sinners?”

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9th.—My temporary clerkship is ended! Well; Mr. Broadcloth kindly gave me a sovereign for my services. My landlady is paid, and I have a large fund left! But how is this? I am happier now than when I was employed.

10th.—Hateful idleness! Purchased a shilling's worth of religious tracts, which I mean to give away in the neighbourhood of a theatre to-morrow evening, where, I am told, there is to be some great "attraction," otherwise, great delusion—and where many young people go.

11th.—Have just returned from the theatre. Got rid of all my tracts, and got well laughed at for my trouble. I may be deceived, but I feel almost certain that I saw James Leonard enter the theatre with a gaudily-dressed young woman on his arm. I hope it was not so. And yet, why should I hope this? He, poor fellow, like the rest of us, is in search of happiness. Would that he knew where to find it! But the strangest occurrence of the evening is this:—A gentleman, it appears, watched the process of tract distribution, and heard the rough fibes of the people at my expense. When I had done, and was walking away, he came up to me and said,

"You have been well employed, sir. Are you a City Missionary?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"Connected with some church in the neighbourhood, I suppose,

Referring again to Cranbrook, for the purpose of introducing an anecdote and a piece of poetry, I must say, had the Saviour said to Mr. Beeman respecting me, "Take care of him," (Luke x. 35) he could not have treated me more kindly, or behaved more like a father in Christ Jesus. Mr. Beeman was a tall and slight graceful figure. Intelligence, truth, and benevolence shone through his eyes, and spread themselves over his features; and soon made those persons easy in his presence who shared his friendship. I was admitted frequently to his study, where he discoursed freely on matters of experience and events connected with his life and ministry. On one occasion, he dwelt on the happy death of a son, who had reached manhood, and then drooped, laden with the buds of promise. When the remains of that young man were interred in Cranbrook Church Yard, as the coffin was lowered into the grave, the bereaved father stepped to the border of it, and thus spoke:

"The laws of the Church of England do not allow any not ordained in her pale, to perform any service over the dead buried within her walls; I shall, therefore, only repeat the Scripture which my son dwelt on in his last moments, as expressive of his faith and hope, 'For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me.'"

I rejoiced in the lively faith of the departed; I rejoiced in the enduring faith of the father; I rejoiced in such abiding faith as my own; and under the influence I wrote the following.

**THE SAINT'S FAITH UNDER AFFLICTIONS,  
CENTRING IN CHRIST AS THE RESURRECTION AND  
THE LIFE, FROM JOB XIX. 23—27.**

OH! that these truths, which ease my smart  
Were read and understood by men;  
Were written deep in every heart;  
Were graven with an iron pen;  
Were printed plain as in a book,  
Or sculptured there as in a rock!

These words support my drooping frame,  
 Impart new life, and hush my fears ;  
 Reduce dark mountains to a plain  
 Where cheering light and hope appears ;  
 And through this valley faith describes  
 My God, who holds the gracious prize.

"I know that my Redeemer lives?"  
 Who by his death my life obtains.  
 He rose, and to his children gives  
 The trophies of his dying pains.  
 He lives! he lives! and from his throne  
 Dispatches troops to guard me home.

I know the Friend who once drew near,  
 When Vengeance stood to cut me down ;  
 When Justice shewed the vast arrear,  
 And flaming wrath marked every frown.  
 I saw, I felt, I groaned, I cried,  
 When lo! this Friend said, "I'll provide."

With great surprise, I looked around,  
 When words like these had reached my ear.  
 Again I heard the blissful sound!  
 "But now?" said I, "can this appear?  
 The law is holy; this I've broke :  
 'Tis just, and I deserve the stroke!"

My fainting soul drew near the grave ;  
 I fain would hope, but guilt repelled.  
 My quivering lips cried out, "O save!"  
 The voice said, "look, and be you healed :  
 My hands, and feet, and side for thee  
 Were pierced, poor sinner, look to me!"

I looked, and by his light could see  
 Those wounds, but oh! they made me mourn ;  
 My sins had caused them ; could it be  
 My lot to share this sweet return?  
 He smiled benignantly and said,  
 "'Twas Love that made thy Saviour bleed!"

Grace so distinguishing and free,  
 Conveyed with such rich draughts of love,  
 O'erwhelmed a feeble worm like me,



And laid me low ; nor could I move  
 'Till he breathed on me : then at length  
 I saw my righteousness and strength.

I know the Name in which I trust !  
 The grace that taught me where to lean !  
 Though this frail form return to dust,  
 Yet Jesus shall the whole redeem,  
 And when the latter day shines forth,  
 I then shall see him on the earth.

"I know that my Redeemer lives !"  
 And ever will for all his saints.  
 He intercedes, and still receives  
 Rich gifts to suit their great complaints.  
 Though sickness now my frame corrode,  
 Yet in my flesh I shall see God.

Though for a while this corpse shall lie  
 Beneath the clods as food for worms ;  
 Yet, when the trumpet sounds, then I  
 Shall rise to join celestial forms.  
 With incorruption then enrobed  
 Mine eyes shall there behold my God !

These light afflictions which consume  
 My reins within me, haste the time  
 When death shall bear me to the tomb ;  
 But death cannot my soul confine.  
 My soul up borne on angel's wings  
 Shall bow before the King of kings !

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This paper appears to me longer than usual, but I was obliged to mention these reminiscences of Cranbrook, for they made a well in the "valley of Baca" (Psalm lxxxiv. 6.) A well that has sprung up with the water of life in all my wanderings. God has not been a wilderness to

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

Jer. ii. 31.

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**MY FIRST JOURNEY TO LONDON.**

In the year 1834, some, two years after the Lord called me to know and rejoice in a personal interest in his great salvation, I had a desire to see London, and find employment there, that I might hear some of those good men of whom I had read. Accordingly, in the month of July, I left home with the warmest wishes and prayers of my friends; the thought of which cheered me on my journey. I reached Bedford the first evening, and found the chapel, where the late Mr. Tomlinson preached; and right welcome was the gospel that evening from that good man's lips, as from Isa. lii. 1, he described Zion in her beautiful dress, her never failing strength, and unsullied holiness, as she stood in covenant oneness with the Lord Jesus. The following evening, I arrived at Witham, with the hope I might again hear the gospel, but in this I was disappointed. I journeyed on, and the weather being hot, I thought the miles very long, as I travelled through Staffordshire. I had hoped to reach London, by Saturday night, that I might feast under the gospel ministry on the Lord's day, but in this I failed; for, the shadows of the evening drew on, and I was twelve miles distant. On arriving at Waltham Cross, I enquired of an old gentleman I met with, who seemed to know what the gospel was, and he told me I should hear it at Waltham Abbey; and directed me, but I missed my road, and found myself at a place where there was only a smart little Independent Chapel, where I went; but neither the smart little chapel, nor the smart little man, were attractive enough to induce me to go in the evening; so I walked to Waltham Abbey, a distance of 5 miles when I found the little chapel; and never shall I forget the feeling, as I opened the door, the minister was in prayer, and these words were uttered, which found an echo in my very heart, "we bless thee for covenant enjoyments and everlasting love." I was almost ready to speak aloud, and say, "this is the place!" Who the good man was I know not, but the gospel he preached was very precious to my heart. On coming out, I walked some two miles with two old pilgrims, and found their conversation as cheering words to my heart: we met as strangers, but we parted as those who knew each other well; they have doubtless reached the end of their earthly pilgrimage years ago, but their then youthful companion, is still a traveller; and still loves to meet and listen to the tales of sorrows and joys experienced by the aged and grace-taught pilgrims, as he sees the tear and the smile upon the careworn cheeks of such who are looking for eternal rest;

especially when, like good old Simeon, they are "waiting for the consolation of Israel," and like the aged Anna, they have "served God with fastings and prayers;" for though wisdom is not always found with the aged, yet there are some whose conversation is instructive, and savours of a religion of the heart. With such we love to spend an hour, when our own little ills are made less in appearance, as they tell of trials endured, and deliverances wrought, whereby Christ was made more lovely, and faith more steady, and the flame of love to burn brighter, while the "invisible things" are beheld, and their very souls press onward to possess them.

Should this little scrap be read by an aged Christian, suffer me one moment to ask what is your general feature of conversation when younger saints, or thoughtless ones, are present? Think how soon you may give occasion for their stumbling, by your want of prudence, and your lack of spiritual conversation. Oh! how the tender conscience has been grieved when "cheering words" were expected from those who have for years professed to be Christians, and yet the almost constant "talk of their lips tendeth to poverty." But, I have thought so much of my two old pilgrim friends, that I have lost sight of my journey to London. So now, with the permission of CHEERING WORDS, I will resume my journey next month, and then I may have a word to younger pilgrim-saints.

JONATHAN.

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MRS. JONES'S SON;

AND

**ALFRED AHSBY'S PROMOTION.**

We left Alfred, last month, distributing tracts. While he was so doing, a gentleman, by the name of Gregory, came up and inquired into the motive, &c., giving Alfred his card, inviting him to call. Alfred did so; but no opening, in Providence, appeared for him. For ten days together, poor Alfred was without money, and without any prospect of obtaining a position whereby he might be fed and clothed. The following extract from Alfred's diary, touchingly exhibits the delicate feelings which exercised his manly spirit, while

poverty reigned, as a monarch, over the whole of his financial estate. He says :—

For the first time—may it be the last !—hunger has compelled me to visit a pawnbroker's shop. I held down my head and felt ashamed, yet conscience would not allow me give a wrong name. "Alfred Ashby," I whispered to the shopman, as if afraid to hear my own name. What is the meaning of this shame? Is poverty a crime? No. It is pride that calls up the blush. The immortal author of *The Pilgrim's Progress* was right on this subject. John Bunyan understood human nature well. This is undoubtedly one of the secrets of the astonishing popularity of his book.

21st.—Began the day by reading the 103rd. Psalm. Scarcely had I finished, when an anonymous letter, enclosing a sovereign, was put into my hands.

"There's money in that letter," said Mrs. Jones, with as pleasant a smile as she could manufacture; but whether the smile was on my account or her own, that is to say, whether the smile it was disinterested or selfish, I did not ask.

"If there is," I replied, "you shall have part of it."

"I know there is," she said. "You open it and see."

I opened it, and very much to my surprise, and very much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Jones, a golden sovereign made its appearance.

The work from whence our quotations are made, describes the wanderings of Alfred hither and thither, and his comments upon ministers, religious meetings, &c., &c., in a most interesting manner. "*The Two Lights*" is certainly a book of choice and beautiful sentiment and narrative combined. It is a fine work for all young men setting forward in life. Alfred's dark days, and his sun-shiny mornings, are pleasantly mingled. After a severe trial, Mr. Gregory was the means of introducing Alfred to a clergyman as Scripture reader. Alfred had seen the clergyman; the clergyman had promised Alfred an engagement; but, the narrator says :—

He had been ten days without any money, and almost literally without any bread. He could not spare any article of clothing on which to borrow a shilling or two without greatly missing it in any application he should make for employment. Day after day he had hoped to hear from Mr. Bland; but from circumstances, over which the latter had no control, a fortnight longer had elapsed than he had foreseen before he could send for Alfred. Alfred, consequently, had, in addition to the troubles of want, to endure the heart-sickness of hope deferred. Still, he believed that he should not be deserted, but his wonted cheerfulness had almost left him. His pleasant smile to his humble landlady, with which he had been in the habit of speaking to her—and which she very much prized—as she frequently said to her husband, “Jones! I am sure our lodger is a gentleman—indeed I am; poor gentleman! I wish I could help him—that I do! Can’t you hear of a situation for him, Jones—Try, do!”—had assumed rather a forced appearance of late, and debility, from want of suitable nourishment, had enfeebled his usually elastic step. The kind-hearted woman saw this, and from day to day pressed Alfred to stay at home and partake of a nice dinner of her cooking, as “she could do it very nicely, having been, before she married Jones, a plain cook in a gentleman’s family in Chelsea, where everybody liked her, and her master and mistress often said that she was a very good cook. That they did, many a time.” All this was said because the worthy speaker knew full well that though Alfred was out mostly during the day, and of course was therefore supposed to dine at the usual dinner hour, he really did not do so. When he came home, evening after evening, from a fruitless search for employment, and had a little bread and butter and tea, which served for both tea and supper, the motherly heart of Mrs. Jones—for she was a mother, though her only child, a boy, had fallen into bad company and bad habits, and gone she knew not whither—frequently served up a mutton-chop for him, and literally compelled him to eat it.

“What can I say for all your kindness?” asked Alfred, on the evening of the day, on which Mr. Bland’s letter arrived.

“Say,” replied the poor woman; “why say that you are ashamed of yourself for not eating a bit of meat oftener in your lodgings when I have asked you.”

"I feel your kindness very sensibly," said he, "and I also see that you understand me."

"Aye," said she, interrupting him! "I knew very well that you were going without dinner when you shouldn't, and needn't, as long as I could provide you with one."

"But," he replied, how could I think of trespassing on such goodness as this? You are willing, I know; but Mr. Jones and you have to toil hard for a living, and—

"There, there! say no more about it, Mr. Ashby. We had one besides to labour for, and we hoped he would have turned out right, "but—The mother's eyes were full of tears, and she sobbed as she added, "but he didn't. If I knew that he was d—dead it would be some sat—satisfaction. Oh my poor—poor William!"

"What age was he when he left you?"

"Fourteen."

"Do you think he enlisted? or went to sea?"

"Some say he did, but I don't think so, Mr. Ashby. Sometimes I see him in my dreams, and then it's always in some prison, or wicked place in London. My poor boy! O, I wish his poor soul was safe! I could then bear all, I think."

### THE DOOR WAS SHUT, AND I WAS TOO LATE.

(Continued from page 152.)

WELL—after an hour's hard toil in Clare pulpit, I sat down: ashamed distressed, mortified, and pained severely. A hymn was sung, the service closed, and I left the chapel. My kind brother, John Dillistone drove me to his pretty cottage, near the "*the Sturmer Nurseries*"—of which he and his brother are proprietors! And here, amid the delightful and fragrant breezes, blowing through fruit trees, flowers, shrubs, corn fields, and woodlands, I laid my weary body down to rest, before which I earnestly besought the Lord not to leave me, as I was expected twice upon the coming day to speak in my Master's name at the Kedington anniversary; and having been with the dear friends in that place every year since their chapel was built and opened in 1850, I powerfully pleaded for a blessing still to rest upon us. My little bed-room in John Dillistone's cottage, on Woodland Green, has been a Bethel to my soul, and to his soul too, many times. John is a man that labours to live near to God; he has passed through deep afflictions; but the God

of Abraham has been his God; and the God of his numerous family, for many years. John Dillistone is one of those *unbending* witnesses to the power of Gospel Truth which you seldom meet with in these days. Nothing short of a vital ministry—nothing short of **ЯНОВАН**, in his glorious Trinity of Persons, nothing short of Divine Sovereignty, Divine Mediatorship, nothing short of the living, the soul-creating, the spirit-renewing, the Christ-revealing, the Truth-unfolding, and the Grace-applying powers of the Eternal SPIRIT, will suit the large and the longing desires of John's regenerated soul. In a spiritual sense, I could *fearlessly* point to him and say, "behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no-guile." To be associated with such a man is an honor, a comfort, a sacred pleasure; and a great advantage. The first time John and I met, Satan strove hard to set him against me; but, like Jonathan, when he heard what the Lord had done for me, our souls became knit together in Christ, in the gospel, and in a brotherly union; and this union has been strengthened and confirmed, I hope, many times since.

Should any of my readers, who love spiritual converse, be passing along that peculiar junction of counties where Essex, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire nearly shake hands together, and if they had an hour spare—especially if their love of floriculture, botany, and fruit-trees be very strong—I would recommend them to turn into Woodland Green, (about one mile from Haverhill) and also to walk through the Park, and beside the willows, down into the "*Sturmer Narseries*," and there—(if the God of all the essential glories of the New Covenant, and the Creator of all the beauties of the Natural Word—meet with them—I believe their joys will be great; and I am sure the most excellent matrons of the two mansions—and the thoroughly domesticated wives of the two brethren, will hail the devoted and decided followers of Jesus Christ with a most cordial welcome. The Messrs. Dillistone, and their well-fitted ribs, must pardon this digression; but, in coming to recount the cheering scenes of another anniversary day at Keddington, I could not resist the temptation of giving vent to my grateful remembrances for all those earnest and oft-repeated practical kindnesses, which the families of the Dillistones at Sturmer and Woodland Green; the great and good-hearted pastor, ROBERT POWELL, and his wife at Keddington; that most excellent and charitable deaconess, the pastor's neighbour, and all other friends, have ever shewn to me. I am not allowed space for more this month, as "*The Carpenter's Son*,"—my real and loving brother,—has gone out to such lengths; but next month, I hope to shew John Pells mounted in a dung-cart, and preaching to the people on Keddington-green, as though his soul was all on fire. Till then, pray for the little scribe who tries to write "**CHEERING WORDS.**"



**"Forty Pounds a Year;,"**

OR,

**ALFRED ASHBY'S PEEP INTO LONDON LIFE.**



**HE TWO LIGHTS**; by the Author of *Struggles for Life*:" a volume of rare interest, has already furnished us with many scenes of singular events as found in connection with the life of a young man who had to fight his way through difficulties and distresses of no ordinary character. We want the boys in our Schools to read this Alfred Ashby; and see how real religion preserved and prospered him in his way.

Last month Alfred was weeping over poor Mrs. Jones's son, supposed to be lost. The next scene is Alfred's appointment to the office of a Scripture Reader in London; this introduces him to many things which furnish instruction, warning, and comfort too. Alfred's salary was to be forty-pounds a year. Upon this Alfred silently expatiates in the following terms.

Forty pounds a year! Well this is a great deal more than nothing—a great deal more than many curates have in our enormously wealthy Establishment, and a great deal more than some dissenting

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pastors, with families, have; but it is not too much for even a single man in London, where money is essential to existence, where nothing comes by way of gift—*except* to the wealthy—and where every professional man must be a gentleman, or cease to be anybody. For this income Alfred Ashby was thankful; but he was still more thankful for the opportunity which his peculiar work gave him of gratifying a long-felt desire—that is to say, the desire of having it in his power from day to day to speak to his fellow-men about the great salvation revealed in the gospel of Christ. For three or four days, a young man, who was acquainted with the various localities where Alfred had to visit, and the class of people whom he had to meet, went with him. This was a sort of introduction which ultimately turned out to be of some advantage; but upon the whole he found that he must rely very much upon his own wisdom and tact. To be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove, he found absolutely essential, not only to some degree of success in gaining the ear of the people, but also to personal safety.

Prompted by his zeal, and comparatively ignorant of the enormous lengths to which hardened human depravity will go, he penetrated scenes of horror, where sometimes his life was in danger. He found what he never had believed to exist in Europe, even in its darkest places, far less in the heart of the great metropolis of England. He was mocked, laughed at, insulted, spit upon; but all that he bore patiently, and cared not for. It was the wild oaths, the frightful curses, the bold blasphemy of some hardened criminals, that sadly tried him. Still, he was also encouraged. In one wretched room, dark, narrow, and dirty, he found a family of seven persons, consisting of father, mother, and five children. They were all thieves, by their own confession. Alfred read to them several portions of the sacred volume. The children gathered around him in evident wonder. The kindness of his manner was something new to them. The good words he read were also new to their ears. What could it all mean? Who was he? One of the poor ill-trained ones went behind him, and picked his handkerchief from his pocket. He knew that the child was doing so, but paid no attention. He heard another say, in a whisper.

‘Don’t, Tib.’

‘Shall though,’ said Tib.

Presently, however, Tib returned the handkerchief, whispering, as she did so,

‘Eva!’

‘Yes,’ said a little voice.

'Money?'

'Don't know.'

Still continuing his reading whilst overhearing these brief and significant words, and occasionally making a remark or two—full of the genuine sympathy of a Christian heart mourning over the degradation of fellow creatures—his eye rested for a moment on the father of this miserable family. Was he mistaken? Is that wild-looking, dirty, and apparently hardened sinner, moved? Are tears possible from that seemingly dried-up fountain? It was so. The man was apparently about forty years of age.

'Hold, sir, pray!' he said looking at Alfred, and pointing to the Bible in his hand.

'Why?' asked the Scripture Reader.

'I won't hear no more of it.'

'Does it offend you?'

'No, it kills me; go, if you please.'

'I will certainly, if you really wish it,' said Alfred; 'but I should be glad to do you some good, if I can, before I go.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the man, drawing the back of his hand across his eyes. 'I believe you would. But you have done quite the contrary. I was wretched enough before, but you have made me worse. I had hoped never to see or hear of that book again, but here it has found me to torment me! Go, sir, go!'

'I go at your request, my friend; but pray follow me a few steps, will you?'

The man looked at his wife, who appeared as if in a dream between the memories of the past and the stern realities of the present.

'Shall I?' he asked.

'Do, Jim,' she replied, eagerly, and in a trembling whisper—'tell him—all. He is a gentleman, and I think, a Christian.' The last word was scarcely audible.

Besides Alfred's history we have many sources from whence we can fetch tales of this life, and words of Grace's wonder-working ways, enough to fill our hearts with astonishment and thankfulness. But of Alfred's progress we hope to have more to say.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF

## THE CARPENTER'S SON.

MY DEAR SIR—These letters continue. The tale flows on, gently enough for me, much more so for you, who cannot feel the interest in it that I do. I have been so used to look back; to “remember all the way,” and to weigh all circumstances that I can see much more in all, and delight much more in the least part, than one who is a stranger to the trouble and the deliverance. And then it is a tale without exciting concomitants, because the person most interested in it, hastens from the beginning to the end, lost to all, perhaps, but the thankful feeling that he was not lost. He was drifting on the wide world without wisdom, strength, money or friends, and yet was and is preserved to sing,

“NON NOBIS DOMINE.” Psalm cxv. 1.

As the continuation of my history will be a narrative of providences, I must glide into it here by the relation of one whose influence reaches unto this day.

It was the spring of 1831. I was again in London, and one Lord's-day on returning from Peckham Rye Lane, where a friend and I had been to worship, we entered an eating house not far from Camberwell Green. There was only an old gentleman in the room, besides my friend Brooker and myself, and during the dinner his eyes and mine met several times. At length, with the greatest suavity of manner, the old gentleman accosted me with some Christian remark. One subject produced another, until I enquired, how he had learned these things?

Instead of being displeased at the question, he was delighted to have an opportunity to give a reason of the hope that was in him, and on rising he presented his card and pressed me to favor him with a call. I gave him one of my books and we parted. The card informed me that the stranger was “Nathan Jones, Walworth Road.” One eminently prepared to be a help to me!

Benevolent man! often didst thou cheer and instruct me. Well was Nathan Jones known to foreigners, whom he was ever seeking out, instructing and supporting! Well was he known by the Religious Tract Society, which was supplied with translations of approved tracts for his foreign objects of benevolence! And well was he

known by his God whose instrument he was, dispensing favors on the just and on the unjust!!

The sequel of my story will show how he was an instrument for benefitting me.

Apres of eating houses, I have an instance, in connection with one, of the case with which a stranger may get into trouble, it was soon after the above incident. My home at that time was No. 12, Etham-place, Old Kent Road, with a dear family, whose name is almost too sacred to mention, such enduring friends were the Fenners to me, and such Christian friends too. I had employment at that time in New Park Street, roofing some houses. One evening I had changed a sovereign at home, and leaving nineteen shillings of it in my box, I set out the next day with one shilling and one penny in my pockets for dinner, &c. At noon I went into Blackman Street, and entering an eating house, I ordered a plate of meat and potatoes. I put down my solitary shilling to pay on delivery. The waiter took it to the counter, and was back in a twinkling, saying, "The shilling is a bad one, sir!" "Is it indeed! then I have not another, as the dinner is untouched, you must take it back." This he did, and I advanced to the door, but there was the master eyeing me. I was sorry I had not another shilling, but as I had not taken the dinner I hoped he would return the one complained of. "No!" says he, you shall not have the opportunity of trying to impose upon another with that, you scoundrel! many a better fellow than you has been hung, you rascal!! If a policeman were near I would give you in charge, you villain!!! You had better go while you can, you scamp!!!! And indeed he began to raise his voice so high, that I was thankful I could move as I did. I had still the penny left, and a penny loaf sustained me that day, till night and home and solace came. I remarked a providence in the above event at the time, and I look back to it now as one. It was so unusual for me to pay for my meal until I had eaten it, and was departing; that my doing so then, and before I had looked upon it, saved me from the kick of that ferocious man, and from the grasp of the police, and was a providence I never can be too thankful for. The bare suspicion of villainy, and much more a charge, has been the precursor of many a subsequent conviction and the ruin of many. There stands the eating house to this day, between the Mint and Lent Street, and I never pass it without the thought flying back to that day, and an idea that my shilling was a good one, that it was taken, from me, and that I was the victim of some one's petty cupidity.

One more incident of the same year shall conclude this letter. The providence of God should be regarded in withholding or taking away as well as in bestowment and continuance. I can remember many occasions, with gratitude, when it appeared that, now would my wanderings cease, and I should have a settled sphere of action, all which vanished into thin air, and seemed to leave me worse than before, because friends became weary of fruitless endeavours to serve me.

Mr. Beeman, of Cranbrook, after the publication of my book, heartily interested himself with his son, a Hop Factor in the Borough, to procure me an entrance to the Trade; and I have reason to believe from the kindness of the son, that, he as heartily responded to his sire's wishes. However, it was not long after the expectation was raised that there appeared some promise of its fulfilment. In the summer of 1831, Mr. B. informed me that a situation awaited me, and that the next day he would introduce me to a hop merchant, who wanted me to reside in his large house in the Borough, and take charge of the business; a business which required a constant supervision, but was brisk only two or three months in the year. The morrow came, I was introduced and left with the great man. Things progressed well. All was satisfactorily arranged. My friend had so satisfied the merchant that the only condition imposed on me was that I should not commence business on my own account for the next eight years. I was about to depart, when the merchant suddenly asked my name? He was writing it down, and enquired as to the orthography of it. In those days I had never thought of a card for myself, but I had in my pocket a copy of my poems. That volume had been put into my pocket for a friend in the city who had asked for one, but what more natural than to bring it out now, that my name might be correctly written?

*Ha ha!* The pride of the author was but for a moment. The face of things soon changed. My name was not written! The book that bore my name on its title page was returned to me, and all negotiation brought to a close by the merchant observing, "I never could endure the reproach that Mr. Humble had a Methodistical clerk!"

Mr. Beeman, Jun., anxiously awaited the result of his endeavours for me; and when he knew that my indiscretion had shut the door against further treaty, he was vexed, and as little inclined to find another opening for me, as the merchant was to receive me. Thus was I thrown out of the hop trade as a stone out of a sling. God had some better thing for me; and to fit me for that, many lessons were necessary, and Adversity College, and not the merchant's office, was the appointed place to learn them in. After my defeat, I hastened

to my friend, Mr. William Fennor's house, in Deverell Street, and into his garden, to meditate, with my heart covered with gloom. But there the mist soon cleared up. The star of my hopes arose. It was the forerunner of the sun of righteousness which soon shone upon me, and brought these words on his wings, which calmed, assured and made me thankful, "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever." Psalm cxix. 3.

How sweet was that word to my taste then, and how blessedly has the prediction been verified since! And this heritage is only now just opening. Far from being exhausted by my necessity, it is like Ezekiel's river, "Waters to swim in," (xlvi. 6.) deepening and expanding, "a river that could not be passed over," a river that comes from the throne, and thither will bear on its bosom quite up to its source,

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

#### FOURTH FRAGMENT FROM THE PRISON BASKET;

OR, LETTERS FROM CONVICT PRISONERS.

REVEREND FATHER—I now with pleasure write you these few lines, as it is your request. I was born in Worcestershire in 1836. My friends were very poor people, and could not afford to put any of us to school; but we were obliged to go to work when very young. My father died when I was only seven months old, and my mother died when I was only five years old; and of their five sons I am the youngest.

My other brothers were all at service; my grandfather took care of me, and I had to work with him till at the age of fourteen years, when he died, and then I hired myself to a farmer.

I was with that farmer nearly five years. One night I saw three sovereigns on the table, and I took them, and they found them on me, and I had six months in prison for that theft.

When I came out, I went to Staffordshire, and hired myself to another farmer. But I had not got clothes enough to shift myself, and I was ashamed to stop there, and I left him, and took with me a few things belonging to my master for which I am now in prison.

I thank God almost every hour in the day for what I have learned during my confinement. For before I got into this trouble

I could only tell two letters in the alphabet, and now I can read and spell well ; and I can go through the first book of the Irish arithmetic, which goes as far as the square of cube root ; and I have learned sacred music, in which I take great delight. I mean, if God spare my life, when I go home, to keep a little day school for young children. This has been on my mind ever since I have been in prison. Oh, how I shall like to teach them to read, and write, and sum ; and learn them music to sing psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs ! I shall only charge one penny a week, and I would, if I could afford it, pay them to come and learn. If I can only get three pence a day at it, I shall be satisfied.

I now begin to think about my soul, which will live in happiness or in misery when the body dies. But some of my fellow-prisoners ridicule me so, for taking the Lord's supper, and going to the Bible Class on Sundays, that I am almost ready to give way to them sometimes. But I get a few verses out of the Bible every morning about the things that they say to me ; *for they come to me every morning to see what I have got afresh.* Here are a few verses which I always have in mind. 1 Peter iii. 13, 14 ; iv. 14 ; James i. 12 ; Luke vi. 22, 23.

To thee, my God, though late, at last I turn,  
Not for my sufferings, but my sins I mourn ;  
For all my crimes thy mercy I implore !  
And to those mercies thou hast shown before,  
Add, Lord, thy grace that I may sin no more.

August, 1857.

HENRY L. HOPKINS.

REVEREND SIR.—I reflected last Monday on the eclipse of the sun ; and I said to myself, " Oh ! what a worthless creature I am to him that can regulate such things ; and there came such thoughts in my mind that I considered how short our time is in this world ! and I could not help thinking about the state of my soul more than ever I have before.

I was loading wood in the dock-yard last Monday, and I could not help looking at the sun and skies ! How beautiful and glorious they looked ! and what must heaven be that is much brighter than

the sun, or any thing that we can see here! And I thought, oh! will that Great Being ever look upon me? And I went so queer for some minutes that I could not stand; and I was asked what was the matter? I said, I hope I shall be better presently. They thought I was fainting away. I did not like to tell them, for I knew they would be ridiculing me. And one of the men that was standing by me, had his hand on the side of the cart, and accidentally, a piece of wood slipped on his finger, and cut a bit of the flesh off. A little while before dinner he came to me, and said "Hope-boys, I suppose you are going to the doctor," and I did not answer him, for I was so struck at the word, for I thought, "Yes, I have much need of a physician!" But I said, "No, my dear man, I am not going to the doctor." He said, "I will go, and get my finger dressed." And he added, "You ought to go and tell him you feel weak and fainty, and perhaps he will take you to the Infirmary a few days." And I burst out a crying, and said to myself, "Ah, I have much to be healed, but none but Jesus can cure my disease. All I want is my sins forgiven! This is a very bad disease. It is worse than cuts on the fingers, or bruises, or any putrifying sores. All I need is my sins forgiven! And may God of his great mercy look upon me, a poor, weak, helpless creature, and deliver me from all my sin and misery. A depth of misery calls for a depth of mercy!

When I went to my cell at dinner time, I took up my Bible to read, and the first thing I looked at was the 25th Psalm 12-15; where it said, "What man is he that feareth the Lord," &c. "His soul shall dwell at ease," &c. "The secret of the Lord is with them," &c., &c.

Thus, then, though my father and mother forsake me, and my heart and my flesh falleth me, God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever. Here is my rest; here will I dwell, for I have a delight in his words. I have wrote two letters to my brothers, but I have got no answer from them. I am sure they have forsaken me, and I now compare myself to a lost sheep, but I can now say, as David, "It is good for me that I have been in trouble." I have no father nor friends, and yet I am not fatherless nor friendless; for God is both my Father and Friend. I have no riches, nor any thing in this world that I can call my own; but is



not God better to me than the world? "For what shall it profit man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

I have no house, but yet I have a home. I have made the Most High my habitation. He makes all things work together for good. My officers give me a very good character for work, for I cannot do my duty to God without doing it to my officers.

March 18th, 1868.

HENRY L. HOPKINS.

### A LETTER BY THE LATE ELIZABETH MILLER.

ELIZABETH MILLER was the daughter of a much loved minister of Christ, the present pastor of Penn Beacon, in Bucks, (J. P. MILLER.) She died in May, 1858; a happy believer in Jesus, at an early age.

An interesting memoir of her has been published: and may be had at our office, 182, Dover-road; or of Partridge and Co., (price six-pence.) There is among churches of truth, an enquiry for good "Sunday School Books." This savoury and well written piece of biography is well suited for schools, and as a present for young people. While Elizabeth was in London, she wrote the following note. It expresses the state of her mind:—

"MY DEAREST FATHER,—I was very pleased to receive your kind letter, and am delighted to tell you that I went to chapel last Sunday, and was able to bear the three services without going out once. I am sure I can say—I found it good to be there. Mr. Hall, one of the members preached, Mr. Foreman being from home. He read 116th Psalm, and sung Watts's Psalm to the same, it was so suitable. When he gave out for his text 'the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad,' I thought my heart would have burst with emotion; it seemed as if it was on purpose for me; I was enabled to hear with great pleasure. The singing seemed almost like heaven below, it was so delightful. The prayer meeting in the afternoon, I enjoyed very much, the hymns were so suitable to my case. In the evening Mr. Hall preached from — 'I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore.' He is alive to supply all our needs; and I am sure we shall not want any good thing."

## MY FIRST JOURNEY TO LONDON.

(Continued from page 174.)

MAY I correct the printer of last month's CHEERING WORDS, by telling my reader, it was not "Witham," but Hitchin, not "Staffordshire," but Hertfordshire, through which I passed; neither was it the words, "covenant enjoyments," but *covenant engagements* which cheered my heart, as I entered the house of prayer at Waltham-abbey. An error in print often makes a writer look ridiculous, while an error in practice often makes him grieve, but an error in the great principals of religion, may prove injurious to his own soul and the souls of his fellow men.

But, to return to my journey. After the disappointments and the comforts of the Sabbath spent amongst strangers, I reached London on Monday; and here indeed I felt I was 'a stranger in a strange place;' and silently I felt my heart go up to God for divine protection; for though unknown to all, I felt, under his care, I should be safe: and I soon found the necessity of grace to resist a temptation, into which many youthful minds are drawn, and are led on to immorality and death. I made my way to the address of a young man, whose letters, written to a relative of mine, I had read, wherein there was something which led me to hope the fear of God was in his heart; but that hope was banished; for, as I have since learned, it is easy to talk and write about religion, when the life and power of it in the heart, is unknown. My friend expressed his pleasure on seeing me in London, and more so on that evening, as he happened to have two tickets for admission to 'Astley's Theatre,' and he should feel a pleasure in presenting me with one. I thanked him rather coolly, and after some conversation, we went out for a walk, and on coming near the 'Theatre,' I said, 'I must now bid you good evening, as this is as near the inside of a theatre, as I hope ever to be found.' 'What, (he said,) not go, when you can go free?' I said, 'where I to go in, I should have to pay dearly for it in rebukes of conscience.' You may do many things worse than go to a theatre, was his reply. I said, 'I may, but I hope not wilfully to do wrong.' 'Moreover, (I said,) 'ye cannot serve God and mammon.' There we separated, and on his behalf, I fear he is still going in an opposite direction. I have had cause to bless God for helping me to

overcome that first temptation of London life, as I felt it strengthened me to withstand many others. Many professing Christians on their visit to town, make a practice of going to theatres, while it would shock their pious nerves to think of being seen near home, under the canvass of a travelling company of theatricals, lest thier Christian name should suffer damage, as though their God was the God of the country, and not of the city. Allow me to say, youthful believers, beware of Satan's art to draw you into scenes of worldly amusements; and be assured, when the tempter says, 'there is no harm in it,' *then there is harm*; and yielding to the temptation will rob you of spiritual freedom when you bow before the Lord, after you have gone where your conscience told you, that you ought not to go. And see, while you loose time, money, and spiritual peace of mind, you put arguments into the mouth of the tempter to attack you, thus, 'well you have done it before, and see older Christians than you do it.' Again, I say, be sure it is wrong when these arguments are employed. Go aside, if thou canst, and ask counsel of thy God; and perhaps the word will fall gently upon thine ear. 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' With solemn force it may be laid upon thy conscience; 'do not this abominable thing which thy soul hateth.' Then shall the snare be broken, and the broad seal of heaven's disapprobation shall be stamped upon worldly pleasures, and the victory gained; will strengthen your mind for yet more successful combats with that *lurking, lying, foe* to your comfort and your God.

Leaving the little incidents of my stay in London, and journey back, for another CHEERING WORD, I would go and ask my prayer-hearing God and Father to let a morning blessing fall upon the persons and labors of the servants, and the Church of the Lord Jesus. And then will a portion be given, even to

JONATHAN.

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### THE DOOR WAS SHUT, AND I WAS TOO LATE.

(Concluded from page 178.)

I HAVE said as much as that I am always at home in the beautiful little cottage on Woodland Green; if I was an artist, I would give my readers a picture of this most picturesque villa; and with it, I should be pleased to give photograph likenesses of my brother

John Dillistone, his wife and family : of Robert Powell, and of the sanctuary where he preaches; the pastor's cottage; and his neighbour's neat little residence; for I am sure a more interesting group of the natural, the spiritual, and the evangelical, could not be brought together. It would make a suitable frontispiece to this year's volume of CHEERING WORDS: and I think some kind friends in those parts might help to bring this about.

But I must come to the anniversary morning. My readers will remember how painfully I was bound up in Clare pulpit: some of them know what a coward I am, too: for if I am really shut up in preaching, I fear it is all over with me: and my conscience is sure to condemn me, because I do not read the Bible more—do not pray more—do not think and study more: and I am sure I often sigh over a sense of my leanness, emptiness, coldness, and want of earnest devotion to that MASTER, whom I desire ever to serve. There had been a scripture cleaving to my spirit some days: I had had some thoughts upon it; it had a little enlightened and revived my inmost soul: and as I retired to rest that night, I opened my Bible, and looked closely at it: I drew near to the Mercy-seat, and asked for help; and during the night, at intervals, I awoke, and thought upon the things that scripture pointed to: it was this:—*'this matter is by the decree of the watchers, and the demand by the word of the holy ones: to the intent that the living may know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will; and setteth up over it the basest of men.'* This is, most certainly, a passage full of high and holy matter: My thoughts ran first—(and I faintly transcribe them here, that the reader's mind may also think,) upon the names by which the glorious Persons in the Godhead—the *Watchers*—are here set forth:—this word is exceedingly comprehensive of the characters, attributes, and actions of THE HOLY THREE IN ONE. The ETERNAL FATHER set his eyes upon his chosen people from everlasting, with an intensity and fulness of purpose, never to be comprehended by finite minds. The co-equal SON set his eyes and heart upon the chosen bride, in anxious watchfulness, to redeem, to justify, and to bring her home to glory. The Holy Spirit, the ETERNAL COMFORTER, set his eyes upon them, as they were viewed of Him from all eternity in three distinct positions:—first, the blessed PARACLETE, the Holy Ghost, saw them in the Covenant-register—'the Lamb's book of Life.'—Ah! I believe, he saw that Scripture really transacted which our Lord

spake—"thine they were, and thou gapest them me." Secondly, the Holy Spirit set his eyes upon them in the fall, as they lay under sin, and death. The simple lines of Mrs. Hannah Dutton's, I think, are very true :—she says

'The Spirit keeps election in his eye,  
And knows exactly for whom Christ did die.'

Therefore, in the appointed time, the Spirit speaks life divine, and pours in Heavenly light : raising them, calling them, working in them ; and leading them in the paths of righteousness, 'for His Name's sake.' I cannot enter into the details of the subject here ; but as we walked toward the chapel that morning, my heart was enlarged, I felt the light of life breaking the bonds in which my soul had been bound ; and as I entered the chapel, brother Powell was reading a beautiful hymn : I sat down amid the crowd of people,—(for every corner was filled, and many were outside,) my heart began to melt ; my tears would flow ; I felt my Lord was there ! Oh, how I could have bathed his holy feet as Mary did ; it was a solemn time indeed ! After brother Howel had read and prayed, I went to my work ; and while I spake, the dew came down ; the word of the Lord, and the worship of his name, were precious indeed.

In the afternoon, our brother Kemp, of Brockley, opened the service ; but the crowds of people who could not enter the place, made it necessary to have the sermon on the green. In a heavy cart stood JOHN PEARLS, the present minister of Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, and there he preached the gospel ; ministers, singers, and people, thronging the Green in all directions. It was a pleasing sight ! The heavens did smile ; and who can tell what good there might be done. In the evening, the Suffolk Archdeacon, the excellent George Ince, a good-natured, kind, and useful watchman, and devoted minister, opened the service, standing in a large waggon, which we nearly filled with ministers ; after some sacred harmony by the Brockley chorister's ; and brother Ince's earnest prayer, I addressed the people from words given for the occasion : and thus ended one of the happiest anniversaries I ever saw at Keddington : at the close of 'which I could not help thanking the Lord, that although 'the door was shut, yet I was not too late to realize again the promise, 'as thy day, thy strength shall be : ' nor too late to preach again that salvation which is dear to the heart of him who is glad to send to Zion's sons and daughters—a few nice CHERRING WORDS.

## THE RAILWAY MARTYR!

OR,

JESUS FOUND ON A DYING BED.

We gave last month a notice of that sweet little book, "A LIGHT FOR THE LAMP;" in which the Christian sorrows and joys of Thomas Ward are powerfully detailed. We left him last month on his dying couch, almost in despair; crying out to his devoted benefactress, "*I have lost Him—lost Him for ever!*"

The following is the *reply* of that noble lady who has done more to benefit many of her fellow creatures than will ever be known in this life: and, not only her reply; but a precious Saviour's answer to a poor dying sinner. Dear reader, go back to the first part of our last number of "CREEKING WORDS:" read poor Ward's despairing cries—"I have lost Him for ever!" Then, come to the closing scene. His tender-hearted friend said,

"Never mind about finding Him. HE HAS FOUND YOU. He 'came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost'—to seek and to save you, lost Thomas Ward. And all the devils in hell shall not hinder Him from laying you on His shoulders and bringing you home rejoicing. Why, if you went to any other place but heaven, He would have to come out of it to find you! He has promised you, 'Where I am, you shall be also.' And He keepeth truth for ever."

This holy Godly woman continues the story, and says,

"He was looking at me with wondering, anxious eyes. 'Now, then,' I said to those who stood around, 'come and plead with your God and his, and we will never let Him go until He has blessed our Thomas again with the light of his Saviour's countenance; and, by God's help, we will not let him die until he has told us he is happy again—happier than he ever was before.' And by the side of that bed we knelt again, and claimed it of the Saviour for His own honor and glory's sake, for the sake of His redeemed dying child, and for the sake of those who were witnesses of this terrible and vindictive

effort of the fierce adversary, that the Lord Jesus Christ would show Himself to be the great Captain of his salvation; and fight by his side, so that the weary soldier might be brought off from his last conflict more than conqueror through Him that loved him. Then for a moment I waited, and turning my eyes towards the dying man, 'beheld his face,' as it is written of the first martyr, 'as it were the face of an angel.' A glory was shed over and around it, and was shining through those dying eyes, with surpassing splendour. Involuntarily we all looked up, as if by gazing heavenward it might have been permitted to us to see the light of that countenance which the face of the dying reflected. For we knew that such unearthly beauty could only be the image of 'the Altogether Lovely.' A foretaste of the great awaking up after His likeness, to be 'satisfied with it' at the dawn of the Resurrection-day.

"Words were now breathed by his lips, yet too faint for human ear to catch. The pulse had ceased to beat, except by an occasional flickering. Still I could see that the testimony was coming, the last testimony to his Redeemer's faithfulness. I waited in quiet assurance that he

"Would speak the honours of that Name  
With his last labouring breath;  
Then, speechless, clasp Him in his arms,  
The Antidote of death."

At length it came. With the beautiful smile of a little child calling upon its mother to rejoice in its sudden joy, he laid his cold hand in mine, and said, with a strong effort, 'Oh! do you see Him? I see Him now! He is here! He is near. He is with me. He is around me. He will never let me go. How could I ever doubt Him? He is the Saviour of sinners. He is my Saviour. Jesus is mine, and I am His. His blood has bought me. I never knew what He is till now. Oh! tell them all to come to Him, to come now.

"He paused for breath; then gently added,  
"My blessed, blessed Saviour! world without end, Amen. Blessed, blessed Jesus.

"These were his last words. The glorious light still shone about his face; and as the clock struck one on the Sabbath morning, he entered into Life Eternal."

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## THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NO. I.

WE have 'Street Preachers,' 'Open-air Preachers,' 'Back-wood Preachers,' 'City Missionaries,' and a large army beside, of hard-working Christians, whose aim appears to be to do good. I highly esteem every man who honestly, earnestly, and faithfully goes forth from love to Christ, and with a desire to do the will of His Master, seeking the welfare of immortal souls. The reward of all such devoted men is sure in heaven. Beside these, there are some hundreds, if not thousands of men who go into the villages; and in simple strains, unfold the leaves of covenant love, and saving mercy, to the weary and heavy laden inhabitants of our rural domains: I have long thought of giving a few sketches of my labours among the villagers; for, certainly, I have more happily enjoyed my Master's presence, and often have found myself more at home in the midst of the humble peasantry of our land, than in other scenes of my itinerancy. I cannot account for this, but so it is: and herewith I will attempt to furnish some proof: the first sketch being drawn from the anniversary of

### : GLEMSFORD SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Glemsford is a pretty village in the county of Suffolk. It stands on a little hill, six miles beyond Sudbury; and two

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or three miles the other side of Long Melford, as from London you travel onward. Glemsford has some carpet and other manufactories in it; and, is altogether a pleasant, and busy little district. For many years, ROBERT BARNES, was the celebrated, much honored pastor, of the Baptist Church in Glemsford; and in connection therewith is an excellent Sunday School. I was appointed to preach the anniversary sermons on Lord's-day, Sept. 12, 1858; accordingly, I went down on the previous evening. The highly respected Deacon and his devoted lady, who occupy the little mansion called *Glemsford Place*, met me at Sudbury; drove me in their nice four-wheeler to their retired habitation; and there welcomed and treated me like a Prince. The Lord reward them for all the kindnesses they have shewn unto his servants, which have been neither few nor small. In the course of the Saturday night, I awoke very unwell; and could hardly think I should ever get through my work. But I arose when daylight came, and sought the Lord, although I had neither a message in my mind; nor any apparent fitness in my body. I looked again unto the Lord. Ah! it is good to pray; that my soul knows right well. A few moments before starting for the chapel, these beautiful words met my eye; they fell also into my spirit; opened up with grateful emotions in my heart, and braced up my loins for the services of the day. The words were these:

'THE LORD LIVETH; THAT HATH REDEEMED MY SOUL  
OUT OF ALL DISTRESS.' 1 Kings i. 29.

I thought and spoke too, of the deep distresses David's soul had been in; and having gone through many bitter and heavy trials myself, I could sympathize with David, and with the souls of God's people, who wade through floods, and pass through fires, ere into peace and liberty they come: then *the redemption of the soul out of all distress*, is a note most cheering to all who pardoning love have found. How

truly blest are they, who, in confidence can exclaim. '*He hath redeemed my soul out of all distress!*' This is not the case with all. I really cannot say it is wholly, entirely, so with me; but out of great tribulation the Lord hath delivered even me; and I hope and believe

He will complete what grace begins;  
To save from sorrows and from sins.

The joyful proclamation sounded most gloriously in my ears, 'THE LORD LIVETH!'

Yes! Yes! He lives on high;  
His people's cause to plead:—  
He brings poor sinners nigh,  
For whom His heart did bleed.  
For them, He sends His Spirit down;  
And on their heads He'll place the crown  
Of sovereign, saving grace.

Is any poor sinner now in deep distress? Does he fear eternal wrath? Tell him, 'the Lord liveth, who hath delivered tens of thousands; and can deliver still.' I had crowds of people to hear the word. The children and choristers sang beautifully; and I bless the Lord to this very day for the favors thus conferred upon

#### A VILLAGE PREACHER.

Some days after, I received a note; of which the following is a part:—

MY DEAR BROTHER—It is with real love to you, as the instrument, and a felt gratitude to the Dear Lord, that I have to inform you my soul was really blest under you at Glemsford in the afternoon of last Lord's-day. You was helped to trace out so minutely the exercises of my mind for months past. I felt truly happy. I have not heard anything like it for months. Bless the Lord for helping me to raise another Ebenezer. Since you was here my path has been very dark and trying from various causes. I have been driven to my wits end, but the Lord has been my help; the sayings of David have at times been sweet.

The 10th Psalm, I have found precious; the prayers and sayings of "The Silent Preacher" I have found a help to me. But at Glemsford, I found all my soul really needed. In the morning you begged the Lord to bless the people; and you hoped as some was from a distance they did not look too much to the creature. This had been my prayer for days. And I believe I was delivered from all creatures, and was helped to look to the Lord alone, and I hope I was favored to worship him in Spirit and truth, in the beauty of holiness; such seasons to me are more worth than all other things beside. But my dear brother, I do not know how you find it. I cannot find but few that understand a real reception of Christ in their hearts.

But amidst all my darkness and sorrow the Lord does; yes, he does, as you said at Glemsford break in with a streak of light and comfort. I have been sharply tried of late about my beginning, although through mercy I never was left entirely to lose it. But when tossed about by tempests, and not comforted through various things, and cannot see our signs, it is very trying. Remember me and mine. O for that salvation to come into my house, and my brother's heart. How I should rejoice!

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#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

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MY DEAR SIR—You have seen how my poetizing gift was considered a disqualification for a clerkship with a Hop Merchant! My muse had had her day! She had given her lesson, and I was to profit by it without yielding myself her slave.

*'Studiis florentem ignobilis ott.'*

She had taught me many things collaterally, but chiefly, to think and methodize. She had taught me to study, to collect and arrange, and now she was to loose her hold and let me off to struggle as a man among men. Mounting up to the heavens, then going down again into the depths, that I also might know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.

It was still in the year 1831, when, through the interest of my friend in the George Yard, Borough, I occupied a place under the Firm of Grissell and Peto, then extensive builders in the York Road, Lambeth. I had a bench there among a hundred joiners. I had a

man's wages and was expected to do a man's work among the first of workmen. My maiden job was a couple of two-inch six-panelled doors, and I made some dozens of them there, for houses then in progress at Chelsea.

The present Sir Samuel Morton Peto, was the junior partner in that firm, and he was first married while I was there. I remember the little festivity among the workmen on that occasion, and that the bride with the bridegroom did not disdain to move through our midst as we stood at our benches, and cordially wished them health and happiness.

But I was not equal to the work there. I felt from the beginning that I was not able to thrash the boards with the jack plane, nor wield the mallet and chisel with men of brawny arms, and stalwart powers. Mr. Peto, every morning at seven o'clock, passed through the shops and examined the work at every bench, and mine did not escape some animadversions. My doors were not turned out with that finish, nor thrown off with the dispatch that the doors of other men were, and these things were very properly noticed.

I labored very hard to succeed here, and as it was a first-rate firm and constant employment, I was desirous of overcoming all difficulties as others had done. But that was the year in which the influenza was so fatal in London. I was laid by with it; and when I returned to my labor it was much too much for me.

Though I was dealt tenderly with, this only made me more sensible of my deficiency, and I quitted that field of labor by addressing a note to the chiefs, thanking them for their 'urbanity,' and informing them of my inability through weakness of competing with others, or according to my desire, doing justice to them.

Thus I retired from the first shop for business in London, and again sought the quiet of home in the Metropolitan City.

I may remark here that I never did conceal my Christianity wherever I lodged. That which was my glory was my guard; and that which was my defence, was also my boast. I studied too at home; for my surplus money was laid out in books, and my room was stored with works from Toplady, Hervey, Gurnall, Calvin, Luther, Augustin and others. On one occasion, when spending an hour in another room, my creed was ridiculed and my pretensions laughed at by an infidel. I was not surprised to hear him; for I remembered 1 Cor. ii. 11. I asked him, if he had the spirit of God? 'No! I do not believe in any such thing.' Then how can you know what is or what is not of God? For such knowledge is communicated by the Spirit of God only. Permit me to ask,

'Why do I not know all you design or think to do?'

'Because you have not my mind,—you must have my spirit to do that.'

'Well, that is just what the scriptures say, 'For what man (or, who of men) knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God.' I had many times known the Holy Scriptures as the 'breasts of consolations,' and now I found them the 'sword of the Spirit.'

Thus I learned the value of them in this particular. And perhaps I never used a passage more effectually, for the enemy was silenced without being offended.

'The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies' Eccles. xii. 11.

I recollect words which were so in many little chapels in London about this time. These words too, which have ever been remembered by me, were very characteristic of the men who uttered them; and they being dead yet speak in these utterances. I was once hearing George Francis, of Snowfields. He was a plain man, but one who recognized and preached the Godhead and work of the Holy Ghost in all the economy of salvation, through all dispensations since sin and death had a place in our world. His text was Ps. li. 12. In introducing his subject, he said, he believed the translators of our scriptures were honest men. A great proof was the insertion of words in *italics* when they thought words were required in our language which the original language did not require. His hearers would perceive in the text the words '*with thy*' were in the *italic* letter. They were not in the original Hebrew. They might be left out, and then we should read, 'Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me, Free Spirit.' The preacher thought those *two words* were not required; that *they* obscured the sense; that *with-* out them we saw the meaning of the Psalmist more clearly, that his prayer was a direct petition, in the text especially, to the Holy Ghost, that he would restore the joy of his salvation, and as he waited not for men, nor tarried for the sons of men, as the *unrestrained Spirit*, he would for the future uphold him. I could now go very learnedly into this matter, but I will only say, I have great reason to believe Mr. Francis was right.

MR. WILLIAM GADSBY.

I remember hearing Mr. Gadsby in Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street,

Whitechapel. The object for which he pleaded on that occasion was 'the Aged Pilgrims' Society.' His text was 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 'Now concerning the collection for the saints.' It is not my intention to relate his good sayings about saints. That saints signified separated ones; that saints were set apart in the eternal purpose, given to Christ, separated from the womb, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called and sanctified by the Holy Ghost. Neither will I dwell upon what he said under the head that, God had many poor saints in the church, according to that word, 'I will leave in the midst of thee a poor and afflicted people and they shall trust in the Lord.'

Nor on that other division of his subject, that, God had some rich saints whom he constituted stewards of his manifold grace, that they should be mindful of the poor, but my desire is to record his hearty acknowledgement, that all he had, he had received thus from God. There stood William Gadsby, like a noble tree, planted, rooted, vigorous; prosperous and towering in his strength and usefulness; there he stood honored, useful, and happy; there he stood, and when speaking of the poverty of some poor saints, he declared the first piece of furniture that he and his wife possessed some time after their marriage, was a three-legged table, which cost them their all, even thirteen-pence half-penny. His sermon was a word of instruction to all; a cheering word of encouragement to the poor, an authoritative word of direction to the rich—and all his words to the praise and glory of a covenant God. That word which many smile at, was very useful to me: it prevents me often now from walking in that vain show where men pretend to be what they are not, and so are kept back from praising God for his mercies which have made them what they are; and his honest dealing will help me to narrate in my next letter a plain matter of fact which may be a useful word to others.

I might lengthen my letter by recollections of London sermons and preachers, but I will not multiply instances. I left London, but in the midst of changes as I walked one evening in the York Road, these words did support and comfort me, 'I am the Lord, I change not,' &c. They assured me that God's ways were not as mine appeared to be changeable; that this remove should work harmoniously with his designs; that the truths on which I had fed with satisfaction could not change; that my views of truth received from an unchanging God should not change: and that, I might safely leave all things in his hands! Which I did, as became, your's truly,

THE CARPENTHER'S SON.

## THE RESCUE.

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WE are still looking into that nice book, "*the Two Lights*!" and following Alfred Ashby in his work as a Scripture Reader. The account he gives of the awful condition of one family he found, furnishes a dreadful illustration of the gradual descent which thousands of young men make into the regions of wretchedness, misery and ruin—and it is cheering to hear of any successful effort made to rescue our young men—and our youthful maidens—from those broad pathways of vice which at every turn present themselves to view.

I would earnestly beseech the readers of "CHEERING WORDS" to read the following narrative; and from thence gather up a powerful motive to renewed exertions in aiming to arrest, to convince, to instruct, and encourage our young folk, in the ways of peace which the gospel of Christ reveals. I have lately been in close conversation with the Chaplain of one of our large Reformatory prisons. I have also heard the statements of a Godly City Policeman. I was painfully grieved to find that crime among respectable young people is awfully prevalent. Are we, all of us, doing all we can do, to stem the deadly torrent? I fear not. God help us, to consider our ways. Read the account, Alfred here gives of the poor fellow I last month introduced to your notice. You remember we left Alfred in the midst of a wretched family, talking to the father. Alfred further says—

It is needless to give the conversation in full. Substantially the statement of the poor man was this:—He was the son of professedly religious parents, but had neglected their counsel, especially as regards the sanctification of the sabbath. That had been his chief day of pleasure, and though he was not, for a considerable time, strictly speaking, vicious or immoral, yet, gradually, the restraints, of morality and the example and precepts of home became

less influential; and the language of the scoffer and the infidel, which at one time he could not endure, became first tolerable, then a matter of course and, at last, a pleasure. He commenced business in a small way as a country shop keeper, and married the daughter of a small farmer in the neighbourhood. Was likely to have done well, and would have done well, had he not yielded to the temptations of evil. Spent his evenings in the public-house. Became a ringleader in infidelity, lost customers, credit and character, and, of course, was abandoned by his so called friends in the hour of his greatest need. To avoid his angry creditors he escaped, wandered about the country for a long time under various names, obtaining help from the benevolent by false representations—and, ultimately, sank down to the lowest level of the social scale, the wretched being whom Alfred found him. The reading of the Bible, which at first he wished, he said, to resent as an intrusion, had so forcibly recalled early scenes and happier days, that he was entirely overcome by it, and begged Alfred, trembling with emotion while he did so, to try to save him and his lost children from their miserable condition.

Mr. Gregory had requested Alfred to call upon him from time to time, and to let him know of any case of this description in which he might be able to render assistance to persons desiring to return to the paths of virtue. He, accordingly, lost no time in apprising him, as well as Mr. Bland, of the circumstance just related. The result was that, through their united plans and instrumentality, the man and his family were rescued. A situation was found for him at one of the Docks, which he has creditably filled for years. His children were sent to school, and his sad hearted wife smiled again. The infidelity which had ruined them all was rejected with indignation by the penitent husband and father, and the blessed religion, which had saved them from bodily misery, was gratefully realized as the life and health of the soul.

[Our reader are little aware who Alfred Ashby now is; but we mean to follow him up; and thus furnish an encouraging model for good young men.—ED.]



## CHEERING WORDS FROM THE ORPHANS' HOUSES,

BRISTOL.

THE last report of Mr. George Muller's benevolent operations on Ashley Down, Bristol, has been forwarded to me. I wish to furnish a concise account of Mr. Muller's progress, in my number for December. Certainly, the Lord has put great honor upon Mr. Muller, in making him instrumental in doing so much good! Is it not cheering, to think of so many poor Orphan Children, being so kindly provided for; and in the hands, too, of those who care for their souls, as well as supply the wants of their poor frail bodies? Beside this, Mr. Muller aids the Missionary work; and it is from the letters written by some of these Missionaries that I just make a short extract this month. The faith and zeal of these Missionaries are, to me, very strong evidences of the amazing power of God's grace; and of the inexpressibly delightful scenes, fruits, consequences, and blessings, which flow from a persevering and faithful dispensation of the gospel of Christ. Some may object to certain phrases used by Christians of this class; but I look at the large amount of real good they are doing; and feel ashamed of the little I do for HIM who has done so much for me. In the following little paragraph, you may see a specimen of a genuine Christian spirit; that is beautiful:—also, you may see true devotion in the cause of God and truth: and, lastly, sinners awakened and converted. Oh, Lord, *do thou say to us*—'Go AND DO THOU LIKEWISE.' Mr. Muller says:—

A *native* Missionary writes from Madura, on May 20th, 1858: 'I came to Madura to preach the Gospel to the people who came here from surrounding villages to hold their feast to the idol; but very few only heard us and received tracts from us; some abused me and my blessed Lord Jesus Christ. Yesterday morning I preached to the people in two streets, and in the evening I preached the Gospel to a crowd near the river side.

Some heard me, and some abused me and my Saviour, and threw stones and dirt at me. Then I was obliged to leave the place. While we walked home, many followed and mocked us; some one slapped me on my head three or four times; but we remembered the sufferings of Christ. May the Lord open their eyes to see the truth. If the Lord please, I shall leave this town, and go to the villages to visit several congregations on my way to the station.'

The same *native* missionary writes on February 20th, 1858, from Christian Pettab: 'I am very glad to be able to tell you that the Lord encouraged me, by adding few in number to the Church here. I baptized twelve persons on the 1st of January.'

A brother in the West of England, who had been there only for a few months labouring in his new sphere, writes on Jan., 30th, 1858: 'On last Tuesday evening I had nine of my spiritual children to tea; there are twelve altogether, I believe here; and others who, I hope are awakened, and not far from the kingdom. The Lord seems to be owning his word here very much, both amongst saints and sinners.'

The following case is related in a letter dated Nov. 4th, 1857, by a brother in the Lord, who labours among very ignorant and spiritually dark persons in Somersetshire: 'A poor woman called about a month since, to ask if I would visit her husband. I went and found the man dark as midnight. I continued to visit him daily. After about ten days, as I entered his room, he held out his hand, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, said, 'Mr.—you have saved my soul.' 'No! No! I have set before you Jesus.' 'Yes, you have, Sir, and I see the atonement of Christ is my only foundation. I am happy, Sir, I am not afraid to die; and if I had a thousand pounds I would give you half of it, Sir, yes I would. Yes, I would; if you had not come, I must have gone to hell.' He is in consumption. This morning, as I entered his room, to see his tears and smile blended, it was melting. He still holds fast on Jesus, and is very happy. He tells every one who may visit him: 'had it not been for Mr.—, my soul must have gone to hell.' When I leave him, he always puts out his thin hand, for he is only a shadow, and says, 'Thank you, Sir; God bless you Sir. You will come to-morrow.'

Do not such manifestations of God's grace make many hearts to beat for usefulness?

**THE LOCAL PREACHERS' WIFE CONVERTED.**

For a preacher of Christ's gospel to have a bad wife, is a melancholy thing indeed; yet, this is not unfrequently the case: and a shocking bad case it is wherever it occurs. On the other hand, for a minister of the gospel to have a God-fearing, truth-loving, partner and help-meet, is a comfort and blessing beyond all price. The poor servant of Christ is often secretly and sorely persecuted without; tempted and sharply tried within; and if the companion of his life should happen to be one that will up with the fire-pan and knock it about his head when he comes home from preaching; and storm his poor soul almost to death the trial must be sharp indeed. We know where such things have occurred but we never yet read a worse case than the following. It is taken from the '*Autobiography of Peter Cartwright*,' published at 28, Paternoster-row; by Alexander Heylin; and is a work we shall refer to in some future number, we hope. In 1828, Peter was in the Sangamon District, Illinois, he says—

Within the bounds of this district there lived a local preacher who was a small, very easy, good natured, pleasant man; he was believed to be also a very pious man, and a good and useful preacher. His wife was directly the reverse of almost all that was good, saving it was believed she was virtuous. She was high tempered, overbearing, quarrelsome, and a violent opposer of religion. She would not fix her husband's clothes to go out to preach, and was unwilling he should ask a blessing at the table, or pray in the family. And when he would attempt to pray, she would not conform, but tear around and make all the noise and disturbance in her power. She would turn the chairs over while he was reading, singing, or praying; and if she could not stop him any other way, she would catch a cat and throw it in his face while he was kneeling and trying to pray. Poor little man! surely he was tormented almost to desperation. He had invited several preachers home with him to talk with her, and see if they could not moderate her; but all to no purpose; she would curse them to their face, and rage like a demon. He had insisted on my going home with him several times, but I frankly confess I was afraid to trust myself. I pitied him from my very heart, and so did every one else

that was acquainted with his situation. But at length I yielded to his importunities, and went home with him one evening, intending to stay all night. After we arrived, I saw in a minute that she was mad, and the devil was in her as large as an alligator; and I fixed my purpose, and determined on my course. After supper he said to her very kindly, 'come, wife, stop your little affairs, and let us have prayer.' That moment she boiled over, and said, 'I will have nothing of your praying about me.' I spoke to her mildly, and expostulated with her, and tried to reason; but no, the further I went, the more wrathful she became, and she cursed me most bitterly. I then put on a stern countenance, and said to her, 'Madam, if you were a wife of mine, I would break you of your bad ways, or I would break your neck.'

'The devil you would!' said she. 'Yes, you are a pretty Christian, ain't you? And then such a volley of curses as she poured on me, was almost beyond human endurance.'

'Be still,' said I; 'we must and will have prayer.' But she declared we should not.

'Now,' said I to her, 'if you do not be still, and behave yourself, I'll put you out of doors.' At this she clinched her fist, and swore she was one half alligator, and the other half snapping-turtle, and that it would take a better man than I was to put her out. It was a small cabin where we were in, and we were not far from the door, which was then standing open. I caught her by the arm, and, swinging her round in a circle, brought her right up to the door, and shoved her out. She jumped up, tore her hair, foamed; and such swearing as she uttered was seldom equalled, and never surpassed. The door, or shutter of the door, was very strongly made, to keep out hostile Indians. I shut it tight, barred it, and went to prayer, and I prayed as best as I could, but I have no language at my command to describe my feelings: at the same time, I was determined to conquer, or die in the attempt. While she was raging and foaming in the yard and around the cabin, I started a spiritual song, and sung aloud, to drown her voice as much as possible. The five or six little children ran and squatted about and crawled under the beds. Poor things! they were scared almost to death.

I sang on, and she roared and thundered on outside, till she became perfectly exhausted, and panted for breath. At length

when she had spent her force, she became calm and still, and then knocked at the door, saying, 'Mr. Cartright, please let me in.'

'Will you behave yourself, if I let you in?' said I.

'O yes,' said she, 'I will;' and throwing myself on my guard and perfectly self-possessed, I opened the door, took her by the hand, led her in, and seated her near the fireplace. She had roared and foamed till she was in a high perspiration, and looked pale as death. After she took her seat, 'O,' said she, 'what a fool I am!'

'Yes,' said I, 'about one of the biggest fools I ever saw in my life. And now,' said I, 'you have to repent for all this, or you must go to the devil at last.' She was silent. Said I, 'Children, come out here; your mother won't hurt you now,' and turning to her husband, said, 'brother C, let us pray again.' We knelt down, and both prayed. She was quiet as a lamb.

And now, gentle reader, although this was one of the hardest cases I ever saw on this earth, I must record it to the glory of Divine grace, I lived to see, in less than six months after this frolic with the devil, this woman soundly converted to God; and if there was ever a changed mortal for the better, it was this said woman. Her children, as they grew up, all, I believe, obtained mercy; and the family became a religious, happy family, and she was as bold in the cause of God as she had been in the cause of the wicked one.

## CHRIST EVERYTHING TO A BELIEVER.

ONE OF SAMUEL RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS

TO AN AGED GENTLEMAN.

[The letters of the late Samuel Rutherford are rich in expressions of real love to Christ, beyond, perhaps, any now printed in the English language. Christian Cottagers, who possess not the volume, will be glad to have now and then a letter: and in giving them, we hope to be useful to the Lord's people.—Ed.]

MUCH HONOURED SIR.—I long to hear how your soul prospereth. I earnestly desire you, to try how matters stand between your soul and the Lord: think it no easy matter to take

heaven by violence. Salvation cometh now to the most part of men, in a night dream; there is no scarcity of faith now, such as it is; for ye shall not now light upon the man, who will not say, he hath faith in Christ. But alas; dreams make no man's rights. Worthy sir, I beseech you in the Lord, give your soul no rest till ye have real assurance, and Christ's rights confirmed and sealed to your soul. The common faith and country-holiness, and week-days' zeal, that is among people, will never bring men to heaven. Take pains for your salvation; for in that day, when ye shall see many men's labours, and conquests, and idol riches lying in ashes, when the earth and all the works shall be burnt with fire, O, how dear a price would your soul give for God's favour in Christ! It is a blessed thing to see Christ with up-sun, and to read over your papers and soul accounts, with fair day-light. It will not be time to cry for a lamp, when the Bridegroom is entered into his chamber, and the door shut. Fy, fy upon blinded and base souls, who are committing whoredom with this idol clay, and hunting a poor wretched; hungry heaven, a hungry breakfast, a day's meat, from this hungry world, with the forfeiting of God's favor, and the drinking over their heaven over the board (as men use to speak) for the laughter and sports of this short afternoon; All that is under this vault of heaven, and betwixt us and death and in this side of sun and moon, are but toys' night-visions, head-fancies, poor shadows, watery froth, godless vanities, at their best, and black hearts, and salt, and sour miseries, sugared over and confected with an hour's laughter or two, and the conceit of riches, honour, vain, vain court and lawless pleasures. Sir, if ye look both to the laughing side, and the weeping side of this world, and if ye look not only upon the skin and colour of things, but into their inwards, and the heart of their excellency, ye shall see that one look of Christ's sweet and lovely eye, one kiss of his fairest face, is worth ten thousand worlds of such rotten stuff, as the foolish sons of men set their hearts upon. Oh, sir, turn, turn your heart to the other side of things, and get it once free of these entanglements, to consider eternity, death, the clay-bed, the grave, awsom judgment, everlasting burning quick in hell, where death would give as great a price (if there were a market, where death might be bought and sold) as all the world. Consider heaven and glory; but alas, why speak I of considering these things, which have not

entered into the heart of man to consider! Look into those depths, (without a bottom) of loveliness, sweetness, beauty, excellency, glory, goodness, grace, and mercy, that are in Christ and ye shall then cry down the whole world, and all the glory of it, even when it is come to the summer bloom; and ye shall cry up with Christ, up with Christ's Father, up with eternity of glory.

Sir, there is a great deal of less sand in your glass, than when I saw you, and your afternoon is nearer even tide now than it was. As a flood carried back to the sea, so doth the Lord's swift post, time, carry you and your life with wings to the grave. Ye eat and drink, but time standeth not still; ye laugh, but your day fleeth away; ye sleep, but your hours are reckoned and put by hand. O, how soon will time shut out of the poor and hungry inns of this life! and then what will yesterday's short-born pleasures do to you, but be as a snow-ball melted away, many years since, or worse; for the memory of these pleasures useth to fill the soul with bitterness. Time and experience will prove this to be true; and dying men, if they speak, could make this good. Lay no more on the creatures, than they are able to carry. Lay your soul and your weights upon God; make Him your only, only best Beloved. Your errand to this life is to make such an eternity of glory to your soul, and to match your soul with Christ: your love if it were more than all the love of angels in one, is Christ's due. Other things worthy in themselves, in respect of Christ, are not worth a windlestraw, or a drink of cold water. I doubt not but in death ye will see things more distinctly, and that then the world shall bear no more bulk than its worth, and that then it shall crouch and be contracted into nothing, and ye shall see Christ longer, higher, broader and deeper, than ever he was. O, blessed conquest, to lose all things, and to gain Christ! I know not what ye have, if ye want Christ. Alas, how poor is your gain, if the earth were all yours in free heritage, holding it of no man of clay, if Christ be not yours! O seek all means.

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**For 1858.**

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## **Cheering Words in the Surrey Music Hall;**

OR,

**MR. SPURGEON'S FIRST SERMON AFTER HIS ILLNESS.**

**I**T has pleased the Lord, for some wise purpose, during the last three weeks, to lay on a bed of languishing and pain, this dearly-beloved and much-honoured young soldier of the cross. In a Pastoral Letter wrote from his chamber he speaks of weakness having succeeded pain, and great languor of mind following. 'With Paul (he says,) I am a prisoner of Jesus Christ. But, ah! my bonds are more easy and less honourable to wear than his. Instead of a dungeon, my lot is cast in an abode of comfort; the chain that restrains me from my accustomed ministry was not forged by man, but woven in the shuttle of God's providence. No rough jailor, but loving friends attend upon me in these tedious hours of my bondage. I beseech you, therefore, my beloved, let your prayers on my behalf be mingled with thanksgiving and gratitude.'

On Lord's-day morning, Nov. 7, Mr. Spurgeon again preached at the Music Hall, for the first time since his affliction. The Hall was full in every corner. With much manifest weakness he ascended the pulpit; and his appearance showed plainly that he had been sharply tried. Those well-known round full cheeks had lost their former fullness; his countenance was very pale; and his eyes wore not that animating brightness they were wont to have; and when he commenced praying, a very apparent weakness was noticed in his former bold and solid voice. We could but notice the harmony that pervaded the whole of the service: it was just what might be expected from a man

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of God who had been under sore affliction. We began the service by singing,

'Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near  
And for my relief will surely appear;  
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;  
With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm.

Then followed the reading of the 1st chapter of the 1st Epistle of Peter; wherein the apostle speaks of the *trial* of our faith being much more precious than gold—'though it be tried with fire.' Then a prayer of gratitude and thankfulness for restoring mercies. After this, the whole massive congregation, (perhaps not less than 10,000,) rose, and sung solemnly to the tune 'Hart's':

'Sovereign Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise;  
All my times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command.'

Mr. Spurgeon then took those words of Peter for his text, 'wherein we greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations.' For a worldly man such a scripture was a paradox: to 'greatly rejoice' and yet to be 'in heaviness.' Often it was so with the Christian. He spoke (1st) of *the Christian's heaviness*; and then (2ndly,) of *the Christian's great rejoicing*. This was one of the most unfortunate texts of the Bible—he had heard it used thousands of times wrongly. Christian friends often said, 'there's a need be for this affliction.' But that was not the real meaning of the text. He only understood its real meaning a few days ago. There is a need be for our *heaviness*, as well as for our affliction. He was laying on his couch the other day, his spirits much sunken—and weeping like a child—he knew not what for—(for now a little moved him to tears) a friend came in and spoke of a poor soul living near, who was suffering intense agony with a cancer—and still, he said, with all her pain, she was so *joyful*! And yet I, who was then free from pain, was overcome with *heaviness* in spirit. I was ashamed. In a moment, the real meaning of this text came to my mind, 'wherein we greatly rejoice, yet now for a season, if need be ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations.' If we had not heaviness in our trials sometimes we should not be like our Head; and if we are not like our Head in humiliation, how can we expect to be in exaltation? When Jesus said, 'the foxes have

holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head,' there was no heaviness of spirit manifested; but when he exclaimed, 'my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death,' heaviness of spirit was manifested. We must not always expect joyful feelings: if the Christian did not sometimes suffer heaviness he would grow proud; and would forget that all our springs are in him. But he is pleased sometimes nearly to snap the spring, and then we discover what we are made of. We learn many things in heaviness which we should not in joyfulness. Many beauties are to be seen if we climb the Alps, but nevertheless we shall behold beauties in the valley and the dell. Wonders are to be seen on Tabour's Mount, but there are wonders also to be seen in Gethsemane. Men will never become great in divinity till they become great in affliction. Luther said the best book he had in his library was heaviness. God's Sons of *Consolation* are born in the fire; but his Sons of Thunder he can make anywhere. But this heaviness is not to last for ever: for we have also the *Christian's great rejoicing*. Upon this second head Mr. Spurgeon spoke most comforting; noticing the varied and many sources of rejoicing the Christian had, both for this time-state and in the world to come.

We sincerely pray he may be again restored to his full vigour of health; and go forth with the trumpet of the 'glorious gospel' sounding out the glad tidings of the Saviour's redeeming and peace-speaking love, with all those extraordinary powers of utterance with which God has graciously been pleased to honor him.

The ground for the 'Large Tabernacle' has been purchased for £5,400. It is freehold; and is most eligibly situated near the Elephant and Castle, Southwark. It is hoped the erection of the building will now very shortly be commenced. B.

[The above interesting notice has been furnished by one of our Correspondents, whose kindness we gratefully acknowledge; and in whose good desires toward Mr. Spurgeon, we heartily unite; we are persuaded, too, thousands of our readers will rejoice to know that this useful servant of the Lord is in measure restored to health; while their silent and sincere prayers will ascend to heaven, pleading that afflictions, so heavy, may tend to deepen the Preacher's knowledge and experience of THE TRUTH as it is in Jesus.—ED.]

# RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON:

MY DEAR SIR—There is no help for it ! My tenth letter was written, and ready to be dispatched, but when sought for, it could not be found, high and low, in every cupboard, box or recess used by me, it has been anxiously looked for, but in vain. It must have slipped from my pocket, or been mislaid, and as, there is no help for it, I must even go over the work again.

In that letter I commenced with an exhortation to working men in all their straits, (and they are many,) to breathe upwards, that they, catching a breeze from the eternal hills, may be braced up for their work. Think not that anything which concerns you, can be beneath the regards of him, who careth for oxen, who feeds the sparrows, and clothes the lilies.

The ploughman, the seedman, and the labourer in any calling, are alike under, and see the providence of God, *if they acknowledge him in all their ways*. God's word is full of instruction on this point, and a particular passage in the 28th chapter of Isaiah, has much encouraged me to do so. I will quote it at length in my letter, though I study to be brief.

Verse 23. "Give ye ear, and hear my voice; hearken, and hear my speech.

Verse 24. "Doth the plowman plow all day to sow? doth he open and break the clods of his ground?

Verse 25. "When he hath made plain the face thereof, doth he not cast abroad the fitches, and scatter the cummin, and cast in the principal wheat, and the appointed barley, and the rie in their place?

Verse 26. "FOR HIS GOD DOTH INSTRUCT HIM TO DISCRETION, AND DOTH TEACH HIM."

As a journeyman, I have needed wisdom, skill, and patience, which have been above me and out of my reach; but prayer has brought the needed blessing from above, and where a frown was feared, I have shared smiles, till I have wept with thankfulness.

As a working man, I have often looked through my tears to the throne of heaven, and have as often been helped with a little help ! How sweet are our common mercies, when they are seen to descend

from such a source! The blessing that maketh rich, enriches them greatly. I believe that all my removals, appointments, employments, and even the want of them, have been ordered in unerring wisdom, and a most merciful providence. This word, *Providence*, occurs, I perceive, very often in my letters, but not too often for me. It is my subject, and I love that word! it reminds me of the constant care, which has been exercised towards me in all times of tribulation, and in all times of my wealth, and which is to me new, an earnest of better things to come.

"His love in times past  
Forbids me to think,  
He'll leave me at last  
In trouble to sink.  
Each sweet Ebenezer  
I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure  
To help me quite through."

Soon after my return from London, I was engaged to supply, occasionally, some village pulpits at Sturry and Littlebourne.

Mr. Edward Barber, of Northgate, who is now too, with many whom I knew there, gathered to his fathers, regulated the supply of the small country places of worship; and he was the instrument of sending both me, and my beloved and reverend brother, on the same day to speak once each at Littlebourne, the word of the gospel to our brother man. I will tell you candidly, my dear sir, as well as truly that, I hesitated much before I complied with the request of friend Barber; not because I had not a desire unto the work, but because I wished to know certainly whether or not it was of God that I should do it. I had read with much carefulness what Luther writes on the first verse of the Epistle to the Galatians, "Not of men, neither by men," that I had a fear of acting presumptuously. However, I went, and from that beginning, I never refused to speak in public when called upon to do so; though it was most times done with trembling.

I will not dwell upon this subject now. It was necessary just to mention it perhaps; and now I dismiss it with a piece of wisdom I received from Mr. Henry Fowler, in a conversation I had with

him in London many years ago, when he was minister of Gower Street Chapel. He said—

“There are many young preachers with their Bible and concordance, who string a number of texts together, which they think illustrate their text, and when they have repeated them, they believe they have preached a sermon. A text is taken to show the people that we come with God’s word for our authority. From that text, the nature of God should be declared: the method of God’s revelation of himself should be shown!! The results of his work, as the subjects of it exhibit his goodness or severity, should be set forth!!! And all this should be done with a clear knowledge of scripture; a comprehensive view of doctrines; a full experience of their harmony in the Spirit’s work on your own soul; and a distinguishing of truth in things that differ as in Rom. iii. 28, and James ii. 24. Then your quotations may be numerous, but there will be analogy; they will illustrate, confirm and enforce what is said, and it will come not in word only, but with the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.”

But I must come to the state of things, as I found them at home, on my return from London at the close of 1831. My father was doing business, as he had for some time, on his own account, and my mother had a hundred ways by which the family always kept a respectable appearance, and neither knew debt, nor the inside of a Pawnbroker’s Office. A place, let me add, as unknown to my parents, in bringing up their large family, as if there had none such existed!

But prosperity, where there are many to feed and clothe, and so many things to keep straight in the church, and the world, is

“Like the streams in the south.”

And, therefore, at my father’s house, we were, in the spring of 1832, as the house of Jacob in the time of the famine; “we were looking one upon another.” Gen. xlii. 1.

Winter was just retiring. Spring had not awakened business. Business was not about, and therefore we were not employed.

I will not speak of our privations, but I will mention what a brother of mine has forgotten, because he who ministered to our necessities had no conception of the extent of the obligation.

One day, when we began to "pine away," stricken through for want, my brother Robert, who lived with a baker, brought us a "pig's fry." This was dressed, and we fared sumptuously that day. In the evening, with spirits revived, I called on a friend in Sun-street — while sitting there a female lodger, Mrs. Cooper, passed through the room. She mentioned the fact that her daughter, Mrs. Harris, the wife of a joiner was then at Broadstairs; that a large house was undergoing great alterations; and that several good workmen, Harris and Holmes among the rest, had gone from Canterbury into the employment of the contractor for the work. It immediately struck me that this was an opening for work, and the names of the party and place sounding in my ears, I determined with the morning, to set out for Broadstairs. The next of this series of providences was on the journey. The coach fare from Canterbury, was half-a-crown. But one shilling was all I could raise, and with that, I preceeded the conveyance. When I had gone about three miles on the road, the coach overtook me, and stopped. I wished to make a bargain with the driver; told him the extent of my finances, and asked to be carried no farther than he thought right for that sum. We travelled on, till he put me down at St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet, near to Broadstairs. I then offered him the shilling, when he said very kindly, "you are welcome to the ride."

Now it is noon. To me it is all strange ground; but on enquiry, I learn, that the Tower, which rises at some distance before me, is the North Foreland Lighthouse, and that close to it is Stonehouse, the scene of the great work, where I hope to be employed. On my right hand, is Broadstairs, where the builder resides, and on my left, a farm house, where a kind reception might be expected from a relative of my father's first family. Business says, "Go on to the great house, and seek the master there." Appetite says, "Go to the farm, and seek refreshment there. But Providence says, "Go to Broadstairs." Thither I bent my steps, and knocked at the door of the contractor. Mr. Hobbs, the master himself, opened the door, with a pen in his mouth. I told him my business; and he told me the application was most opportune; that he had left the works, and repaired to his house to write for a man; that at the moment of my coming to the door, he was directing a letter to

Canterbury for a man to be sent *immediately*. Can I ever forget such providences? No! Never!

Had I turned to the left, or gone forward, the moment would have been lost! I should have been too late. As it was, *I was engaged*, and wrought there for many months. God giving me, a poor worm, favor in the eyes of employer and workmen, and strength and wisdom for the work.

And now you may think I have said enough, and I should think so too, if I had not to state that while here, I became acquainted with that happy preacher, that most compact little roll of divinity, the Rev. David Denham. The feeling with which I once walked to Margate, struggling to hold communion with the Lord Jesus is another thing not to be forgotten.

It was the day on which the Lord's Supper was to be administered in Mr. Denham's chapel. I had a great desire to communicate, and in my cogitations, a verse from Hart's Hymns was the vehicle of my prayer:

"Lord, in thy house I hear there's room,  
And venturing hard, behold I come;  
But tell me, Jesus, can there be  
Room in thy house for worms like me?"

I found there was room for me, and the ordinance a season of refreshing to me. How dear Denham could have been persuaded to leave his own proper field of labor in Margate, I never learned; but *when I next* saw him, he was languishing in Unicorn Yard, Tooley Street, and when I *last* saw him, he was gasping in Leather Lane, Holborn; and I was deeply impressed with the truth, that there were others battling with the waves of this troublesome world, and others in a sphere different from that of the Carpenter, or

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

### MY FIRST JOURNEY TO LONDON.

(Continued from page 120.)

THERE are incidents of a startling and interesting nature in the lives of some good men, that are scarcely known only by themselves, which, if given to others by a skilful hand, and interspersed by the rising thoughts of a gracious and heaven-taught mind, might interest many, and shew the eventful care of a Divine Providence;

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which may well prove a profitable lesson-book to the saints of God. But no claim is made, or even expectation formed of doing this by the record of "My Journey to London," for during my four days in London, little occurred that would prove interesting to others; though, to me it has often been looked back upon with a grateful heart to Him who was the "Guide of my youth," and is still the preserver of my life.

I sought for trade, but could not obtain it; and what to me, in the youthful love of my heart to the truth, was even more painful, I could find no place where I could listen to the voice of God's ministers, not having then such a valuable help as is supplied now to country visitors by that very useful annual, the "Baptist Almanac," and my acquaintance, who could so readily point me to the theatre, where I would not go, either could not or would not give me any information where I could hear the gospel of Jesus. Seeing I could neither find the means of support for the body or the mind, and finding the contents of my pocket diminish, I began to think of my "Father's house," and lest I should even "begin to be in want," I turned my feet on Friday, at noon toward my native, and much-loved village, where I was twice born, and where the loved ones of my God and of my heart, I knew would be ready to welcome me back.

My library at that time was very small, though my desire for reading was more extensive than my means for purchasing; but in going down Islington, I saw on a book-stall, "Romaine's Life of Faith, 6d." I wished to purchase it but I thought of the 55 long miles between me and my Father's house, with only three shillings in my pocket, a little more than a half-penny per mile. But I could not resist the feeling to make the book my own, as it might cheer me on the road, and indeed it has done so since then, and even this morning have the truths of that same book been welcome to my heart.

I left London, with little concern whether I ever might see it again or not. The thought that so many good ministers and Christians being there, and I was denied the pleasure of worshipping with them, grieved my spirit much; for *safety* and *sociality* are words big with importance to me, since it has been my mercy to know the blessedness of the one and the comfort of the other.



But I have visited London, many times since then, and have sat with humbled and gladdened heart to hear some of her truthful and gifted ministers, amongst them, was a beloved "Irons" and a "Stevens," who have left their pulpits to be occupied (we hope) with men not less gracious, if less gifted of God.

But I may tell you, though my means were small I had just enough to meet my requirements on the road until I reached my home on the Saturday evening, and on the following Lord's day, again mingled with those who feared the Lord in that little meeting house where my youthful heart had so often been made glad, and where a few weeks ago the "Editor" of "Little Cheering Words" found his way, and cheered the hearts of the people by the sweet words of "truth and grace."

JONATHAN.

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#### DR. JOHN CUMMING.

FROM a new shilling book, (published by G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster-row,) bearing on its face a noble and most attracting portrait of the venerable Alexander Fletcher, headed with this inscription, 'HALF HOURS WITH OUR METROPOLITAN MINISTERS;' we have been permitted to copy the neat and faithful likeness of the Rev. John Cumming, D. D; which we freely give to our readers this month, as a kind of frontispiece to our eighth volume of "CHEERING WORDS." The Editor of the '*Half Hours*' is evidently a most Catholic, generous-hearted, intelligent, and interesting sort of a person. Many people who profess the gospel, take a spiritual liking to *one* minister; and treat with contempt all the rest; but the Editor of '*Half Hours*' has, in one book, given us very pretty and beautifully engraved portraits of Alexander Fletcher, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, John Cumming, James Spence: all Doctors of Divinity; Charles Waters Banks, Archibald Campbell Tait, the present Bishop of London, with such enchanting sketches of their uprising in this world; and such specimens of their preaching, as brings you forcibly to the happy conclusion, that it is quite possible for good men to differ in some theological and ecclesiastical questions, and yet to be 'servants of the Most High God, who shew unto men the way of salvation.' We strongly advise all good Christian people to read these '*Half Hours With our Metropolitan Ministers*;' and, with us, to petition the Editor to continue the series in the same cheerful anti-bigoted spirit. To his published shilling volume we refer our readers for an excellent review of the hitherto trodden path of John Cumming, the minister of the Scotch church.

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